WEEK ENDING FEB. 11, 1928

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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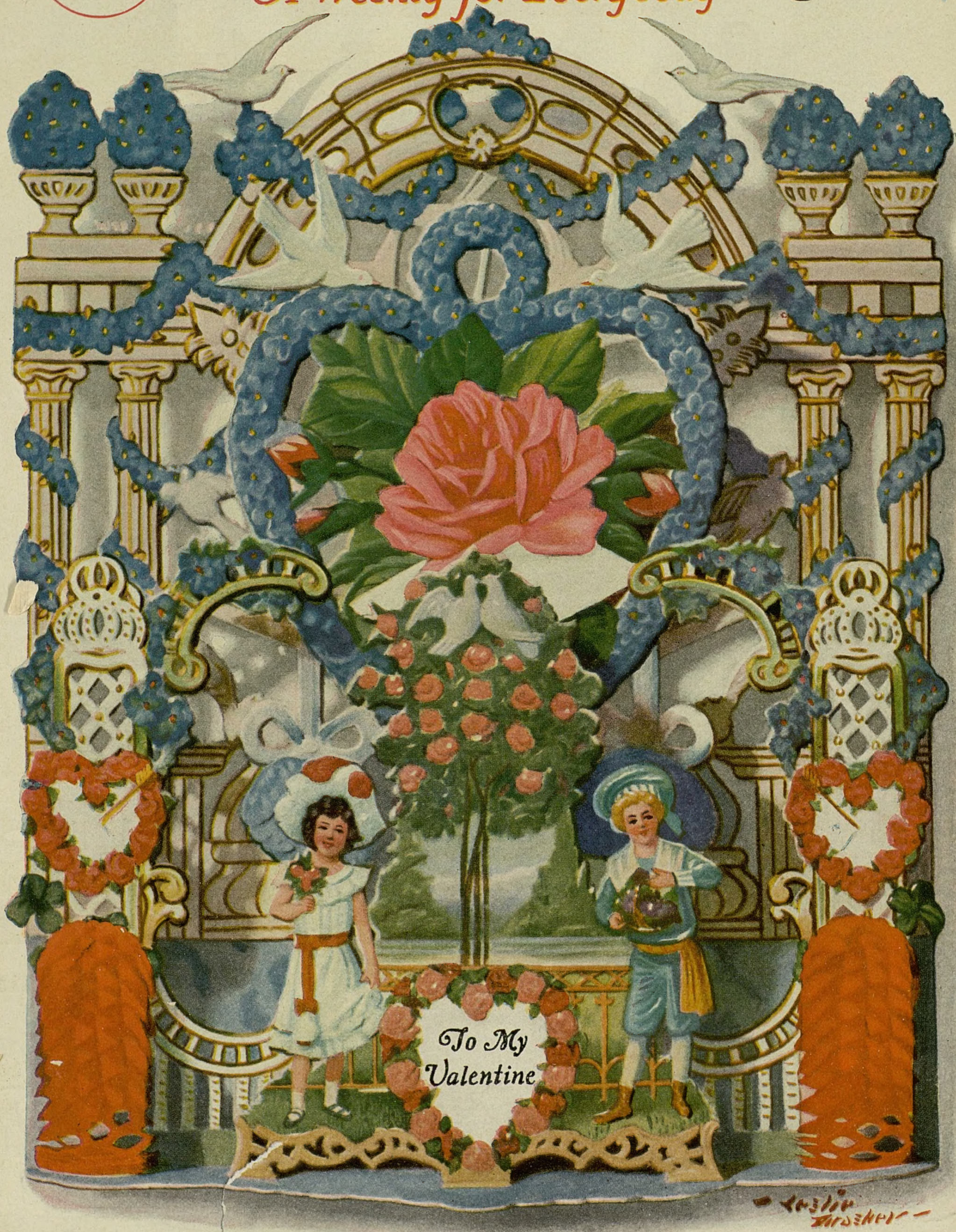

In this Issue **THE HAT** – *A short Story by* **ARNOLD BENNETT**

50¢ FOR GIANT TIN

The lid's off — now everyone, everywhere, can enjoy this home confection that has made such a big hit. You'll go wild about it, too — just like thousands of other "munchers" who've tried it. Giant molasses-coated clusters of peanuts, popcorn, cocoanut chips—that's the secret of Cocoanut Corn Crisp's brand new taste. Eat your fill — it's wholesome, pure — won't overwork the most delicate "tummy" in the family. Air-tight tin keeps it fresh. Try it today. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 50 cents for giant tin, postpaid.

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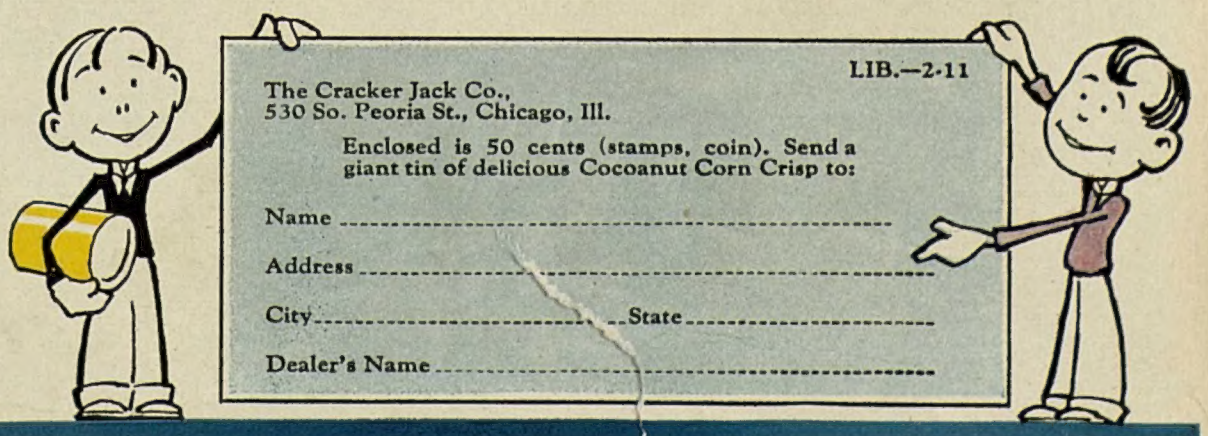

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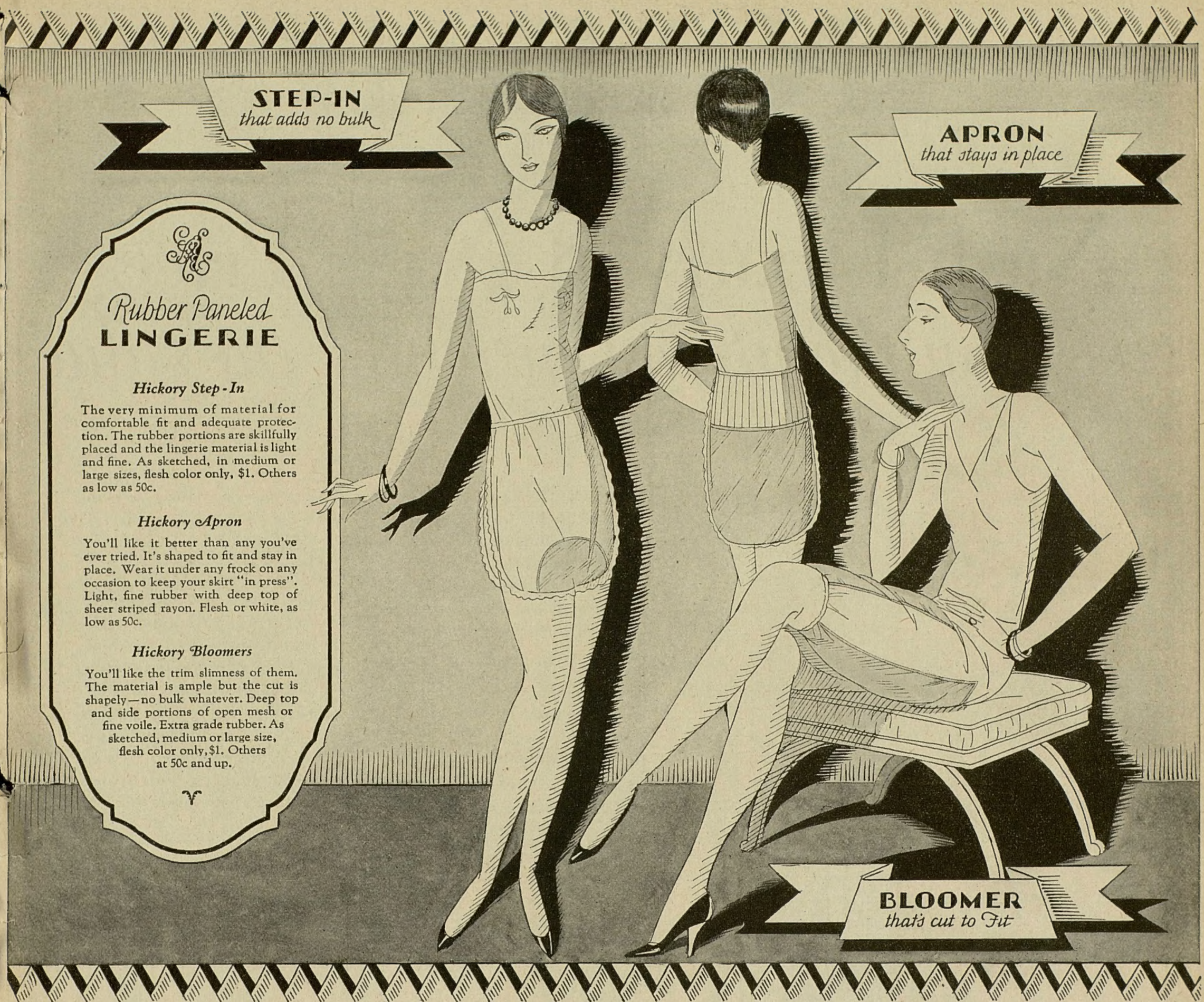

Rubber Paneled LINGERIE

Hickory Step-In

The very minimum of material for comfortable fit and adequate protection. The rubber portions are skillfully placed and the lingerie material is light and fine. As sketched, in medium or large sizes, flesh color only, $1. Others as low as 50c.

Hickory Apron

You'll like it better than any you've ever tried. It's shaped to fit and stay in place. Wear it under any frock on any occasion to keep your skirt "in press". Light, fine rubber with deep top of sheer striped rayon. Flesh or white, as low as 50c.

Hickory Bloomers

You'll like the trim slimness of them. The material is ample but the cut is shapely—no bulk whatever. Deep top and side portions of open mesh or fine voile. Extra grade rubber. As sketched, medium or large size, flesh color only, $1. Others at 50c and up.

The Ounce of Protection
that keeps you better groomed

Since we wear so *little* lingerie these modern days, the kind we *do* wear is all the more important. Just the addition of a small rubber panel in a garment, for instance, works wonders in the care of one's clothes. The rubber portion, preventing body warmth from reaching your skirt, protects the fabric from mussing and wrinkling, and keeps you better groomed.

Hickory Aprons, Bloomers and Step-ins are the newest of the new in protective garments—trim and slim in cut — exquisitely made of soft, sheer fabrics and extra-grade rubber. Our stylists are alert to every fashion trend at home and abroad.

Hickory Personal Necessities also include sanitary belts—the most comfortable and trustworthy you've ever tried. Your favorite store doubtless carries Hickory Products, but if you don't find them, write, mentioning name of the store. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1155 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.

HICKORY

PERSONAL NECESSITIES
The Ounce of Protection

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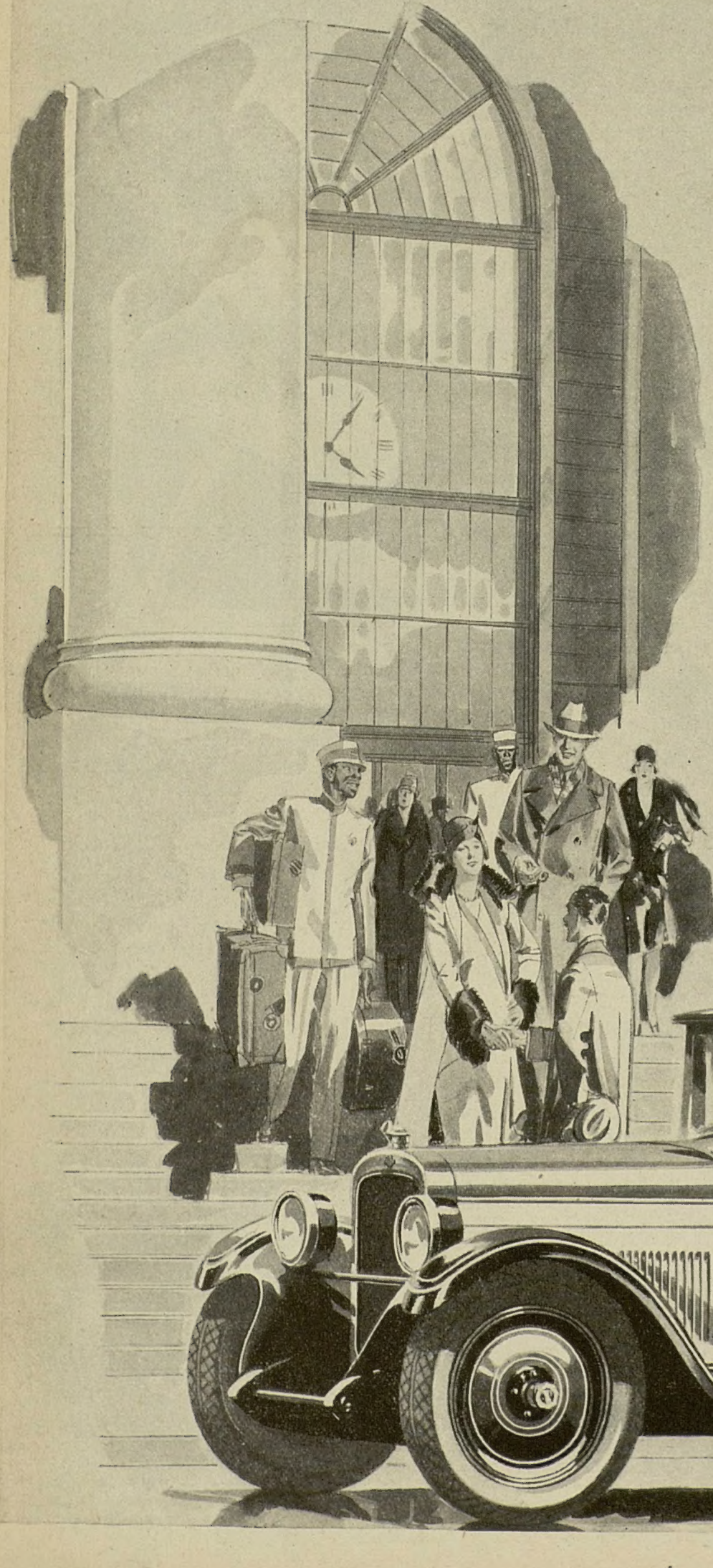

THERE is so much beauty and quality in the coachcraft of Nash, such perfection in Nash performance, and the price is so moderate, that no one ever will need to tell you that *your Nash* represents *the utmost in motor car value.*

Nash prices start at $865 and go no higher than $1990. But every Nash model is a 7-bearing Six, the world's smoothest type, *with* its motor mounted in rubber for still greater silence—*with* 2-way action in its 4-wheel brakes for extra safety—and *with* many extra hours of precision workmanship in its building, to make it *more efficient, more durable, more delightful to drive.*

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FEB. 11, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 NO. 6

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"OUR COUNTRY"

We have received the following communication from Mr. John Williams. It was meant evidently for Vox Pop, but we venture to print it here instead:

Birmingham, Alabama.

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." It is preposterous that a man like Decatur could have uttered a statement so contrary to principles of human justice, and doubly preposterous that a nation should let a popular magazine print it weekly. To me the statement means "I hope my country does not take the wrong side of a conflict or try to wrong a smaller country or enter crooked dealings, but if she does, I shall back her up, merely because I happen to be born here." If anybody knows a better way to interpret this statement, I hope he will write Vox Pop, for it mars the character of a man I could otherwise admire.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams evidently thinks he disagrees with us, and expects us to disagree with him. As a matter of fact, we think he is correct in his way of interpreting what Stephen Decatur said. Exactly.

He hopes his country will be always right; but if a decision is made, he is going to back it up.

That is the way of nationhood.

Of course, in technical disputes over matters of comparatively minor consequence—copyright laws, for example—the call is not made on every citizen. But when a step of grave importance is taken, it is clearly the business of every man to support the view agreed upon.

Then politics stops at the shore line. When the government speaks officially on foreign affairs, with the President and Congress acting together, we maintain that it is the plain and bounden duty of every American to lend a hand.

In the extreme crisis of war, when a man does not support the government—when he gives aid and comfort to the enemy—he may be punished by ostracism, as Grover Cleveland Bergdoll was. He may be banished. Or, in an acute case, he may be executed as a spy and a traitor.

Whatever we may think in times of peace, we find that in war this is what decent people must subscribe to.

It is what decent people always have subscribed to, though sometimes they may have been sorry—as in the Civil War, when it was a case of brother against brother and there were many honest differences of opinion.

The intelligentsia and the "pinks," mostly, seem to assume that the country is always wrong. In any international dispute a lot of people are prone to say that the United States is brutal and tyrannical. A few metropolitan newspapers do it, and one or two weeklies. It's a state of mind.

But it is a well known fact that the family which stands together is a strong one. Bickering in public is a sign of weakness.

When the ship is rocking around in stormy seas (to mix metaphors a little) we cling to it; we don't scuttle it.

That, we think, is what Stephen Decatur meant when he gave the toast which we have kept, and will continue to keep, at our masthead.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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A MAN who made millions with his fists—Jack Dempsey. Few people know the inside story of this great fighter—his early days as a kid, then as a hobo, and afterward as a lover. His life story—THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL—written by CHARLES J. McGUIRK, will start in next week's issue. Read it and you will agree that it is one of the most fascinating biographies ever published.

RUDYARD KIPLING, whose articles and poems on South America in LIBERTY have proved so popular, contributes A DROP IN TRAFFIC, wherein he describes fresh wonders of Brazil.

Companionate marriage today is a topic of universal discussion, so every reader will appreciate LINDSEY AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, in which the views of the famous Denver jurist are outlined by LEOLA ALLARD.

THE TALKING DOG, a short story by COSMO HAMILTON, is the romance of a youth who paid his court with the bark of a canine.

And then, for humor in its most modernistic form, you must not miss MR. PEACHPIT BEGINS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, a short story by CLIFFORD RAYMOND. He dips here into an extraordinary realm of fancy.

February 11, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 6

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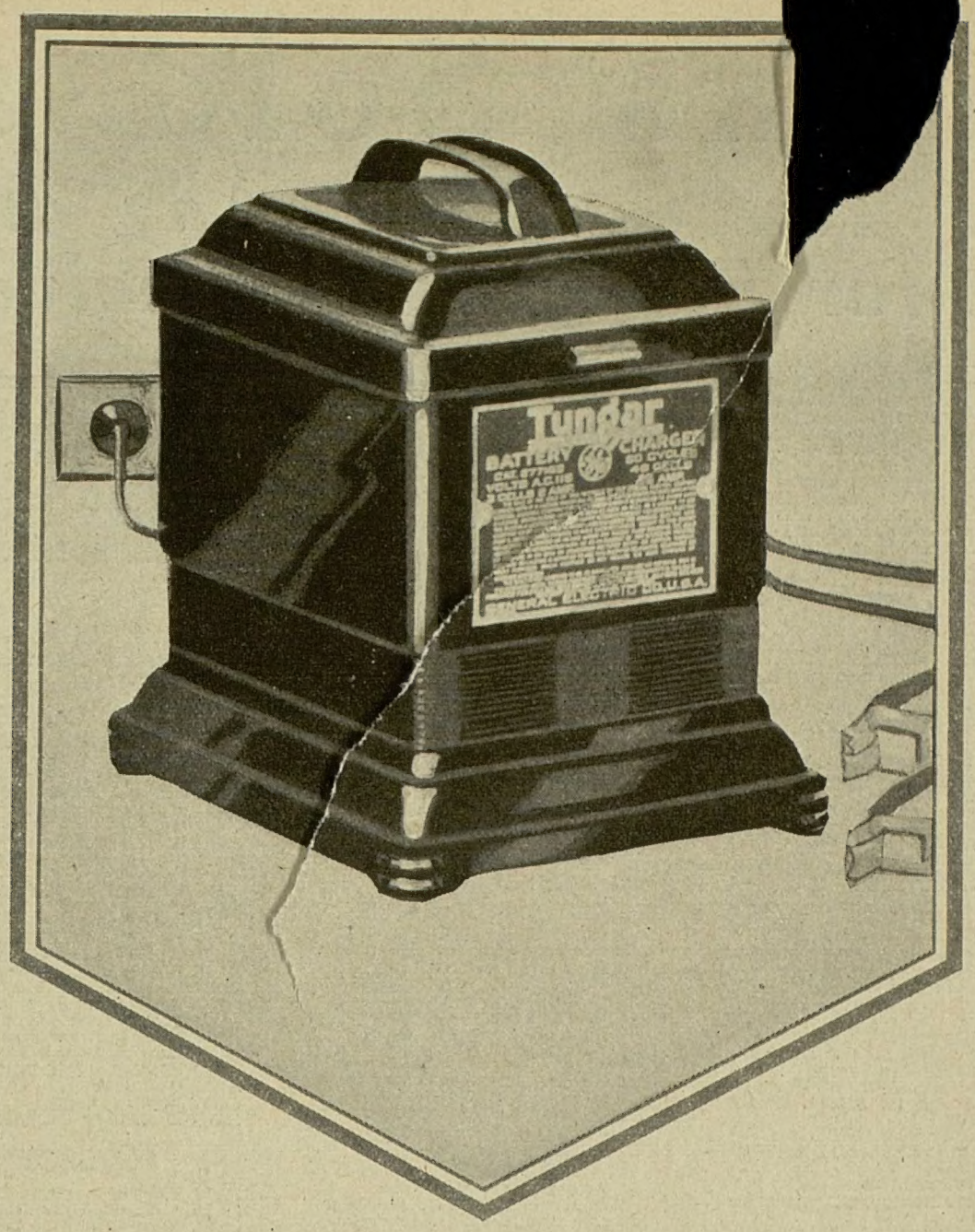

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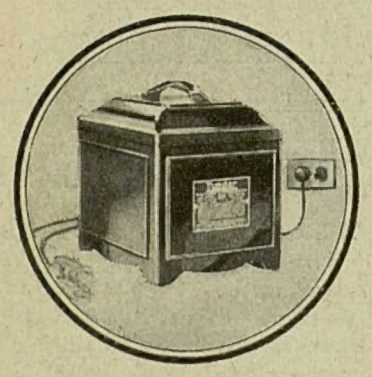

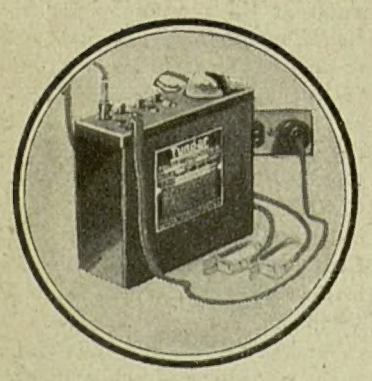

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The HAT

A Short Story of False Pretenses and a Wife's Love

By

ARNOLD BENNETT

Pictures by GEORGE D. ALEXANDER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 50 seconds.)

IT was in the National Gallery, London, near closing time. I was bending down to examine more painstakingly The Nativity of Nicolas Poussin, in one of the French rooms.

Whenever I visit London I always go to the National Gallery, and whenever I go to the National Gallery I always take care to look at Poussin's Nativity, which for me is one of the most subtle and delightful little pictures in the finest gallery in the world.

The simple, enthusiastic joy of the small group of onlookers, the unaffected and almost merry pride of the Madonna in the Child, the exquisiteness of the Child, the originality of the composition, the freshness of the charming color, the depth of the emotion—all these things enchant me. They have enchanted me for years, and they enchant me more and more as I grow older and wiser in the appreciation of art.

Now, as I was gazing at the picture, a man came and stood close by me, and he too bent down to examine it. I glanced idly at him for an instant. I had noticed him ten minutes earlier in the gallery, wandering about, preoccupied and even absorbed. A tall, slim man, of about forty, with dark eyes, a peculiar, intent, dominating, piercing, enigmatic expression on his pale, thin face. Well dressed, even elegant, even distinguished.

"That bit of sky is astounding," the man proceeded; but he looked closely at me as a detective might have looked at me.

I had thought: "He must be an expert, possibly a collector." And I had felt a certain excitement, for I regarded collectors—I mean real collectors, who struggle against one another at Christie's and whose sales, when they die and leave their pictures behind them, make a front-page item in newspapers—I regarded these beings as the exalted, enviable princes of mankind.

"Jolly thing!" the man murmured in a deep voice.

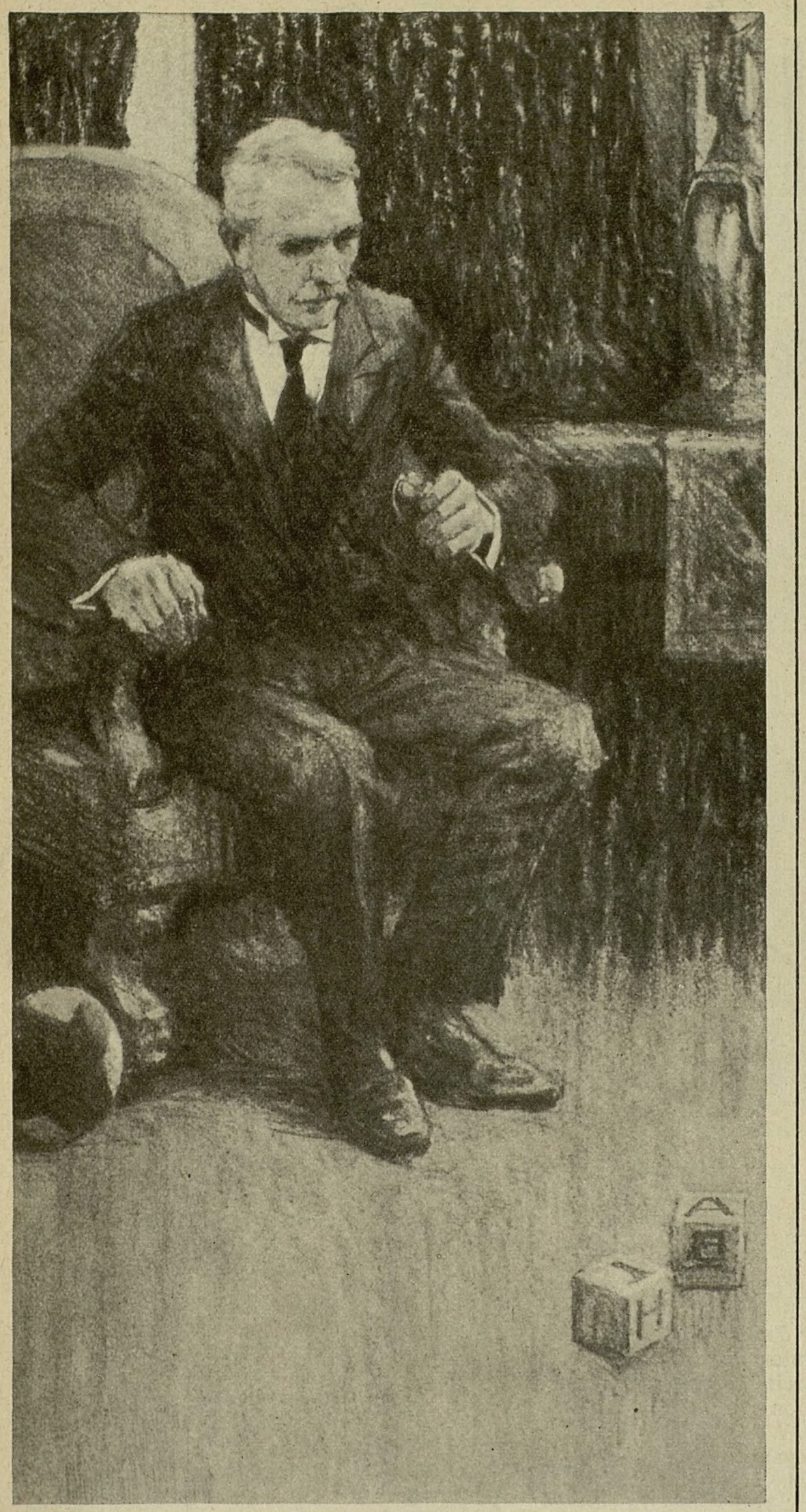
"Yes," I agreed with warmth.

Never before had I known a solitary visitor at the National Gallery to be so un-English as to divulge that any picture therein was having the slightest effect on his mind, heart, or soul. Nevertheless, the man was English enough.

"That bit of sky through the archway is astounding," the man proceeded. "So dramatic, if I may say so." He looked closely at me, as a detective might have looked at me.

"Well," said I, unduly modest, "I don't know anything about pictures. But for me this Poussin is in a class by itself. And, what's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I felt a bachelor's regrets—for having left undone what I should have done.

[THE HAT Continued from Page Nine]

more, I think Poussin's one of the greatest painters that ever lived."

The man replied, as if he meant it:

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I have a Poussin myself. It's only a sketch, but it's a Poussin all right."

Yes, he was a collector; he was among the darlings of fate.

"Did you pick it up?" I inquired.

"Shop in the Vauxhall Bridge Road," said he, excusably complacent.

"I congratulate you," I said.

We both ceased to bend, hesitated, and turned away the one from the other.

"Pardon me." He approached me again. "But is that your hat you're wearing?" His tone was surpassingly smooth and gentle, despite its depth.

I MUST say I was shocked. Here we had been discussing a work of sublime genius, and he suddenly switched off to hats!

I was wearing an ordinary bowler hat, like a million other bowler hats. It fitted me perfectly. It had no exterior marks to differentiate it from its innumerable brothers upon the heads of men. I was shocked—and more shocked than anyone unacquainted with the facts would imagine. For the hat I was wearing was indeed not my own, though I had been covering my head with it at intervals for the better part of six months—indeed, since my previous visit to London.

During that visit I had lunched with friends at the huge and famous Hotel Majestic in Knightsbridge. I had given up a hat to a cloakroom attendant, and upon leaving had received a hat from a cloakroom attendant. And not until my return to Manchester had I discovered that the hat I had received was not the hat I had deposited.

Of course I ought to have written to the Majestic. But, owing to the common, deplorable sloth of human nature, I had not done so. The hat fitted me as well as my own. Had it been a worse hat than my own I might have taken the proper measures to regain my property; but it was a better hat than my own.

Human nature is strange and sadly imperfect. In the course of six months I had grown accustomed to the hat and had long ceased to think of it as another's.

"Why do you ask?" I demanded defensively, but not offensively.

I had already observed in the man's glance some quality of a detective, and I thought it might be imprudent to set him against me. The mystery of him thickened. At one moment he was a connoisseur of pictures, and the next he was apparently the greatest expert of hats in the whole history of male headgear. How in the name of sinister magic had he divined that the hat was not mine?

"If that's the hat I think it is, it has the initials T. C. L. inside, and your initials are D. W."

"I take off my hat to you," I said.

It would have been more correct to say: "I take off somebody else's hat to you." But he saw the pleasantry and gave a benevolent laugh. I displayed to him the inside of the hat, which bore the initials T. C. L. in gilt.

"And further," said I, "my initials *are* D. W. And will you please tell me how you do it?"

"It's very simple," said he. "You were given the wrong hat at the Majestic some time ago—a hat belonging to a—er—gentleman that I know. His initials are T. C. L., and he had to go away with a hat marked D. W."

"Quite, quite!" I exclaimed, perhaps impatiently. "I realize what happened. But how did you know that this hat isn't mine?" I resumed the hat.

"I dare say that I have a gift that way," he answered—queerly, as I thought. "Sort of intuition."

"And how can I get hold of my own hat? Can you tell me that?" I asked. "I should much prefer my own hat." (This statement was not true.)

"I believe your hat is at the Majestic," said he. "Mr. Lottleton brought it back, hoping you'd bring this one back. I'm going to the Majestic now," he added, looking at his watch sharply. "May I drive you there?"

"Whoever could have foreseen this?" I thought to myself, as I preceded the man into the taxi.

"Would you very much mind if I called at my house for one second? It's on our way," said the man.

"By all means. Please!" I begged him. "And I must tell you that I should certainly have taken the hat back long ago to the hotel, but I live in Manchester and this is the first time I've been in London since then."

II

A NATTY, smallish house in Chapel Street, off Grosvenor Gardens. The window frames newly painted. Boxes of flowers on some of the window sills. The front door a bright and coquettish green. Yes, the house of a man of taste. The man jumped quickly out of the taxi—then stopped as he fumbled for keys in his hip pocket.

"Might come in and see my Poussin," he smiled. "Won't take two seconds."

I accepted the invitation.

As he could open the front door with his latchkey, there was no need for him to ring and no servant appeared.

The entrance hall, though narrow, had a delightful aspect: a Turkish rug on the tiled floor; an antique cabinet; etchings on the walls; an Oriental lamp suspended from the ceiling; a glimpse of well carpeted stairs, with more etchings on the walls of the staircase. Positively the house of a man of taste who, or whose wife, had an eye for harmony of detail.

I followed him into a dining room. More proofs of taste in this apartment: a glittering, polished table—empty; Empire chairs; an Empire sideboard.

The Poussin sketch, in a frame emphasizing its importance, was over the mantelpiece. An ideal landscape, with ideal figures, men and women, lounging on grass beneath foliage, some of them very negligent in the matter of costume, and others who had apparently decided that to wear any costume whatever in an ideal landscape and ideal weather would be absurd. A lovely thing. Beyond doubt a genuine Poussin. And the fellow had picked it up in the Vauxhall Bridge Road!

"Delicious!" I said. "Do you happen to know

A touching and pathetic spectacle. The elegant, pretty young mother, coquettish in every detail of her toilette, fondled her child.

what picture it's supposed to be a sketch for?"

"I don't," said he. "Wish I did. I have heard there's a picture in the Louvre—but, you see, it's very difficult for me to travel."

At that moment we heard a tremendous cry behind the double doors at the end of the room. It was the cry of a tiny child in distress.

"Good heavens!" the man exclaimed, and rushed to the double doors and opened one of them, disclosing a small room, judging from its attractive, fluffy, and cushioned aspect, most probably a lady's boudoir. A child of perhaps fourteen months, in a "crawling" frock, was sitting on the clean parquet floor, its face rendered horribly ugly by the distortion of sobs and yells.

"Good heavens!" the man repeated. "Where's that d——d nurse—leaving the child by itself like this!" He glanced again at his watch. "What on earth's the matter with you, baby? Celia, what is it?" He bent over the child, seemingly timorous of handling her.

I took her myself into the light of the further window. She shrieked and kicked, but not from temper. She was in agony. Several times she put her tiny, fat hands to her eyes.

A young nurse hurried in. She wore an armlet with an initial on it, showing that she belonged to some institute and was therefore fully trained.

"My cherub!" cried the nurse. "Why are you naughty?" And she made as if to take the child from me.

"She isn't naughty," said I. "I'm a doctor. Get a sponge or something and some warm water, nurse. Quick! I see you've been putting zinc ointment on her face for this rash. Food too rich, I expect. She's rubbed some of the ointment into her eyes. It's nothing, but it must be frightful for her while it lasts."

"I'm awfully obliged, sir," said the man. "No idea you were a doctor. Take her away, nurse. I can't wait another moment."

"No! Get the sponge, nurse," I insisted; and, to the father: "I see you're in a hurry. But I'll stay and finish this job and come on to the Majestic later. I needn't ask for you, need I? I'll just tell them at the cloakroom."

I had almost to shout, because of the terrible noise made by the struggling child.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HAT Continued from Page Eleven]

"Oh!" said he, imitating my loudness. "I'd like—er—to see you. I shall probably be in the hall there. But, if I'm not, will you—er—please ask for Mr. Paddock? Can't thank you enough! No, really I can't."

He gave me a grateful but worried smile, and went.

III

WHEN, the nurse watching me, I had nearly finished soothing the eyes of the most vociferous baby, the door opened from the back lobby, and a young and very pretty blonde bounded into the room.

She had untidy, shingled, golden hair, and liquid, rather wild eyes, blue. She was wearing a pink silk negligée, all ribbons and large feathers, with slippers of an elegance to match. An amber necklace. Several rings on her fingers, but not bells on her toes.

The mother! She stopped suddenly at the sight of me, scared.

"Excuse me getting up," I said—I was seated in a low easy-chair—and explained the situation to her in the fewest possible words.

The baby was still crying loudly.

"Your little girl will be better now," I said.

"All alone in the room!" The mother repeated a phrase I had used. "Why did you leave her alone, nurse?"

"It was you who rang for me," the young nurse answered, somewhat curtly. "When you ring three times it's for me, isn't it? I ran back as soon as I heard baby."

"Yes," said the mother, after a short hesitation, coldly. "You needn't wait now. You'll be late for your evening."

"Very well."

"You'll be back for her ten-o'clock feed?"

"Yes."

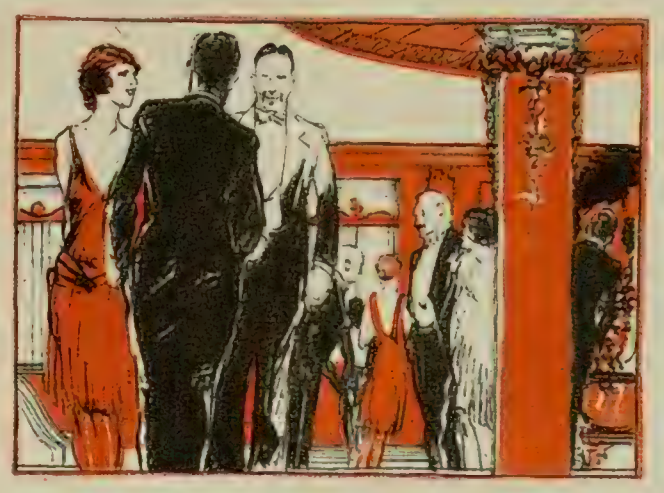
The nurse vanished.

"It's very good of you, doctor," said the mother to me, with generous warmth and a step forward. "Nurse is leaving us. I'm afraid she's been neglecting baby or—is doing something to her." She stopped, seemed to be reflecting. "Perhaps I oughtn't to say a thing like that."

"No," said I to myself, "you oughtn't. It's a very serious accusation." (The nurse's face had appeared to me to be honest and capable enough.) "But all you mothers are alike. You live in the midst of an imaginary conspiracy against your precious infant's life." And I said aloud:

"Of course, if a nurse puts zinc ointment on a child's face, she ought to watch it for a bit afterward."

"That was my fault," said the mother, as impulsive in remorse, now, as she had been in charging the nurse a moment earlier. "I put the ointment on. Perhaps nurse didn't know I'd done it."



Without saying anything, she bent down and took her child from me, and dandled it and clutched it to her, while the child, full of its immense grievance against a cruel and totally enigmatic universe, continued to complain distressingly in the only language it could employ.

The mother enveloped the child in fold upon fold of passionate love. She buried the child in her breast, and then buried her fair head in the child. For a minute nothing existed for her but the adored child. She had no emotion save for the adored child.

"I was very ill when she was born," the mother murmured, lips pressing close on the child's neck. "*You* don't know how ill your mammy was when you came. Naughty mammy, putting nasty, horrid stuff on your poor little face!"

More dandling. A touching and somehow pathetic spectacle. The elegant, pretty young mother, coquettish in every detail of her toilette, utterly oblivious of her elegance as with a thousand caresses she impetuously fondled her child in the soiled crawling frock.

The baby halted, silent, in the middle of a sobbing intake of breath. It had suddenly occurred to her that her eyes were not hurting her quite so much. She looked round.

I stood up.

"Sit down, please," I said to the mother.

The mother sat down.

"So my husband's gone away again!" she remarked, discontented and loving—some trace of the whine in her soft voice.

"She's her husband's idol!" I said to myself. "You can see that in everything about her. She's cared for, this young woman is. She's spoilt. She asks and she gets. And all she has to do is to be delicious to him. And she *is* delicious to him—possibly too much. She's a perfectly delicious creature, especially with that kid in her bare arms."

I was a bachelor and felt a bachelor's regrets—for having left undone that which I ought to have done, and so on. I would have loved to love such a delicious creature—wife and mother. I would have spoilt her to the tune of my last halfpenny.

She was crying. Tears ran down her delicious, passionate, powdered, and rouged face.

"Let me take baby," I said in a purposely matter-of-fact tone. "I think you'd better lie on the sofa for a while." I could see that she was perilously verging on hysteria.

UNRESISTING, she allowed me to take the child from her. Like a child herself, she laid her body wearily on the sofa, and held out her arms. I restored the child to her, and she clasped it.

The child had now satisfied itself that the universe was growing kinder, but the tears were still slipping over its stout cheeks. The mother also ceased to sob, but the tears were still slipping over her lovely contours. The child stuck a finger into its mother's rosy mouth.

"If I were you," I said, "I should see the doctor. Who is your medical man? I could telephone for him."

"Oh!" said she plaintively, "we haven't got a regular doctor. I'm never ill—I mean I was only ill when baby was born, and then we had a specialist. But he isn't our doctor."

"Well," I said, "I shall be seeing Mr. Paddock. I'm going to the Majestic to see him about something. I only called here for a minute because I wanted to look at a picture of his —the Poussin. I'll tell him. And, in the meantime, do let me advise you just to lie quiet, and don't worry about *anything*. You're worrying."

"I know I am! I know I am!" she sighed. "But nobody knows what I'm going through."

The complaint of the spoiled darling who is convinced that her woe is more grievous than the woe of anybody else could possibly be!

"It's that nurse of ours. I admit she's a good nurse. She's very good."

The charming spoilt darling being consciously just!

"I thought she'd quite settled down here and I shouldn't have any more trouble. But no! She's heard—something about my husband—you know: you're a friend of his. There are droves of nurses with prams in Hyde Park, and they gossip.

"Well, she won't stay! And she's the second one! I can't understand it. I can't imagine the way they think. It isn't as if I put on any airs with them. I don't. My father kept a shop, and I don't care who knows it. But I suppose a shopkeeper's daughter's as good as a nurse. And yet— You know, it isn't fair to baby; it really isn't—a new nurse every two months or so! Of course I'm worried. Who wouldn't be? What mother wouldn't be?"

The delicious creature went on and on, repeating herself, beginning her story all afresh in similar words, the sound of her voice increasing exactly in the manner of a hysterical subject.

I let her go on till she was exhausted. To have opposed her in the slightest degree might have precipitated an attack. I did not even correct her notion that I was a friend of her husband.

It was evident to me that, delicious creature though his wife was, my acquaintance, Mr. Paddock, connoisseur of pictures, must have married someone not quite his intellectual or social equal. Yet what could it be in Mr. Paddock that trained nurses of babies objected to? I might have asked Mrs. Paddock and perhaps found out; but I feared to do so, lest any discussion of the matter should have a disastrous effect on her nerves.

After much speculation, I half decided that he must be either a bookmaker or a private detective. He had an imperative appointment, apparently in the foyer of the Majestic. A private detective might have to keep an appointment in the foyers of big metropolitan hotels, for astonishing encounters undoubtedly happened in them. But a bookmaker! Did bookmakers do business in such grandiose rendezvous?

I knew not. And why, come to think of it, should nurses take exception to either of these important and necessary callings? Or could Mr. Paddock be the public executioner? Or a vivisectionist?

"It's very late," the mother charmingly complained. "And I quite forgot to have tea. And of course no one thought of asking me about it. Even if I don't always take tea, you'd suppose they'd just ask me."

At her request I rang the bell. Tea was ultimately brought in, together with the baby's six-o'clock repast, by a reserved and impeccable middle-aged parlor maid.

I drank one cup of tea in order to satisfy the delicious creature's yearning to be hospitable to one whom she deemed a benefactor. And then I said good-by.

She jumped up, baby in arms, suddenly endowed with the most perfect health and spirits, and insisted on accompanying me to the front door. The baby also accompanied me to the front door. The scene was too exquisite to leave without regret.

No sooner was I in the street than the obvious explanation of the mystery occurred to me: Mr. Paddock must have served a term of imprisonment. Mrs. Paddock was the kind of woman who, when she loves, loves without any reserve.

Then another mystery rose up before me. Mr. Paddock had said that he had to call at home. He had called, but he had spoken to nobody there save myself. He had merely come and gone. For what purpose had he called?

IV

"MR. PADDOCK here?" I asked an attendant who stood just within the revolving doors of the Majestic.

He looked at me in a peculiar way.

"Mr. Paddock?" (No "sir"!)

"Yes, Mr. Paddock," I repeated sharply, not very well pleased with his tone or his extreme brevity.

I may be a provincial, but I believe in the rules of the game being observed.

"You'll find him there, sir," said the man, pointing to a group crowded round the counter of the cloakroom.

I had stayed quite a long time at the house in Chapel Street, and the earlier diners, those who meant to go to a theater, were already arriving in the hotel. I approached the group, but among it I saw nobody who resembled my connoisseur acquaintance.

Then, happening to glance behind the

counter, I saw a tall, slim man (with a lesser man) dressed in a superbly rich livery. His legs were hidden from me by the counter, but I knew that he wore knee breeches and shoes with silver buckles.

This was Mr. Paddock. Yes, I admit that the identification came as a very considerable shock to me.

In the few moments which passed before I could reach the counter, I watched the demeanor of Mr. Paddock as he accepted hats, overcoats, and sticks. Some customers he left to the lesser functionary, who gave tickets in exchange for garments.

Mr. Paddock never gave a ticket. He gazed hard at his customers, exactly as he had gazed at myself in the National Gallery; he took the hats and garments; and the customer nodded, obviously flattered that the head attendant held it to be unnecessary to hand a ticket to so distinguished a personage.

"Here is your hat, sir," said Mr. Paddock impassively, at length recognizing me as I got nearer. And like lightning he produced my inferior hat from beneath the counter.

He had made no error. The inferior hat was indeed mine.

"Thank you," said I impassively, putting a shilling on the counter and abandoning the superior hat.

"Thank you very much, sir."

"It wasn't to you I gave this hat six months ago."

"No, sir."

"I say," said I. "What time are you free tonight?"

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"I'll look in again then."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not at all, Mr. Paddock."

V

SOMETHING after midnight Mr. Paddock and I were strolling rather intimately in the direction of Chapel Street. Mr. Paddock was in the smart mufti which he had worn earlier in the day.

I had had to wait for him, and in the time of waiting I had had the pleasure of seeing a rain of shillings and sixpences pour down on to the counter of the principal cloakroom at the Majestic. The sight of this rain had helped me to understand things still better.

I told him my news about his wife's condition.

"Yes," said he, after very warmly thanking me for my attentions to her and the baby. "I may say that I've been noticing some signs of hysteria for several days. I really called at home this afternoon just to have a look at her; but as soon as I heard baby making that terrible noise I knew there would be a scene, and I thought I shouldn't do any good by staying, so I went at once. I'd no time. I'm speaking to you quite frankly—as a doctor."

"Just so!" I agreed. "I'm glad you are. But, as a doctor, I must point out to you that hysteria is a pathological condition, like any other disease. It won't get better if it isn't treated and the causes removed. It'll get worse."

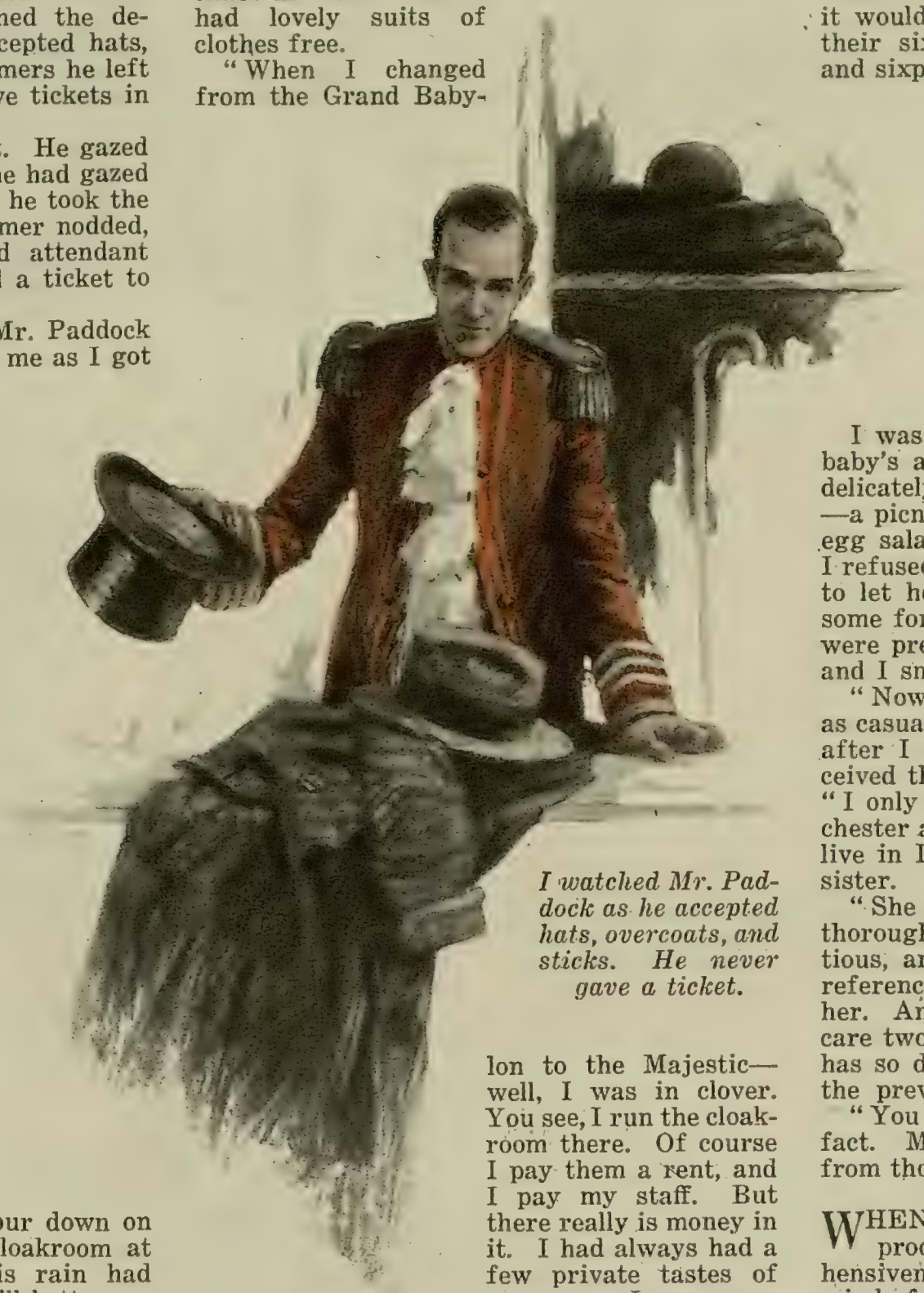
"I see," said he; "I fully see that something must be done. But what to do I don't know. It's very difficult. The servants are aware of the facts, but *they* don't seem to trouble about them at all. Trained nursemaids do. I suppose there's some difference of rank. Though why a nursemaid should consider herself a cut above a really important person like a cook I can't imagine. What's good enough for a cook ought surely to be good enough for a nursemaid."

"Mysteries!" I commented. "That's what they are. Mysteries! And there it is!"

"I used to be a clerk," Mr. Paddock continued, "at the Grand Babylon Hotel, on the Embankment. Someone discovered that I had a pretty good memory for faces and all sorts of things—in fact, people said, a quite extraordinary memory; but I don't know about that.

"Anyhow, as I knew something about the relative financial positions of employees in the big hotels, I suggested myself for the cloakroom. They thought I was mad. But I wasn't. The work was easier, and the profits about ten times as much. And I had lovely suits of clothes free.

"When I changed from the Grand Babylon to the Majestic—well, I was in clover. You see, I run the cloakroom there. Of course I pay them a rent, and I pay my staff. But there really is money in it. I had always had a few private tastes of my own. I was soon able to indulge them a bit. Then I married. . . . You see?"



I watched Mr. Paddock as he accepted hats, overcoats, and sticks. He never gave a ticket.

"Perfectly."

"Naturally, I should have told you my—er—circumstances before we'd got to the hotel this afternoon. But at home things fell out so that I hadn't a chance."

"Quite. I understand absolutely."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to look in tonight and see my wife again—professionally? She always waits up for me. I should be very grateful. We've no regular doctor."

"So Mrs. Paddock said. I'll come in with pleasure, but only on a friendly footing. I'm having a short holiday in London."

"I really couldn't—"

"Yes, you could," I corrected him. "And, what's more, I have an idea that I could put you on to some treatment that would cure Mrs. Paddock."

VI

MR. PADDOCK had forgotten his latchkey. Whether he had left it in the pockets of his gorgeous knee breeches, I know not. At any rate, he had to ring instead of masterfully entering the house in Chapel Street. He rang several times.

I was wondering, as we waited on the threshold of his most attractive and not unfashionable home (far surpassing in splendor my own), whether the countless male persons who rained sixpences and shillings on to the counter of the cloakroom at the Majestic ever realized what those sixpences and shillings were changed into by the wit of man.

I decided that the great majority of those unconscious contributors to the house in Chapel Street would have been astounded by that domestic organism could they have seen it, and that the result upon them of even a glimpse of it would have been to cause them to reduce their sixpences and shillings to threepences and sixpences. At length the bright door was opened by the delicious creature Mrs. Paddock—still attired in the dazzling negligée which I had previously beheld. For a fraction of a second her charming blonde face had an aspect which heralded anxieties for Mr. Paddock on his return home from an arduous day's work. But as soon as the lady caught sight of myself, in the background of the steps, the face softened and cleared and became the face of an amiable and adorable hostess and wife.

I was invited to the boudoir, scene of the baby's afternoon tragedy, where on a tray a delicately laid supper awaited the breadwinner—a picnic meal which comprised cold ham, an egg salad, and a small bottle of white wine. I refused food, though Mrs. Paddock urged me to let her run down to the kitchen and find some for me; but a cigar and a glass of wine were pressed upon me by those ringed hands, and I smoked and drank.

"Now, I only called in to say," I said, with as casual and modest an air as I could assume, after I had inquired as to the baby and received the news that it was healthily asleep—"I only called in to say that I know in Manchester a nursemaid who is anxious to come to live in London, so as to be near her married sister.

"She is forty, and she is plain. But she is thoroughly trained and thoroughly conscientious, and she has a long series of first-rate references. Also, I can personally vouch for her. And I am quite certain that she will not care two pins about the trifling matter which has so disturbed your present nursemaid and the previous one.

"You may take that from me as a positive fact. Manchester notions are very different from those of London."

WHEN I had said a little more, and my peace-producing scheme in its beautiful comprehensiveness had sunk well into the untranquil mind of Mrs. Paddock, a marvelous thing happened.

She rose from her low chair by the table where Mr. Paddock was eating, threw round his neck her arms, from which the silken sleeves fell away, and kissed him again and again. Her features were transformed, her loveliness intensified, the glance of her eyes deepened. She did more than kiss him—she enveloped him, folded him up, in her exquisite and passionate affection.

She was then doing what Heaven had appointed her to do in this world, and she became perfect. The presence of a stranger did not in the least incommode her, because she was aware of nobody and naught but her husband. She had absolutely no self-consciousness. (The same could certainly not be said of Mr. Paddock.)

I wondered once more whether the countless male persons who rained sixpences and shillings on to the counter of the cloakroom at the Majestic ever realized that officials in knee breeches and buckled shoes are apt to be real human beings with private lives, woes, compensations, ecstasies, unique moments.

I decided that the great majority of them, could they have witnessed the episode, would for the future increase their sixpences and shillings to florins and half crowns.

But I had a sort of idea that possibly Mrs. Paddock had been rewarding by her kisses the wrong man.

THE END

The FOUR Who Were HANGED

A New Picture of the Lincoln Conspirators and Their Execution

An Article by
LLOYD LEWIS

(Reading time: 21 minutes 42 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In an article published in LIBERTY last week the author did much to shatter the romanticism which has surrounded the Booth conspirators, especially Mrs. Surratt, the woman hanged for her part in the murder of Abraham Lincoln. In the following article the conspirators are painted as they were before they met Booth, as they worked with him, and the manner in which they met death on the gallows.]

THERE were four to be hanged. But, because one was a woman, Christian Rath, the hangman, could find nobody to dig the graves.

Rath stamped up and down the corridors of the jail, rubbing his head. It hurt. Things had started badly.

At daybreak he had gone out into the prison yard to test the new rope he had bought for the hanging. Crowds had stared at him through the tall iron fence. Even at that early hour the morbid and curious had begun to pack the streets around the penitentiary. To them Captain Rath had paid no heed, marching straight to a tree with a sack of shot across his shoulder and the rope in his hand.

Up in the tree, he tied one end of the rope to the sack and the other to the limb upon which he sat; then, edging well forward to eye the jerk, he shoved the sack into space.

The bough broke and the Captain alighted upon his head.

As he picked himself up, all dirt and morning dew, guffaws and whoops of glee arose from the mob.

Yes, things had started badly and now were worse.

The rope might be stout enough, the gallows was almost ready, after yesterday's carpentering, but here it was nearing 8 o'clock—the hanging due around noon—and not a grave dug!

Captain Rath hurried into the prison office to see Lieutenant Colonel McCall, who was in charge of the military guard. He was told to ask for volunteers.

Addressing the regiment, Rath asked for 100 helpers, some to man the spades, some the traps, some the coffins, some to bind the hands and feet of the condemned.

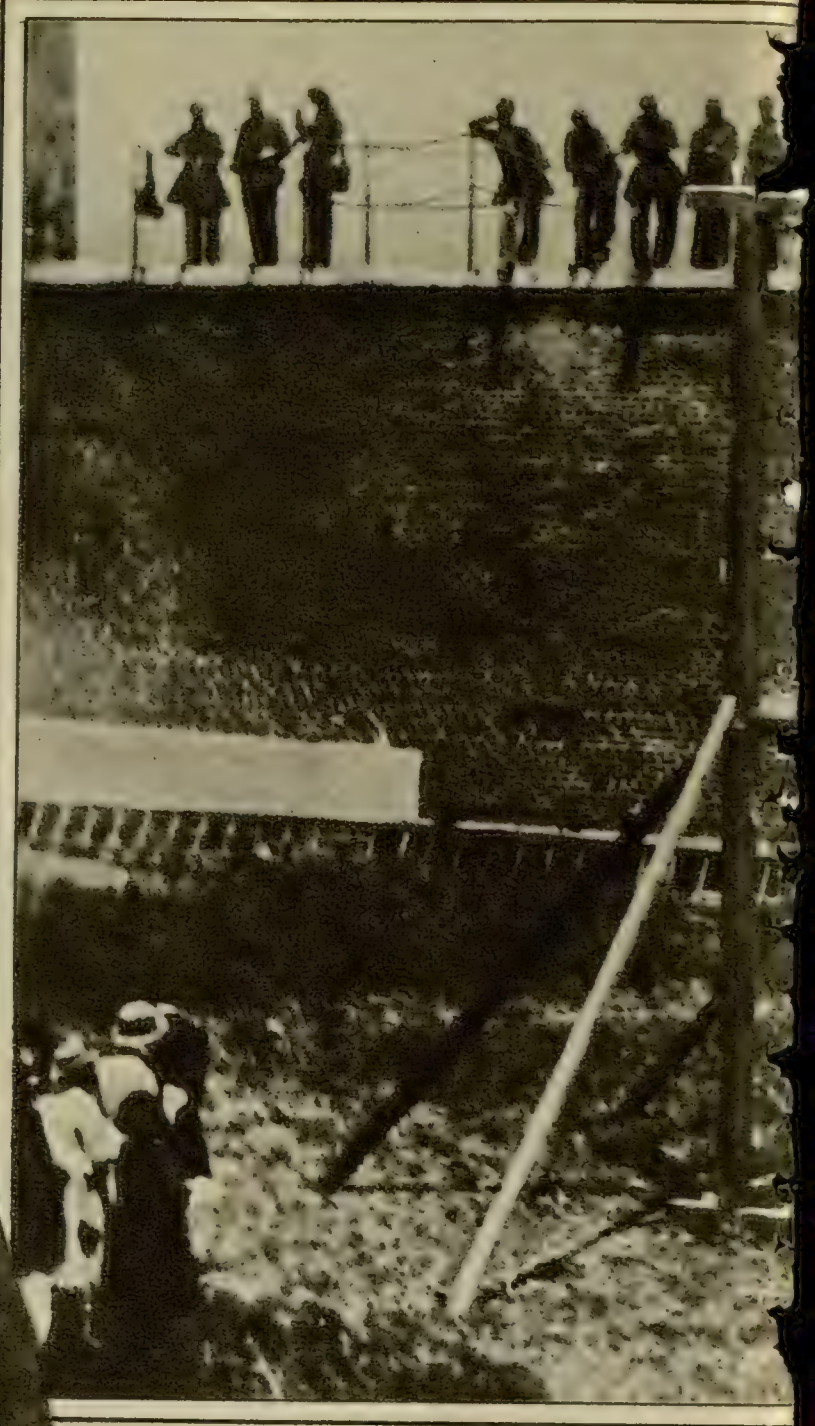
"And every man will get a drink of whisky when the thing is done," he concluded.

Every soldier in the regiment stepped up!

It was in such slapstick comedy that the most terrible hanging in the history of the Republic began. The day, July 9, 1865, was to end in low comedy, too, in spite of all the shudders that were to run through the 2,000 spectators in the jail yard, and on out across the nation.

Comic and grotesque though much of the day might be, America has never seen anything in it but terror. The four who were hanged were the Lincoln conspirators, and America has always been too busy deifying Abraham Lincoln to look upon his assailants as anything but shapeless fiends and monsters.

WHENEVER the nation has stumbled upon the picture of those four dangling by their necks, it has shivered and shut the book. It may know the archassassin, John Wilkes Booth, a little better, recalling with less horror his death at the hands of Union cavalrymen in the burning barn, weeks before. It may know him as a vague myth with the outlines of a tragedian, but it has never recognized his accomplices as the comedians they were.



How four of the conspirators in Linc... Surratt's figure can be identified by means ...

Albert Davis Collection

John Wilkes Booth, who played the chief rôle in the grim national tragedy.

Comedians indeed; the most imbecile group of loons and nincompoops that ever blundered into notoriety; and long ago they might have been distinguished as exactly that, had it not been that the Republic must be forever looking at Lincoln's death through the spectacles of superstition.

* * *

All morning the carpenters were hammering at the gallows tree, in the inclosure behind the prison, adding finishing touches to the strong, simple affair whose upper beam, to which the ropes were tied, rose some twenty feet above the ground, and whose platform was midway of this height.

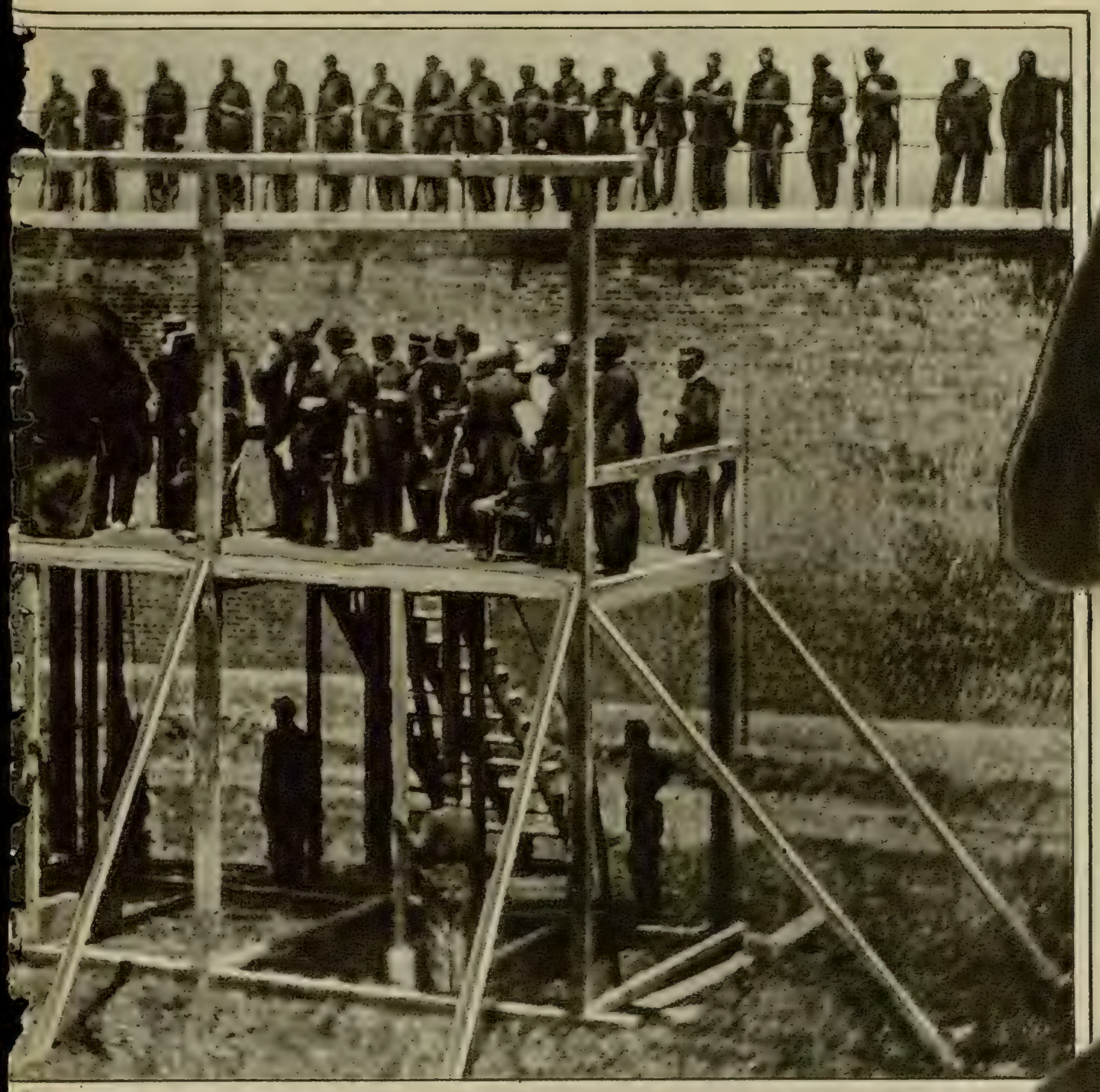
By eleven-thirty the traps were ready for the test which Rath was to give them with 300-pound weights. Rath ascended the steps, noting that the four graves were ready and yawning between the scaffold and the high penitentiary wall.

A thousand infantrymen were scattered about the jail yard, and to this number were constantly added newspaper men and such other civilians as could secure the prized tickets of admission. No government officials were to come to the hanging and no high army men except Generals Hancock and Hartranft, who were in charge.

One newspaper man, as he entered the yard, looked at the four nooses dangling and the four graves gaping, and blurted out, "My God, they're not going to hang all four, are they?"

People everywhere in the United States were asking that, too.

It was the woman people were wondering about—Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the lodging-house keeper of Washington who had been tried and found guilty with seven men for con-



...ssination met their deaths that brazen-hot noon of July 9, 1865. Mrs. ...e umbrella, held over her head to shield her from the burning rays of the sun.

Brown Bros. photo

Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Mary E. Surratt —"She kept the nest where the egg was hatched," said President Johnson.

spiring with John Wilkes Booth to kill Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Seward. At the announcement that President Johnson had doomed her to the gallows, a great clamor for her pardon or reprieve had arisen. At the very moment that the reporter stood aghast at the sight of her waiting grave, her lawyers were asking the Supreme Court of the District to save her with a writ of habeas corpus, arguing that her trial and conviction by a military body had been unconstitutional.

In the face of President Johnson's suspension of the right of habeas corpus in the case, the court was helpless. Johnson's answer to prayers and pleas was an adamant statement: "She kept the nest where the egg was hatched," his reference being to the Surratt house where Booth had assembled his plotters.

All forenoon, however, Johnson's private secretary kept a fast horse hitched to a buggy outside the White House door on the bare chance that the President might change his mind.

The rattle of the drops, as Rath tested them, told the newspaper men that the government had not weakened; the woman must die. And the telegraph, clicking off its bulletins to the waiting country, told everybody that all four were to hang.

IT was brazenly hot in the inclosure. Deathly hot in the prison, too; hot where the condemned sat with their families—such as had families—and with their ministers.

There was but one cool place in the penitentiary—the tier of cells below; and the conspirator who was there had been dead too long to care.

John Wilkes Booth lay in this tomb, cool and silent, except for the dim echoes of wails and commands that sifted down from the floor above. Lonely down there too, for not a soul, unless it was Christian Rath, in that day's crowds even knew that Booth's body was in the prison.

Indeed, it is doubtful if twenty men in the whole Republic knew, so stealthily had it been hidden by Stanton, the Secretary of War, whose mind was a nightmare of suspicion that the defeated Confederacy longed to steal Booth's corpse and worship it as a holy relic.

THROUGH the cells of the condemned upstairs, there was weeping, terrible and long. Seven sisters hid David Herold, the nitwit, with their embraces. Nitwit or no, they loved him.

A daughter clung to Mrs. Surratt, sobbing wildly.

A clodlike creature, miserably dressed, cried beside Atzerodt. She was the woman with whom he had cohabited, minus benefits of clergy, in those days when he had lived wretchedly at Port Tobacco, Maryland, making carriages and relaying information to the Confederates.

In one cell of the four there was calm—the cell of Lewis Powell, gigantic moron, who paid no heed to the preparations about him.

All but the woman were manacled. All but she had worn chains since those mid-April days when they had been seized as suspects and imprisoned in the sweltering holds of naval monitors out on the Potomac. Heavy bags had been fastened over their heads to prevent them seeing and talking.

The prisoners had been brought to the penitentiary from the ironclads on April 29, so that they might be handy to the courtroom when the military commission began its hearings. Rath confined them in cells, each of the male conspirators being watched by four guards and, for still safer keeping, handcuffed to iron bars. Each dragged a seventy-five-pound ball on a two-foot chain.

To the government, ferocious with rage, the simpletons were beasts, and it was not until their jailers had come to know them for imbeciles that they received humane treatment.

Major Porter, the prison physician, ordered the bags off their heads on account of the terrific heat, and Captain Rath turned them out into the prison yard occasionally for air, listening shrewdly to their talk. Not once did he hear them deny their guilt; only squabble over dates and trivial items.

AT their trial feeble efforts had been made to establish two of them, Powell and Herold, as mental defectives, unfit for hanging. A physician, Dr. Samuel McKim, had told of Davy Herold's incapacity as a drug clerk: "I have known him for the last six years and I consider him a very light, trivial, unreliable boy; so much so that I would never let him put up a prescription of mine if I could prevent it, feeling confident that he would tamper with it if he thought he could play a joke on anybody. In mind I consider him about eleven years of age."

Just as Booth had been a failure at acting, so had this silliest of his followers been a failure at pharmacy. A stupid and giggling lout was Herold, too shiftless to work for his widowed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FOUR WHO WERE HANGED
Continued from Page Fifteen]

mother and seven sisters, all of whom adored him and kept him in spending money.

Livery stables knew him well. There he loafed, talking horses and hounds, and there Booth, looking for recruits, found him.

Herold was so thrilled by intimacy with the "play actor" that he followed Booth out of Washington on horseback the night of the assassination, although he had done nothing more desperate than gallop about the streets of Washington while others in the conspiracy disappeared on their bloody errands.

Davy had boasted to strangers, during the flight, that he and his companion were "assassinators of the President," but he had wilted very suddenly when the Union troopers banged pistol butts on the door of the barn where the two had been cornered and had come out, all in a twitter, to surrender rather than, like Booth, shoot it out with the soldiers.

EQUALLY as monstrous a criminal was Atzerodt, a cartoon of an assassin, humped, simian, fawning, with hair that hung and whiskers that straggled. Booth had won him, with promises of gold, to the kidnaping plot over which the conspirators had labored so comically in the late months of '64. Atzerodt's duty was to provide the ferry upon which Lincoln, properly roped and delivered by Booth, was to be hustled over the river into Confederate territory, where he could be traded back to the Union for an army of secession prisoners of war.

When this absurd plot failed, Atzerodt was assigned by Booth to kill Vice President Johnson in the general attack upon the heads of the government.

Although Booth knew Atzerodt for the great coward that he was, it was hoped that with Herold to escort him to Johnson's hotel, and with Johnson as drunk as might reasonably be expected, the trick could be turned. When the hour came, Atzerodt whined that he had enlisted to capture, not to kill, persisting in this until Booth so drenched him with whisky and threats that he agreed to go ahead.

But with Booth off for Ford's Theater to attack Lincoln, Powell off for the home of Seward, and Herold meandering away somewhere, the little German was left alone. Slowly he forced himself to the Kirkwood Hotel, where the Vice President lay in his room drunk and asleep.

Atzerodt got as far as the bar, only to find that his courage had oozed away so completely that not even liquor could call it back. He stumbled out to his horse and rode aimlessly about the town, hearing the hue and cry arise around Ford's Theater, cringing, trembling, bumping about the streets like a blind rat, whimpering as the city went madder and madder around him, pawning his revolver, and finally striking off on foot for his childhood home, twenty-two miles north of Washington. There the detectives found him, four days later, moping because a neighbor girl had found his love advances distasteful.

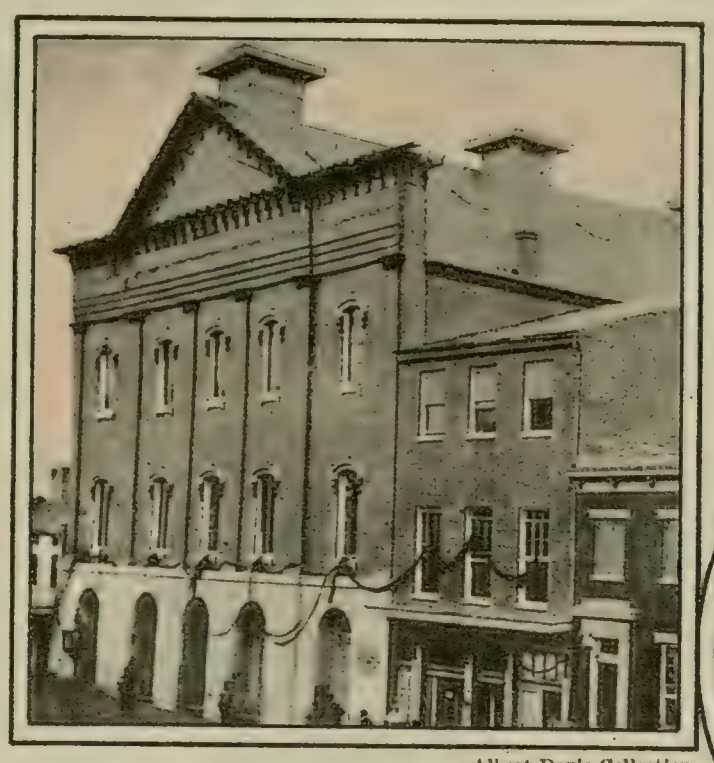
The woman who awaited the gallows was hard-visaged, but by no means the defiant witch that the frenzied Northern reporters described in their newspapers. Life had disappointed her. She had been hailed as the belle of Prince George County in Maryland when she had married John H. Surratt and had gone to live on his inherited estate outside Washington. A slave, driven to fury by cruel treatment, burned the house. Her husband, after a few years, bought a tavern thirteen miles out of Washington.

The drift was all downhill. Money was scarce. The war turned their tavern into a rendezvous for Confederate spies and messengers. In '63 the husband died, and the widow, growing grimmer, moved into Washington to open a boarding house on H Street.

Her daughter Annie came home from the convent school. Her younger son, John, wheel-headed and frothy, was of little aid. With her consent he ran the Federal lines occasionally with military secrets for the Confederacy. Once he went to work for the Adams Express Company, only to leave when his friend John Wilkes Booth began building the kidnaping melodrama in hot whispers.

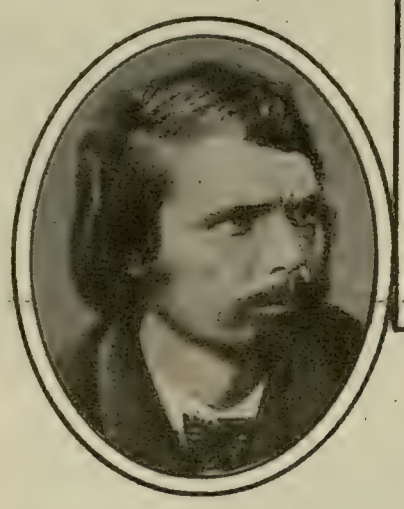
Mrs. Surratt entered the plot. She was violently pro-Southern, broodingly religious, much given to pious hopes that God would punish the sinful pride with which Northerners celebrated their victories. She was fascinated, probably to the point of romantic love, by Booth's matinée-idol manner. She was Booth's senior by twenty years.

But she was of more use to the conspiracy



Albert Davis Collection

Ford's Theater in Washington, where the President was shot.



George Atzerodt.

Lewis Powell.

Three of the conspirators hanged for Lincoln's death.

than was her son. That chatterbox was safe in Canada when assassination time came. Mrs. Surratt it was who furnished the rendezvous for the plotters, who hid equipment for Booth to pick up on his flight, who shut her lips in the face of inquisitors, and who was now come to the end of a rope not wholly hers.

COOLEST of all the four, as noon came, was Lewis Powell—and gamest too—perhaps not so game as indifferent. He listened casually—if, indeed, he listened at all—to the prayers of the Rev. Gillette, who had come to minister him.

Powell was the son of a Baptist preacher in Live Oak Station, way down in the mental backwoods of Florida, and it was as a preacher, "the Rev. Wood," that the boy had been introduced by Booth into the Surratt lodging house.

Lewis Powell was the sole one of Booth's survivors worth hanging, although judged by modern standards of criminology he deserved the reform school more than the gallows.

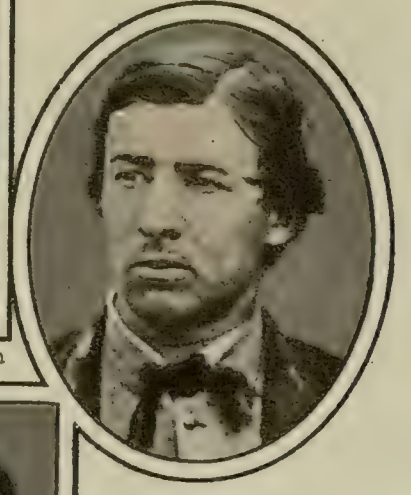
When Booth had announced that the time for slaughter had come, Powell drew on his cavalry boots, patted his knife and pistol, and rode directly to the Seward home. There he forced his way to the sick bed of the statesman, clubbed and cut four strong men to the floor, slashing the prostrate Seward wickedly, but failing, as he had always failed, in his job.

He missed the jugular, slicing cheeks and neck instead, and finally, after shaking off the bloody attendants who still sought to protect the Cabinet officer, he strode out of the house shouting, "I am mad! I am mad!"—his work still undone.

At sixteen, Lewis Payne Powell—he had not then adopted his middle name—had followed his two older brothers up to Richmond, where the armies of secession were assembling. The streets of this, his first big city, were full of noise and young men. In the dazzling excitement of the place he found his first theater and, on its stage, the most entrancing sight of his life—a bounding, thrilling god whose flashing eye and strutting histrionics bound the boy in a spell.

It was John Wilkes Booth, making one of his last Southern appearances before the war was to shut him off altogether from the population that applauded his type of acting so deliriously.

After the show Powell hung about the stage door, hoping for a glimpse of his new deity. His hopes were exceeded when Booth, always gratified by admiration, stopped and spoke to him, found him agreeably worshipful, and so took him to a near-by oyster bar, where he filled the boy with oysters, liquor, and dizzy tales of life back-stage.



Frederick H. Meserve Collection

David E. Herold.

Almost immediately after this meeting the war rose, swift and smashing. Powell's two brothers were killed. He himself was shot down and captured at Gettysburg. Recovering in a Union hospital, he seemed so tame that the Union surgeons made a nurse of him, transferring him in time to Baltimore. From this second hospital he soon escaped, rejoining his regiment in Virginia.

The deserting habit was on him, however, and in January, 1865, he stole back to Baltimore, where he took the oath of Union allegiance under the name of Lewis Payne. In Baltimore, too, he found a haven in the rooming house of a Miss Margaret Branson, whom he had known as a nurse at Gettysburg.

One morning a Negro maid "sassed" him while cleaning his room, and he turned immediately into a beast, knocking her to the floor, stamping upon her with wild cries that he would have her life. Other lodgers pulled him away. The girl sent for the police and Powell hastily departed.

It was March and chilly as he dragged his feet out through the town. Homeless, penniless, the enemy of both North and South, he was looking soddenly ahead when a voice from the steps of Barnum's Hotel called him.

There stood his god.

Booth, who could never remember his lines on the stage, remembered faces and names very well.

Came now golden days for the young anthropoid—fat, lazy days in grand Washington hotels, breakfast in bed, new clothes with money jingling in the pockets—long, intimate hours with his idol.

BUT when Booth had gone from town, blood-spattered, whipping for Virginia, Powell was a child again—the mentally undeveloped dullard that a battery of physicians described when his lawyers presented an insanity plea at the trial.

He was a child again, without question, as he departed from the shambles of the Seward house, throwing down his hat and knife in the hallway, walking out to his horse, and riding away so slowly that Seward's Negro servant kept up with him for a whole city block.

Instead of striking off across the river for the rendezvous with Booth and Herold, he

wandered into the woods at the city limits, spurred frantically around and around until his horse gave out, slept in ditches, and finally came blundering back to the Surratt house and thus into the hands of Secret Service men who had not even known of his existence.

At the moment he stepped up on the Surratt stoop, the detectives were inside arresting Mrs. Surratt in the hope that she might give up the whereabouts of her son John, for whom the government was offering large rewards as the assailant of Secretary Seward.

Looking out, the Secret Service men saw a muddy giant, pick in hand. The fellow mumbled and turned to go. He was seized and drawn in for questioning.

Cornered, Powell stammered that he had been hired by Mrs. Surratt to fix a drain and that he had called to find out what time she was expecting him in the morning. As it was then close to midnight, the man was evidently lying, the detectives reasoned; also his hands were soft. So they stood him under the hall gaslight for Mrs. Surratt to see.

"Do you know him?"

"Before God, I never saw the man before."

That one lie of hers went far to hang her.

With that the detectives took the woman and the strange drain man to headquarters, and in the morning brought Seward's colored servant to look at Powell. The darky boy peered at the new prisoner in the gloom and toppled over backward, screaming, "It's him! I know him by that lip."

Powell had a sulky, pouting lip that fitted conspicuously into the line of his slanting brow and jutting jaw.

The next day he was carried to a cell in the bowels of the monitor Saugus and identified by Seward's son as the guilty man.

Slowly the news came seeping down. Seward was recovering. Mrs. Surratt was in chains. Dimly Powell understood that his return had linked her to the crime. Remorse churned inside him, and one day he tried to butt out his brains against the iron door of his cell.

Michael O'Laughlin. Samuel Arnold. Dr. Samuel Mudd. Edwin Spangler.

Frederick H. Meserve Collection

Four of the lesser Lincoln conspirators who escaped with their lives.

THROUGHOUT his confinement Powell held aloof from the other prisoners. With his guards he was as playful, as luxuriously good-natured, as a tame leopard in a zoo.

Sympathy, however, he scorned. Once an aged Negress came to the prison, asking to see him, and, when they opened the cell door, ran to him, calling baby names. He pushed her away, saying, "Go away, woman; I don't know you."

Further on down in the tier of cells lay the four prisoners whom Captain Rath did not have to hang.

Edwin Spangler was one—Spangler the stage hand, town drunk, glutton, and champion crab fisherman of the Potomac—another comic portrait of an assassin. He had held Booth's horse at the stage door the night of the shooting and was suspected of having helped to arrange the entrance of the theater box so that the murderer might bar it against interruption while he did his work.

Spangler had no confessor in his cell and he wondered why. No one had told him that his sentence was only six years in the government prison on the Dry Tortugas.

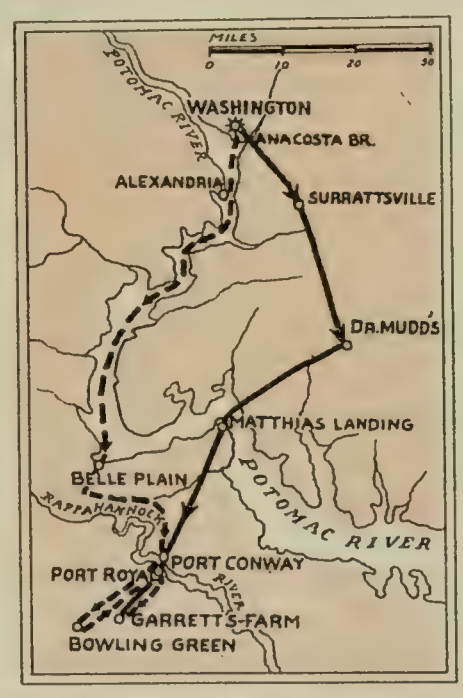
Close by, in another cell, was the only educated member of the band, Dr. Samuel Mudd, the gentlemanly physician at whose home Booth had halted, in his careening flight, to have his broken leg set—he had splintered it leaping down from the theater box to the stage.

That Mudd had known Booth was admitted, but there was evidence that the acquaintance was of Booth's seeking, and the physician might have gone free if he had not denied harmless truths and built up the suspicion that he had much to hide. Life imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas was his sentence.

On down the tier lay Samuel Arnold, fit addition to the gallery of such staggering fiends and monsters—Sam Arnold, desultory farm hand of Hookstown, Maryland, deserter from the Southern army, loafer, coward. In his loafing he had listened to the absurd kidnaping plot, kindled for a time with the dramatics of the idea, and then, when the thing had grown too silly even for him, had spatted with Booth.

He was enjoying the excitements of Hookstown agriculture when the officers came for him, trailing one of his letters that had been found in Booth's trunk.

Last in this secondary group of plotters was Michael O'Laughlin, another boyhood acquaintance of Booth, a bibulous and haphazard hay pitcher in his brother's Baltimore horse-feed barn. Like Arnold, O'Laughlin had been drawn into the kidnaping scheme when the thing was a gaudy dream of *Tom Sawyers* in haymows. Life imprisonment was his sentence.



How Booth fled, was cornered, and where he was killed. The black line shows the assassin's route and the dotted line his pursuers' trail.

One conspirator was not in the jail. John H. Surratt was lying in the homes of Confederate sympathizers near Montreal, hidden from the Secret Service, which was desperately hunting him. That September he was to escape to Europe, take service under an assumed name in the Papal Guard, and be discovered there by a former schoolmate, St. Marie. After his return to America in irons, he was tried, but the jury disagreed and he went free.

In time, too, Spangler, Mudd, and Arnold were to go free, President Johnson pardoning them. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever in 1867.

BUT of these prisoners nobody talked or wrote on the 9th of July, 1865. All the reporters were around the cells of those who were about to die. The hour, 1 o'clock, had come, and the death march was due. But neither Rath, nor Hancock, nor Hartranft wanted to hang a woman.

Finally they could decently wait no longer. Orders were orders and General Hartranft ordered the march to form. Two thousand souls were packed into the stifling inclosure, half of them civilians, many of whom had raised umbrellas for shade.

The back door of the penitentiary swung open and the woman appeared, her black bombazine dress glistening in the scorching sun, her veiled head drooping, and her knees sagging so that one of the two Catholic priests who flanked her had to lift constantly at her arm to keep her from falling. The other priest held an umbrella over her head.

Behind her came four soldiers; then Lieutenant Colonel McCall, who was to bind her hands and skirts on the scaffold.

For the occasion McCall had purchased a new straw hat with a ribbon on it, and the headgear glistened in the sun as he stepped out of line to let the parade go by.

Followed next Atzerodt, still gibblegabbling, shambling along with a Lutheran minister praying at his side.

Four soldiers.

Davy Herold.

Poor Davy, self-conscious, flustered, chattering helpless nothings while the Episcopalian minister kept step, praying.

Four soldiers.

Then Powell.

The Visigoth entered the arena, his head bare, his low-cut undershirt showing his magnificent neck to the sun. Across the yard his eye turned, hard and steady. It noted one thing—McCall's new straw hat.

With a quick, cool gesture Powell lifted it from the officer's head and put it upon his own.

He had borrowed a hat to be hanged in.

The procession mounted the steps and ranged itself across the platform. Mrs. Surratt had the post of honor, at the right. Sharing her drop was Powell. Herold and Atzerodt had the other trap in common.

THE condemned took chairs. Mrs. Surratt swayed against the priests. Herold trembled. Atzerodt kept muttering "Good-by, shentlemans." Powell eased back in his chair and looked up curiously at the rope. His eyes were unwinking.

General Hartranft read the order of execution, Mrs. Surratt kissing the crucifix repeatedly. Hartranft concluded and motioned to the clergymen for the last prayers.

The condemned were then motioned up to have their arms pinioned, and as Powell rose, a wandering little gust of wind, coming whimsically to life in that lifeless heat, whisked off the new straw hat and sent it zigzagging down among the soldiers.

Powell was peering after it, gesturing to the bluecoats to hand it back to him, when the executioners began binding his arms. And by the time it was returned, it was too late. The white hood was ready and he motioned, "Never mind!"

Captain Rath went from prisoner to prisoner, adjusting the ropes.

McCall, bareheaded, gently removed Mrs. Surratt's bonnet, adjusted the white hood, pinioned her arms, and tied a strip of cotton cloth around her skirts below the knees so that they would not fly up when her body shot down. Then he slackened the rope about her arms when she whimpered that it hurt.

All was ready. But Rath played for time. General Hancock had not yet appeared. Rath knew his general was hoping still.

Suddenly that back door flew outward and Hancock strode forth, stern of face, nodding to Rath, "Go ahead!"

Rath spoke out, loudly, in the silence, "Her, too?"

Hancock nodded again. The soldiers on the platform all drew back to be sure their feet were not on the trapdoors. Rath clapped his hands twice, the men down below whacked with their axes, the props flew out, the doors and those on them flew down.

The four were hanged.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HYDRAULIC ENGINE-BLOCK HAIR-SPLITTING MACHINE, used by members of the Spiritualistic League in demonstrating the difference between Psychic Science and Fortune Telling.

RAYMOND McL. PLODE, St. Paul, Minnesota, dress-reform advocate, wearing the *chiton*, or gown, of the ancient Greeks, to which Mr. Plode thinks we should all return.

AT THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS, no one in Athens, Greece, had thought of adopting the ear muffs and fur coat, the popular costume of St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE FIRST CAR TO ENTER LUZ, Vermont, in the memory of its thirty-two inhabitants, finds it just as well equipped to handle motor traffic as New York City.

AMONG THE WEEK'S VISITORS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, or WHY NO PRESIDENT HAS EVER BEEN WILLING TO ACCEPT A THIRD TERM. Agnes Rust, lady champion breath-holder of Idaho; Marian Swazy, Senator Molz's niece, who presented the President with a hand-painted rubber ice pick; Cecil B. de Ingram's new Mexican leading man and successor to Valentino; Aloysius Klotz, world's champion chain-letter inaugurator; Peter K. Citrus, who has offered a $25,000 prize for an airplane flight from Sag Harbor to Zululand; Edith Thursdon McVereswater, Ambassador Door's cousin, who called to interest the Chief Executive in the work of the League for the Larger Viewpoint.

The amazing story of Soup

Read how, almost overnight, it captured America; and is now eaten daily in millions of homes....

STRANGE, ISN'T IT, that not so very long ago the people of America were not eating soup regularly as they do today! Now we take soup for granted as a delightful and necessary food . . . one of the bright spots of the daily menu. Now it has become a daily dish in countless households. But formerly soup did not have this wide and regular use. It was an occasional dish in most homes . . . always enjoyed, but not served frequently. It was apt to be reserved for special feasts and for entertaining guests.

How different today! Soup is now an everyday family dish in thousands and thousands of homes. People realize that the many blended savors and flavors in soup offer a variety and an appeal to be had in no other food. For sheer enjoyment nothing can occupy its place in the menu.

But in addition to this, is the important action of soup in stimulating the appetite and the digestion. The hot liquid encourages the flow of the digestive juices and thus makes all you eat do you more good. . . . The general increase in the knowledge of proper food values and the most healthful, daily menus for the family has vastly increased the appreciation of the benefits of eating soup regularly.

Today the Red-and-White Campbell's Soup label is familiar to housewives the country over. . . . Its widespread reputation is eloquent proof of the change in the eating habits of the nation. In 1898 when the first Campbell's Soups were sold, the public was actually *indifferent* to soup. The big educational forces had yet to get under way. But when they did, the American public was won, almost overnight it might be said, for the popularity of Campbell's Soups grew with astonishing rapidity, until now they are sold in every food store in the United States.

The moment housewives realized the advantages of soup, they eagerly welcomed the opportunity to obtain it in the condensed Campbell's form . . . soups of such outstanding quality, yet requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes' simmering. Ease and convenience! Yet soups so deliciously blended and with such splendid ingredients that the strictest housewife approves them!

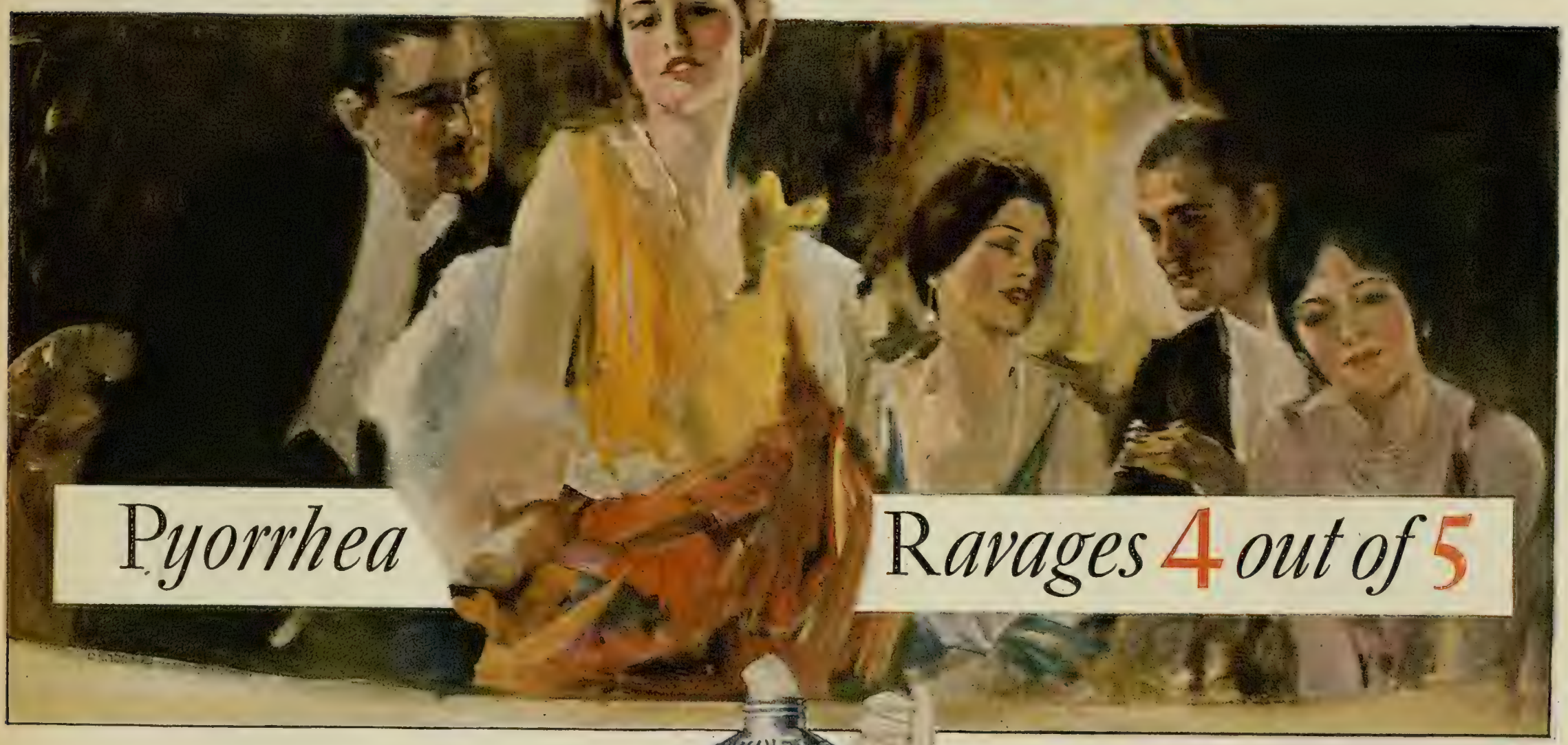
Converting an indifferent public to an active admirer and steady user, is no small triumph for a food product. And that most famous of all Campbell's Soups . . . Tomato . . . will tell you at a taste why people are enthusiastic about these soups. Don't forget also that the complete list of Campbell's Soups is printed on every label and that your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

My mirror tells of health,
My bank book shows my wealth,
But all of this
would be for naught
If Campbell's Soups
could not be bought!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Seemingly safe with teeth so white

YET...



MANY, many people while in the heyday of life are relegated to the background—unwilling spectators who have surrendered health to Pyorrhea.

This grim enemy attacks the unwary. Although teeth may be glistening white, the gums break down. And Pyorrhea poison moves through the system often endangering health, youth and beauty. Its toll is 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

These odds are unfair. Because with a little care you can protect precious health against the attack of this foe.

More Than A Toothpaste

Just follow this simple regime: See your dentist once every six months. Have him examine teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, this dentifrice keeps teeth pearly white. It protects them against acids which cause decay.

And moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and to keep them sound. And as you may know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

The formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., this dentifrice is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, the preparation used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhetic conditions.

It is folly to wait for signals to flash, for gums to bleed and to recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Prevention is the sensible course.

Morning and night, use Forhan's for the Gums. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the pleasant taste of Forhan's. And it is the means of helping to safeguard health, beauty and youth. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

We Were Right

The tremendous success of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proves that more and more people are realizing the importance of the correct practice of oral hygiene. Every morning and every night they use this Antiseptic Refreshant as a mouth wash. It is powerful, refreshing and safe. It protects mouth, nose and throat from infection and keeps breath sweet. Try it. 35c and 60c in bottles.

Make This 10 Day Test

Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!

Your Teeth Are Only As Healthy As Your Gums.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Movie LOVE *and* Wedding Bells

Two New Titbits from the Hollywood Bowl of Sweetened Movies

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 2 minutes 55 seconds.)

Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou in Serenade. They're reported engaged to wed.

NO doubt you have noted the blonde Kathryn Carver playing opposite the suave Adolphe Menjou in his recent pictures. If you are an ardent follower of film activities you know that Hollywood is looking forward to the marriage of Kathryn and the recently divorced Adolphe.

Miss Carver first felt the movie urge in 1924. She had been married for three years to the New York photographer, Ira Hill. Previously she had been an art and photographic model. Harrison Fisher is said to have pronounced her the most beautiful model in New York.

Miss Carver was born in Manhattan in 1902. She eloped with Hill to Maryland in 1921. In October, 1924, there was a legal separation and Mrs. Hill migrated to Hollywood. Came a mild success in the films—and divorce. Indeed, Mrs. Hill started with a leading rôle in The Wanderer.

Up to Menjou's newest film, Serenade, Miss Carver—for Mrs. Hill changed her name upon her Hollywood invasion—has been merely blonde and rather decorative. In Serenade she is a little more, thanks to the highly expert direction of a young megaphone wielder with the ornate name of H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast, who learned his close-ups with Charlie Chaplin.

Serenade presents the good old plot of the husband who wanders away from his intensely domestic wife in the general direction of a bird of paradise. At which the wife adorns herself and wins the errant hubby back again.

Here Adolphe is a musical genius who writes an operetta and forgets his inspiration,

Longfellow's heroine comes to life —Virginia Bradford in The Wreck of the Hesperus.

The good ship Hesperus, as she sails the celluloid seas.

Gretchen, in favor of the premier danseuse. Old stuff, but you will hardly recognize it under D'Arrast's adroit maneuvering. Indeed, Serenade is a pleasant and intelligent little trifle, smoothly, lightly, and tastefully done.

You will like Menjou as *Franz Rossi*. Miss Carver's playing has its sensitive moments, besides considerable promise, but Lina Basquette plays the dancer mostly with her hips. Lawrence Grant, who has many good performances to his credit, offers another here, as the veteran cello player.

Probably you could not find a greater contrast to the frail little Menjou film than Elmer Clifton's hale and hearty visualization of The Wreck of the Hesperus.

Remember Longfellow's ballad of the captain who took his little daughter venturing upon the seas "to bear him company"? Remember how the schooner came to grief upon the reef of Norman's Woe and how the skipper bound his daughter to the mast?

You will find all that in Mr. Clifton's film—with some variations. The little daughter has grown into a flapper, and there is a happy ending, when a specially manufactured hero saves the girl from Longfellow's watery climax.

Actually, The Wreck of the Hesperus is a movie above the average. The storm scenes are superb. Director Clifton is the man who created Down to the Sea in Ships, and he knows how to make the ocean run through its gamut of emotions.

Down to the Sea in Ships introduced Clara Bow to films. The Wreck of the Hesperus, which is a Pathé-De Mille production, has another newcomer, Virginia Bradford.

Miss Bradford got through the gates of Hollywood by writing a series of newspaper articles. Born in Brownsville, Tennessee, she had grown up in Memphis.

She was an extra in De Mille's The Ten Commandments, she played in horse operas at Universal, and she donned a one-piece bathing suit opposite Monty Banks.

Do you know that—

Florence Vidor and Lewis Stone will play with Emil Jannings in his next, The Patriot, to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch? . . . Clarence Brown, the director, is to get $300,000 a year for three years under his new Metro-Goldwyn contract?

At one stop, fleeing for our lives, we bumped into our startled wives.

A NON-STOP Plight

Rhymes Without Reason, or the Aviator's Mother Goose

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 12 minutes 27 seconds.)

I WAS over in Jonesburg last week and stopped in to see Mr. Augustus Travis. I always enjoy a visit with Mr. Travis, particularly when he is in a talkative mood. For he not only writes verse, but he can talk in rhyme.

This time I found him reclining on the porch swing, his head ornamented with a first-aid bandage and his face showing numerous lacerations and bruises.

"What on earth has happened to you?" I demanded. "Did you drop a match in the home brew?"

He motioned for me to have a seat and winced as if in great pain. To satisfy my curiosity, he spoke as follows:

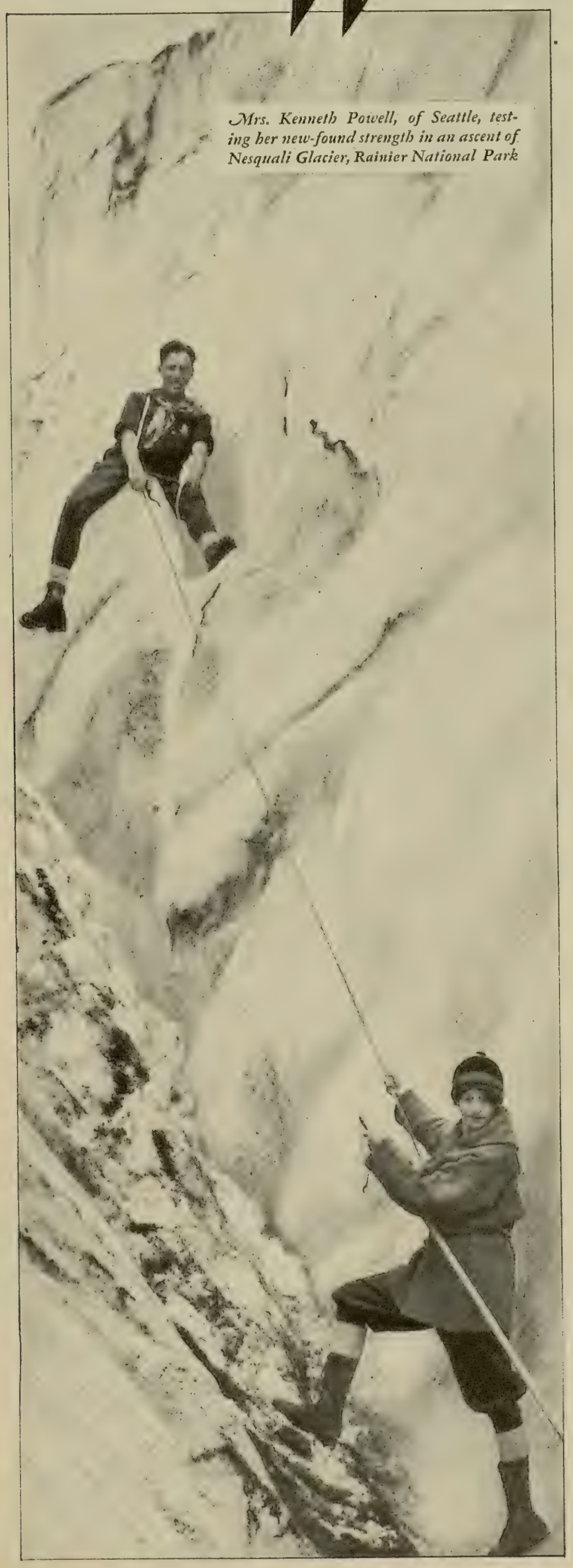
SOME weeks ago I had a date with the village blacksmith, Terry Pate. Under the spreading chestnut tree he passed his flask and said to me:

"It seems, Gus, we have reached the age where only fliers are the rage. We daily read, 'The King of Spain Waits for Fearless Ace in Vain,' and then perceive in column three, 'The Brave Hero Was Lost at Sea.' The next day extras spread the news, 'Lost—The Pride of Syracuse,' or 'Big Airplane with Miss Bopeep Is Swallowed Up by Briny Deep.'

"Now, I have hit upon a ruse to horn in on this front-page news. I've bought an antique army plane. The engine's got a rasping pain, the rudder has the rheumatism, the fabric chronic atavism. Both the wings have fractured bones, the gas tank suffers from gallstones; but, no doubt, patched up here and there, the old Sopwith will take the air. I used to fly this kind in France. It's risky—but we'll take a chance.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"I was too Weak for sport like this a few years back"



Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nesquali Glacier, Rainier National Park

Seattle, Wash.

"WHEN the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything. Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me—wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell.

UNLIKE medicines, which rely for effect on larger and ever larger doses, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure, non-habit-forming *food* . . . As fresh as any garden vegetable.

Its action is simple, sure. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines clean. Rouses the sluggish muscles. "Regulates."

As your constipation disappears, your whole being thrills with new-found energy and health. Your skin clears and freshens. Your digestion becomes better than ever before!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-52, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

"My old energy was gone. I lacked appetite. Couldn't sleep . . . And none of the many things I had tried seemed to help . . . What a thrill I got when, after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four weeks I underwent a complete change! It was the experience of a girl I know who had recovered her health by eating Yeast that decided me on it. I ate three cakes a day, first in hot water, later just plain. My former symptoms disappeared. My energy was liberated. I have found in Fleischmann's Yeast the 'something' that eliminates sluggishness. It is a godsend."

Arthur G. Lycette, E. Saugus, Mass.

"There were few things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give *it* a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

Mrs. Bernard Campbell, Chicago, Ill.

ABOVE

Vigor, stamina, alertness—these qualities are at a premium in Mr. Lee's favorite sport . . . He writes as follows:

"I used to feel embarrassed every morning when I went to school on account of the pimples on my face. One day one of my schoolmates asked me what I was doing for them, and I told him the name of a certain medicine I was using. 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' he said. I didn't take his advice at first, but I see now that if I had I would have saved myself a lot of suffering, for today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time—my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey and basketball."

Lyman O. Lee, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health you have longed for—

this easy way: Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

A Complexion That Will Not Rub Off

FACE Powder complexions often prove embarrassing. They constantly rub off soil clothing, and leave your skin in a streaked, spotted condition. "Touching Up" must be continually resorted to if you hope to maintain even a resemblance of their original appearance.

Many women have found a better and more staple method of beautifying. They give to their skin and complexion a radiant, bewitching, appearance that will not rub off, streak, spot, or show signs of perspiration. An alluring pearly appearance, so subtle, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected and still with an effect that is far more beautiful than you could secure in any other way.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream opens a new pathway to beauty. It exerts an antiseptic and astringent action that will prove beneficial in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, excess oiliness, freckles, redness and muddy complexions. Where permanent blemishes mar your appearance, you will find they are effectively concealed. Commence its use today and know the joy of a new, lasting beauty that will always reflect an enchanting touch of youthful freshness. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

L. Feb. M-33-8

A NEWSREEL taken of this flight would make the censors quake with fright.

[A NON-STOP PLIGHT Continued from Page Twenty-two]

"Now, here's the way we'll win renown: We'll name it JONESBURG for our town, fill her up with gasoline, and jump off, say, for Argentine. The field behind my blacksmith shop will be the runway for the hop. The papers will announce that day, 'Intrepid Birdmen on Their Way,' and all the world will be on toe to tune in on our radio. Then later comes the S O S! Hectic headlines in the press! A breathless world recoils with fright! They shiver at our hapless plight! The cold, cruel

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS

NO dinner, political or otherwise, is complete without coffee. Through the centuries, the praises of coffee have been sung by the bards of many lands. There is nothing like a good warm cup to cheer the jaded traveler, the tired husband or the honored guest.

But to make good coffee, you must use good coffee—and White House Coffee, sold for over 40 years, *is* good coffee. In the White House Coffee ovens the natural coffee goodness is roasted to a definite "peak"—just enough to perfect the full coffee taste, but not enough to drive the life of the coffee out of the beans.

Thus the flavor is roasted *into* White House Coffee and not out into the air. It brings right to your table that fragrant coffee aroma and delicious coffee taste.

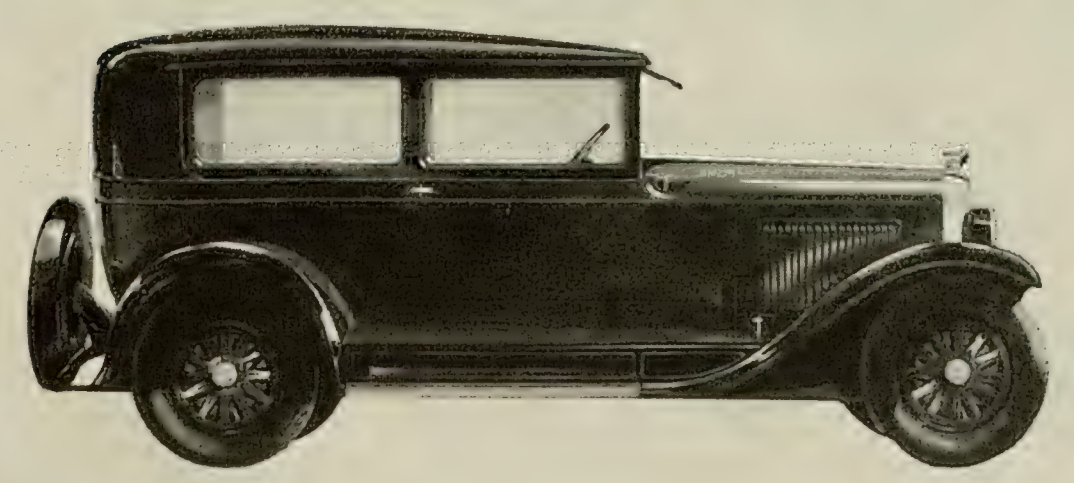
DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY
Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Portsmouth, Va.

"*The Flavor is Roasted In!*"

©1928, D-W. CO.

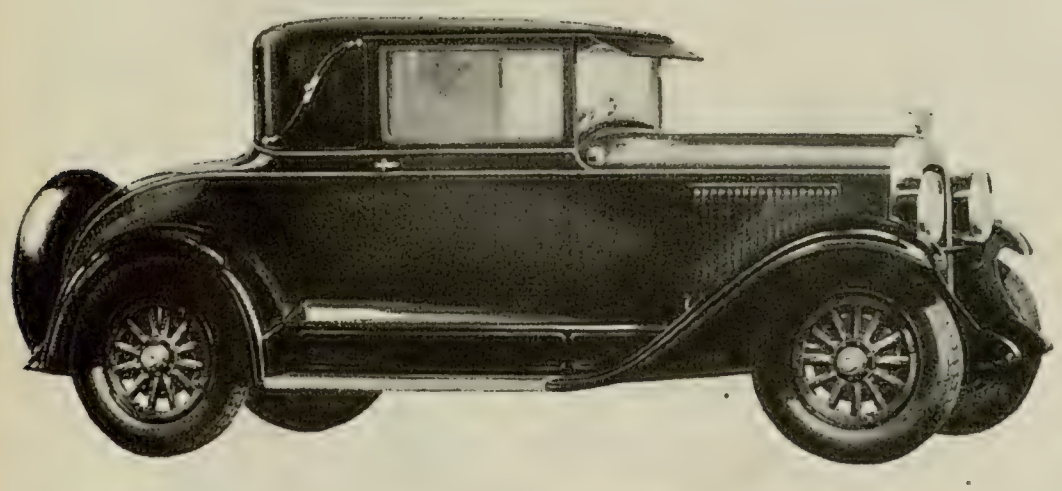
Presenting the Complete Line

New in Style and Engineering All the Superiorities of 6-Cylinder



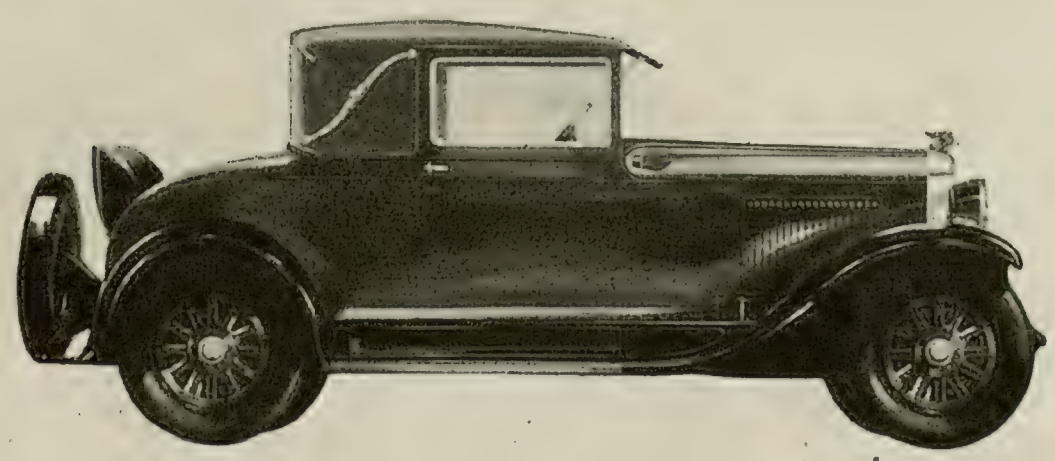
The Two-Door Sedan

Complete new Fisher design finished in three-tone Duco; tilting front seats; high quality corduroy upholstery; exceptionally wide doors; colored garnish rails and window reveals.



The Coupe

Admirably styled for business or personal use. Body in three-tone Duco finish; spacious rear deck with detachable lid for large baggage; package ledge behind seat; high-grade corduroy upholstery; wide doors; landau bows.



The Sport Cabriolet

Four-passenger type with spacious rumble seat in rear. Rear curtain may be rolled up; body finished in three-tone Duco; interior in mohair and rumble seat in Fabrikoid; door and instrument panels in walnut finish; nickel plated landau bows; package space behind seat.

-a Successful Six now bids for Even Greater Success

Now a Greater Car Than Ever Before

Superior smoothness, power and snap! Superior high-speed endurance! An instantaneous, unlabored response when you step on the accelerator while crawling along in high. . . . That's why the six is so widely preferred . . . and that's what you get to a new and unparalleled degree in the New Series Pontiac Six! . . . Now for the first time in any low-priced six, such thrilling performance advantages are available in a *complete line of body types*—each vividly beautiful, each new in style from radiator to tail-light, each priced amazingly low . . . . We urge you to visit the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to give the New Series Pontiac Six the careful study it deserves. You will find this new car just as far in advance of its field as was the original Pontiac Six whose sensational success is still one of the brightest chapters in automobile history. You will find a Six with scores of important new engineering and equipment features—with big, handsome new bodies by Fisher—and a range of performance you never dreamed of getting in any car so low in price! Get a demonstration today.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.

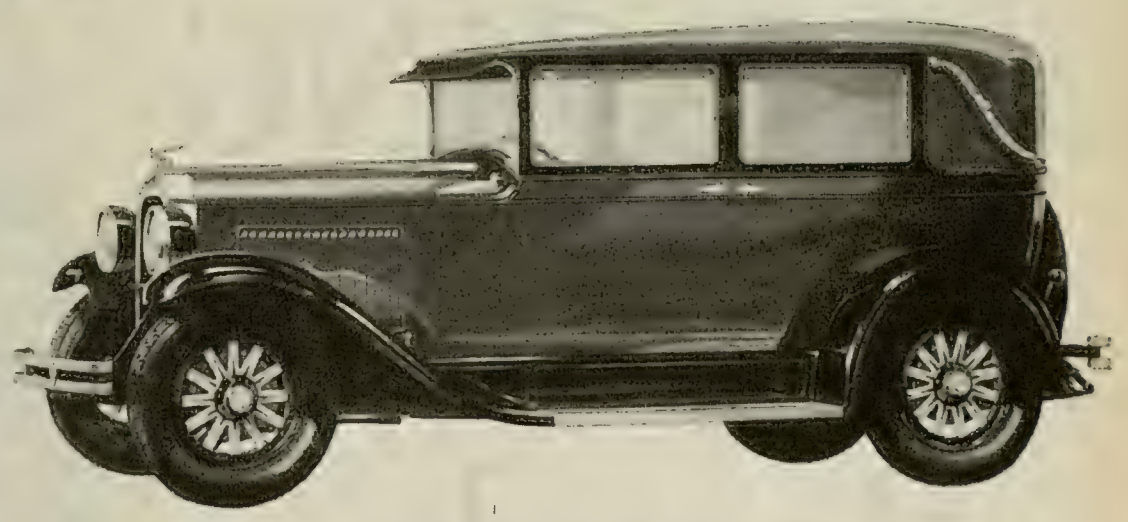
PONTIAC

of New Pontiac Sixes

Offering Four-Wheel Brakes and Performance at Prices Amazingly Low!

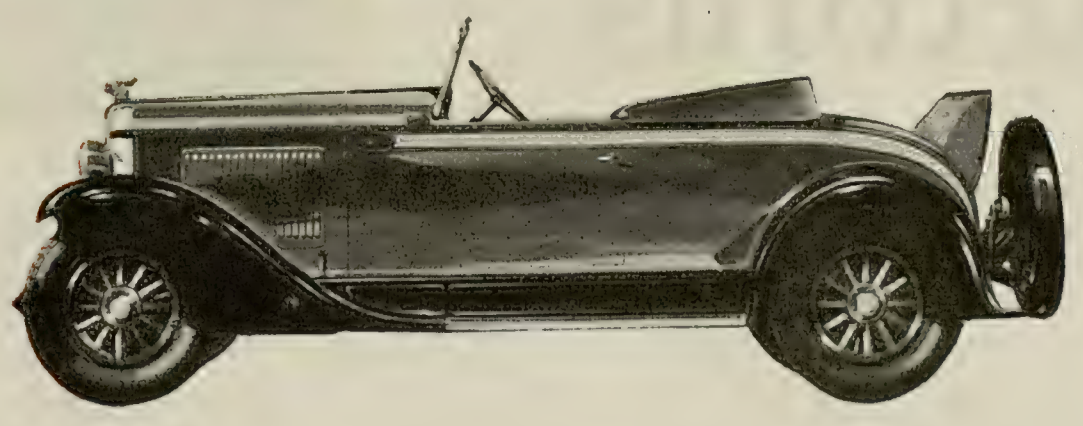
The Four-Door Sedan

A new addition to the Pontiac line. Roomy five-passenger body finished in three-tone Duco and particularly fitted for family use. Colored garnish rails and window reveals; mohair upholstery.



The Sport Landau Sedan

An entirely new Pontiac Deluxe body type. Nickel-plated front and rear bumpers; body in three-tone Duco with natural wood wheels; panels finished in walnut; colored garnish rails and nickel-plated landau bows; interior in high-grade mohair.



The Sport Roadster

Four passenger body in two-tone Duco with comfortable rumble seat. Folding and removable top; top boot; one-piece windshield with nickeled stanchions; automatic windshield wiper and rear view mirror; front seat finished in Spanish leather, rumble seat in Fabrikoid.

Scores of Added Features Including 4-Wheel Brakes

New Fisher Bodies—New lines, new Duco colors, new double beading, new hood and cowl.

New Fenders—New headlamps and tie rod, new running boards and paneled shields.

New G-M-R Cylinder Head—Developed by General Motors Research. Proved on the Oakland All-American Six.

New Fuel Pump—With gasoline filter.

New Crankcase Ventilation—Eliminates crankcase condensation.

New Carburetor—with accelerating pump, internal economizer and venturi choke.

New Manifolds and Muffler—for more efficient fueling and exhaust gas scavenging.

New and Greater Power—achieved by the foregoing engine improvements.

New Cross-Flow Radiator—Revolutionary new type cooling system. New Indian Head emblem.

New Thermostat—automatically assures proper temperature of cooling system water.

New Water Pump—balanced impeller type with oil feeding bushing.

New Instrument Panel—tricluster type, handsome antique finish. Indirectly lighted.

New Coincidental Lock—on instrument panel. Turning ignition key also locks transmission.

New Dash Gasoline Gauge—on instrument panel. Liquid level indicator always visible.

New Stop Light—Combination tail-light unit.

New Clutch—smoother, single dry-plate type.

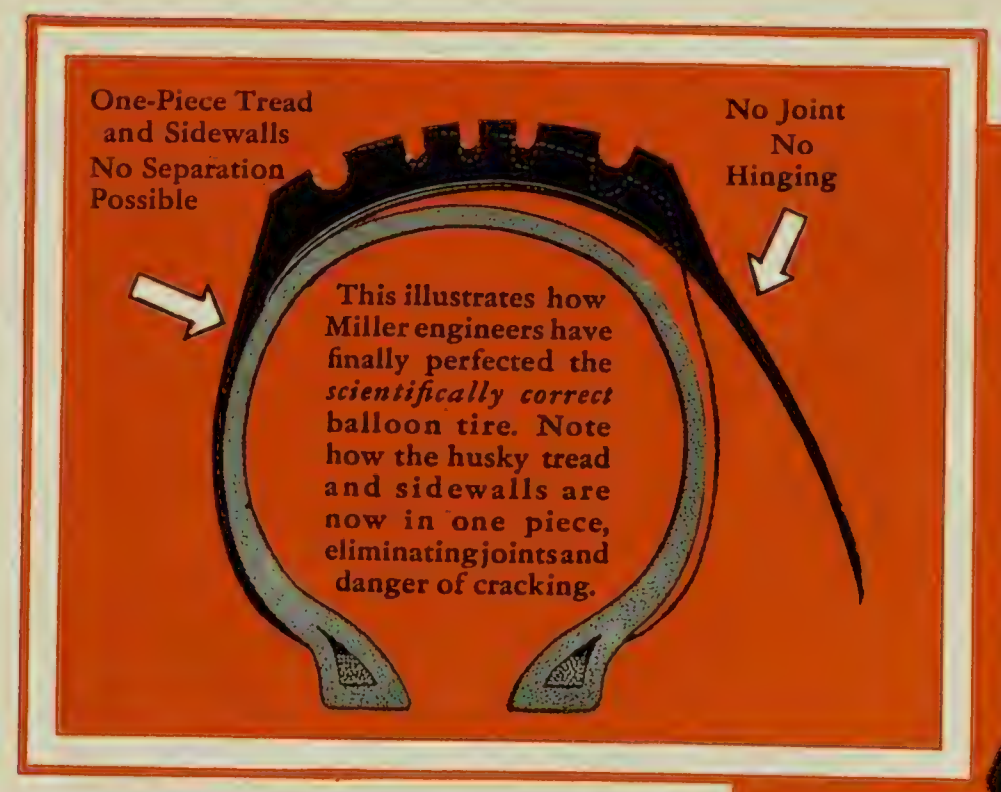
New Steering Gear—for exceptionally easy steering. New 17-inch steering wheel.

New Frame—stronger and deeper with even wider flanges. Adapted for Lovejoy Shock Absorbers. Includes new tire carrier.

New Axles. New Wheels.

new series SIX

2-DOOR SEDAN *(at factory)* **$745**



AMAZING *new* MILEAGE Records

the Result of Scientific Correctness in Tires

MILEAGE, after all, is the deciding influence in your satisfaction with tires. Scientific Correctness has established a new mileage standard.

Transportation companies by the score who use millions of tire miles a year—and who figure transportation costs to the fraction of a mile—tell us that Miller Tires are consistently leading *all tires* in mileage tests. They are piling up mileage records undreamed of even one or two years ago.

Science has always brought the amazing improvement . . . put old ways into the discard. Science has brought to Miller Tires—in three great advancements—this ability to deliver unheard-of mileage.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N.Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

waves have licked their chops—digested one more crate of hops."

"Hold on!" I broke in. "I'm no cat, or otherwise I'd fall for that. But having just one life to lose, I think I know a better ruse. I'm with you in this quest for fame, but a wiser way to play this game will be to offer some fat purse to those who like to woo the hearse.

"We'll offer, Pate, a gold spittoon to the first galoot to reach the moon, and someone's sure to try the feat and land us in the tabloid sheet. Why tempt the belly of the whale when other nuts will buck the gale?

"These millionaires who act as stakers are so scared of the undertakers that going up on tenants' rents just marks the height of their ascents. All they did was offer cash and listen to the pilots crash, while murder, vice, and poisoned booze lose all their kick as front-page news.

"No one can hop to Argentine in any plane I've ever seen, so rest assured our seedy coffer will never miss the purse we offer. Since hops became the fad this year, the sea has turned into a bier, and I prefer to stay at home and keep my mug out of the foam."

"Fear not," said Pate, "a tragic end. Now comes the brilliant scheme, my friend. We'll charter some old idle ship and anchor her, before the trip, some forty miles or so offshore—then land there in an hour or more, sink the airplane, board the ark, and set sail homeward after dark.

"Safely home, we'll hide a week, until the search has passed its peak, and when they give us up for dead, we'll crawl from underneath the bed, dash out, and tell the folks, 'By jingo—we just swam in from San Domingo!' They'll swamp us with untold demands to boost their soap and pickle brands."

IT seemed to me a rotten shame to pass up such a chance for fame, so there beneath the chestnut tree we laid our plans—the smith and me. We both agreed to start at once—before they stopped these non-stop stunts. So late that night we hired a yacht that some old tar had left to rot. The captain plugged a few weak spots, then sailed due east at forty knots, there to cast his rusty anchor and stay, unless a wild wave sank her.

The next day we equipped the plane with buggy wheels and a bridle rein, a wireless set, an old Ford horn, a bottle of gin, and a jug of corn.

We'd just stopped to deliberate if she would fly with all this freight, when we were taken by surprise by a chicken—just nice frying size—that had her feathers trimmed down so, we felt a sudden urge to crow.

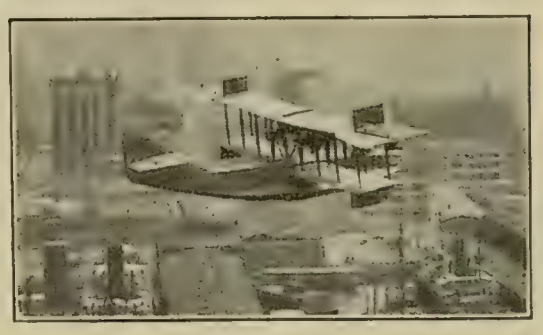
She ran out past the blacksmith shop, and cried, "Do let me join the hop! I'm Nancy Green, the preacher's daughter. I like to do what I hadn't oughter. I know you both will win great fame, and I, too, wish to make a name. Besides, your daring non-stop jump gives me the chance to leave this dump. The virtue of my family tree has been a ball and chain to me; but my branch will break at last, for the sap in me is rising fast. Spring is here. The jazz bird sings. I feel the urge to try my wings. I like red paint, although I'm green. How wild is it in Argentine?"

We both appeared too dazed to speak. She had the world beat on physique. I soon decided, from her stance, that she was looking for the chance to break her stern paternal traces and hop off to the open spaces.

"Too bad," Pate sighed. "I like your smile—but Reno has gone out of style. When modern husbands get too lax, their wives divorce them with an ax."

"And ditto here," I told Miss Green. "I don't like tea with iodine. Since all these murder trials of late, I've been a meek, home-loving mate."

She seemed to take this as a smirch, and sulked off toward the



Baptist church, exclaiming, "Ha, ha!—you two nuts haven't got enough real guts to take a chance and risk your skins on one of these brave non-stop spins."

THE next day was without a cloud. Jonesburg scarcely held the crowd. Reporters from the *Weekly Screech* jotted down my farewell speech as I climbed on the blacksmith shop and told about our daring hop. "Bravo! Great!" they cried with awe. "To fly that relic of the war! No braver feat was ever seen than this bold flight to Argentine."

The mayor helped us climb aboard. The framework creaked, the motor roared. The old ship groaned and slowly reeled with painful limps across the field. As thousands waved a fond good-by, away we zigzagged through the sky.

At first we held a steady gait, thanks to the skill of Terry Pate. But when the tail wind waned a bit, the old plane tried to throw a fit. It went into a wild tailspin. We lost our good supply of gin. The compass fell into the sea. The rudder went upon a spree. The engine coughed, the camshaft slipped, the gas tank cracked, and one wing ripped.

I parted with my morning meal, but Pate regained an even keel, although he muttered with a frown, "I think we're flying upside down." He then essayed to right the ship. The skyline seemed inclined to dip and JONESBURG went into a roll with everything beyond control.

But even though she spit and spewed, she somehow gained in altitude, and plunged right through a rift of sleet to a height of fourteen thousand feet. And there we lost sight of the sea, forgot which side should be the lee, and had to hold a consultation to ascertain our new location.

"It seems," yelled Terry in my ear, "this damned old ship is acting queer! The rudder won't turn to the right—the bus rolls like a tailless kite. Take a squint there in the rear and see what makes it hard to steer."

I stooped down in dismay and stared, and then saw why the old plane rared. Down in the fuselage, near my seat, I caught sight of two dainty feet propped up against the vital rods that should have checked our violent nods.

"Here's what made the ship careen! Hell's bells!" I shrieked. "It's Nancy Green!"

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I had to go! The old town really was too slow! I've always sighed for some wild place where I could set a faster pace. Oh, please forget about your wives; let's do a few sideslips and dives."

All we could do was sit and stare. The blacksmith simply gasped for air. Then he tried to do a loop and bellowed with a sudden whoop, "Check up there on the gasoline! We've got to go to Argentine!" He turned so quickly I was floored and Nancy smashed the plane's dashboard.

Lindbergh would have changed his route for a red-hot baby half as cute, and the devil had the blacksmith's soul as he smacked his lips and changed our goal. Although I labored to restrain him, I knew that nothing could detain him when I beheld his beaming face as a playful gust showed Nancy's grace.

"Better that we land in jail for framing up this rotten tale than mingle with the barracudas like all those other lost commuters!" But though I yelled my larynx hoarse, the blacksmith held on to his course, a mighty hand on each control and South America as his goal. Each time we dived into a kink, he gave Miss Nancy Green a wink, and yelled, "We'll celebrate, Miss Green, the first night we're in Argentine!"

AS hours we sailed on through the mist, with first a tailspin, then a list, the blacksmith simply could not wean his eager eyes from Nancy Green. So lost was he in his inspection, he gave no thought to our direction, and I dare say, for aught he knew, our course was set for Timbuktu. But soon the light mist grew more dense. A fog loomed up. Our nerves grew tense. The blacksmith had to strain to see the dim outline of Nancy's knee.

Some fabric then became unglued and JONESBURG lost in altitude. The blacksmith yanked each rod, each pole, but still could not regain control. The fog shut out the last sunbeam. The sky looked like a bowl of cream. The blacksmith radioed the press and signed it with an S O S, but did not know where we were bound or where to say we could be found. The plane sped downward. We were gone. I thought I heard old Gabriel's horn.

"Throw ballast out!" the blacksmith cried. "We're listing on the starboard side! Dump out the hot

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

This New

BEAUTY BATH

is astonishing in instant results

THE LINIT Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—because not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are *immediate.*

Merely dissolve half a package of LINIT (the remarkable starch sold by grocers) in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of LINIT left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

You will notice that LINIT adheres well—never comes off on the clothing—eliminates "shine" and absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of LINIT—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

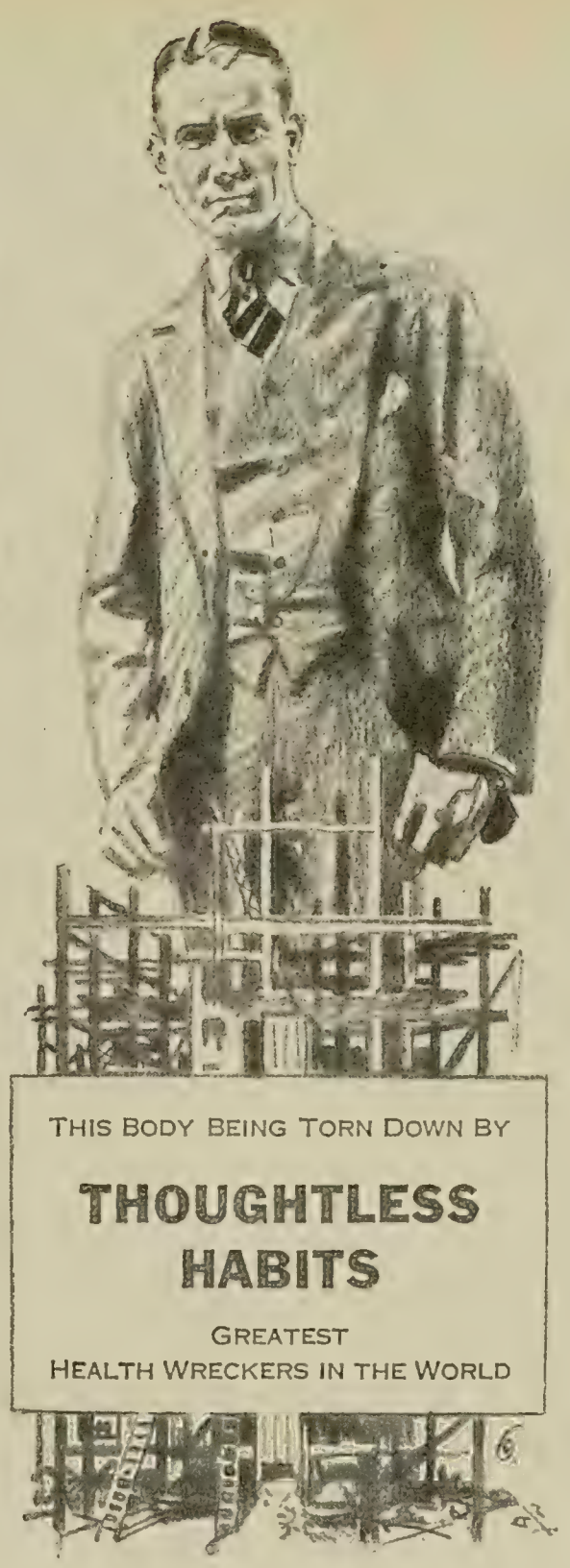
You May Not Believe

that a fine laundry starch like LINIT also makes a marvelous beauty bath. So we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Corn Products Refining Co.,
Department L, 17 Battery Place,
New York City

Look out! Wreckers at work!



A TUG AT A NERVE, a blow at heart or digestion—steadily, the work of destruction goes on. Yet so quietly the victim seldom knows it—until his health crashes. Then, *too late*, he realizes how Thoughtless Habits—little daily infractions of Nature's laws of living—have been tearing him down.

You can guess the chief of these Thoughtless Habits. Failure to exercise regularly. Getting too little sleep. Eating, not wisely, but too well. Harassing the system with caffein.

This last *may* seem justifiable. Caffein, you may feel, "picks you up," gives you "new energy."

Actually, caffein deadens the warning signal of fatigue—whips up the nerves—repels sleep—drives the brain on when every natural impulse is crying for rest. The "new energy" is stolen from the body's precious reserve store—stolen and never paid back.

Stop this waste!

It's all so needless! You can eliminate caffein from your diet and still enjoy a hot drink at mealtime. Millions have proved it—*with Postum!*

For here is a drink hot, wholesome, satisfying. A drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran—*not a trace of caffein in it!* A drink with a zestful flavor millions prefer.

Give Postum a chance to safeguard your health against artificial stimulants! Make it your mealtime drink for thirty days. See what a difference it makes in the way you feel, in the way you look. Then decide if you will ever go back to mealtime doses of caffein!

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.—L. 2-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

[A NON-STOP FLIGHT Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

dogs—then the booze—or farewell to our non-stop cruise!"

I threw out water, dumped the food—but still we lost in altitude. I then tossed out my watch and chain—my pocketbook—but all in vain. At last I sadly dumped the corn, and then I found our ballast gone. But still the old kite failed to rise. The blacksmith stared with bloodshot eyes, then threw away his fur-lined coat to stabilize the sinking boat. I followed him with my old slicker. Our height grew less; the fog grew thicker.

We then ripped off our vests and shirts—but still we felt no upward spurts. Although the airplane rallied once, it kept on with its downward stunts. At last, with one more thing to shed, the blacksmith waved his arm and said, "In one more drop we'll meet our fate. Our one chance is to clean the slate!"

THE blacksmith made the fatal reach, but Nancy Green sprang in the breach. "Oh, maybe I can save the ship!" she cried, as she began to strip. I gladly helped her peel her coat, which proved but small help to the boat. With Terry in expectant pose, she then took off her shoes and hose. The old bus seemed to hold her own, but soon let out another groan, and Terry boomed, "We're sure to drown unless you throw your flannels down!"

Each time she peeled a vital rag, the smith would pull that same old gag, "More ballast out! Unloose that sash—or look out for the fatal crash!"

Each time she made a reckless cast, the smith said we were sinking fast, although I'm certain that he knew the airplane gained a foot or two. When Nancy threw away her dress, he did send out an S O S; but when she parted with her slip, he thought no more about the ship.

A newsreel taken of this flight would make the censors quake with fright—the blacksmith in his B. V. D.s; myself, alas, no more at ease; and the preacher's daughter, Nancy Green, on a non-stop hop to Argentine, her costume just a smile of cheer, pink step-ins, and a silk brassière!

The author—a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg.

Then all at once there came a dip. I think the blacksmith dived the ship; but, anyway, he told Miss Green she'd have to dump her crêpe de Chine.

And then he gave a lusty cheer. Even the old plane seemed to hear. But just as she reached for a pin, the airplane went into a spin.

There followed then a mighty crash! Quite dazed we crawled out from the smash, and Nancy yelled, "For the love of Pete, we're back in Jonesburg—on MAIN STREET!"

Great Cæsar! We had spun right down at our starting point—the old home town! The blacksmith, with an eye for art, had lost his senses from the start. Nancy's dimples made east look west, and the fog and wind had done the rest.

When the crowd rushed up to see the sight, we started another non-stop flight, with only one thought in our domes—to reach our three respective homes. The people quickly jammed the street; the town policeman left his beat; and all our friends joined in the chase that took us all around the place. With excess baggage left behind, our only true friends were the blind.

In and out of streets we went, the whole town keeping on the scent—Miss Green and I in close coherence; the blacksmith running interference. At one stop, fleeing for our lives, we bumped into our startled wives, and Terry made the mournful crack, he "wished we had our ballast back."

They caught us when we slipped and fell, and placed us in an iron cell. There Nancy's rather scanty dress made all the local crooks confess, for half the town framed some excuse to get into the calaboose.

The smith and I were freed on bail for picking Main Street to unveil, but Nancy Green could not respond when ordered to put up a bond. Her family has another hopper, she found out when she phoned her papa. She learned that he had quit the church and left the deacons in the lurch. This flight craze, too, had struck his fancy. A short note that he left for Nancy read, "I am going to take a whirl. I've hopped off with a chorus girl!"

But Nancy set the style in town with her new "Aviation Gown," for all the girls upon the street are striving to make both ends meet.

MR. TRAVIS paused to adjust the bandage, and I remarked encouragingly, "Well, even if you didn't crowd Lindbergh out of the limelight, you must have been glad to find yourself out of danger after the crash."

He pointed to his head and exclaimed:

"These non-stop flights are easy spins compared to non-stop rolling-pins. When I reached home my wife declared that our whole trip had been prepared—not to fly to Argentine—but for a cruise with Nancy Green. After what she did to me, I wished I had been lost at sea. The blacksmith's wife put him to bed with a non-stop horseshoe to the head."

"Oh, brace up, Mr. Travis," I said. "You had a great adventure. Now that it is all over, and you're safe, what are you kicking about?"

He regarded me with a wistful look and slowly sighed:

"I don't care about Argentine. My mind is still on Nancy Green. She told me if I'd fix her bail she'd ride with me across the vale, listening for my frantic shout to start to throw the ballast out. Here's what's driving me insane—did she mean flivver or a plane? If she means car, I'll take the ride; but a plane's no good—too cramped inside."

THE END

Faces that are FIT

On Parade

Make no mistake. As you swing through the day you're *On Parade*. And, rightly or not, the face you show for inspection quickly ranks you among your fellows. *Keep your Face Fit.*

To put your best face forward . . . to keep your face fit . . . it's wisest to turn at shaving time to Williams . . . to Williams and 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

With Williams lather . . . thick, supremely mild . . . you'll get a shave that's quick and grateful.

Then, with a tingling splash of Aqua Velva, you'll protect the newly shaven skin . . . condition it for the day. Aqua Velva *carries on* from where Williams Shaving Cream *leaves off*.

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Williams Shaving Cream— Pure. Uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Gently cleanses all pores. Makes shaving quick and comfortable.

"Oh, yes, . . . sometimes they change but they all come back to Williams."

Williams Aqua Velva— Made expressly for after-shaving, it wakes the skin and livens it. Protects from dust, germs, wind and weather. Helps to prevent chapping and to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible and well conditioned by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it *young.*

Ⓦ *"Just notic he fine skins of men who use Williams!"*

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

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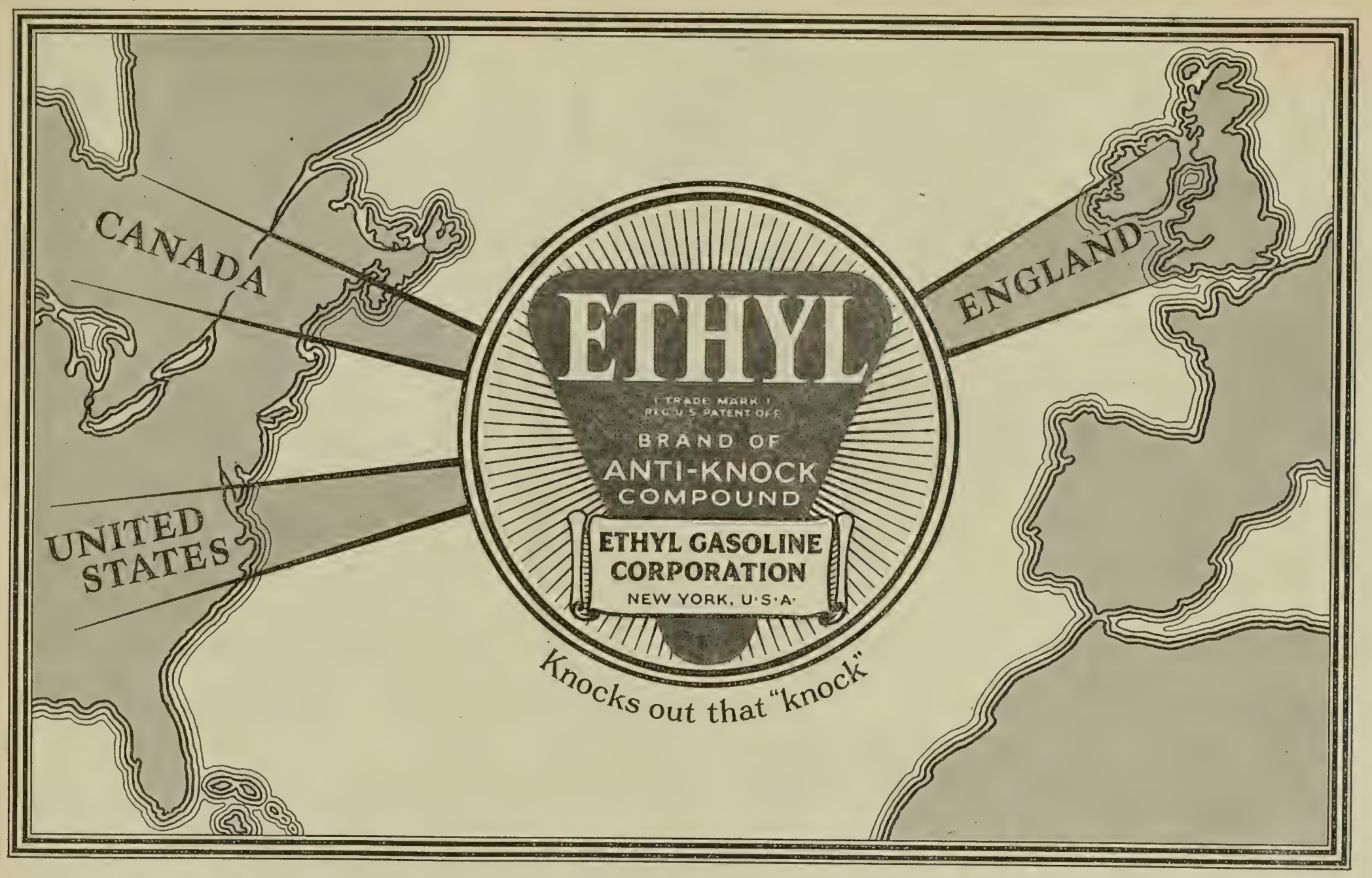

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CONSERVATIVE fellow, old John Bull. Doesn't accept a new improvement until he is sure it *is* an improvement.

That's why the introduction of Ethyl Gasoline into England has an especial significance. Ethyl is now available to the British motoring public through the service of one of the oldest and largest British oil companies.

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Try Ethyl Gasoline today. On sale at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark shown above. And you get back the small premium price many times over in the greater satisfaction Ethyl gives.

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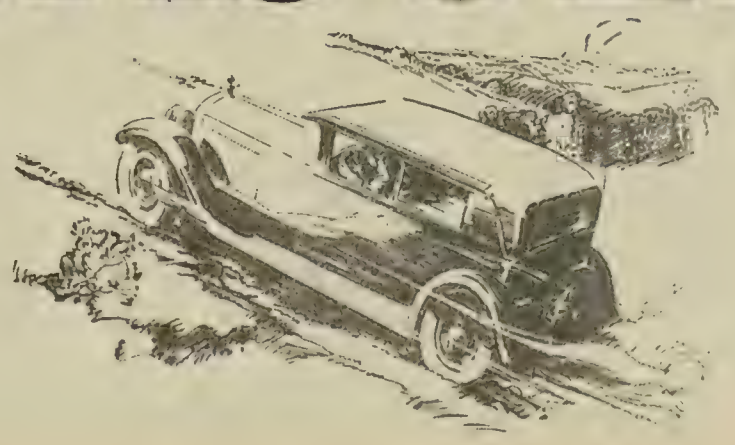

Presidential Possibilities

HOOVER

A Man Who Lets His Work Talk for Him

An Interview by

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the second of a series by Mr. Bennett. Next week Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, will be his subject.]

"IF Secrétaire 'Oovere tells us to go, m'sieur, we go."

"Well, Mr. Mayor, it isn't an official order, but he says there'll be five feet of water here in five or six days—and he wants you to go."

"Mistere 'Oovere says that? Then we go."

The scene was not a remote foreign land in wartime and the French-speaking mayor was not an alien.

The time was last June and the place a parish in the celebrated Sugar Bowl—so called—of Louisiana. And the great river on the rampage, and Herbert Hoover in hourly touch with the inhabitants of the valley.

Those inhabitants, with the characteristic—yes, the insensate—tenacity of the French, clung to their homes. But the Secrétaire's lightest word was law.

This reputation, that made an always excitable population like wax in his hands, dated from war-wrung years when he had fed their racial kin in Belgium. They trusted him as children trust a parent.

The Secretary was sixteen weeks in the valley. He had to establish individual contacts with a host of local officials. Simultaneously, he had to estimate the situation with the eye of an engineer. He did both with signal success, without scandal or delay.

That is one aspect of Hoover.

The morning after a state dinner given in Washington when Mr. Coolidge was Vice President, a woman well worth talking to and with said to me: "I was seated at last night's dinner with Calvin Coolidge on my right and Herbert Hoover on my left, and I am now prepared to take the vows of perpetual silence in any Trappist monastery at home or abroad!"

And that is another aspect of Hoover.

Both are important. For the first may make him the next President of the United States; the second—that inability to be a glad-hand artist and a cozy conversationalist—may cost him the Presidency.

The Secretary of Commerce cannot fluff and bluff and palaver. He cannot be trivial. To him life is real, life is earnest, and extraordinarily interesting. It is opportunity. His mind is so occupied with thoughts that mean something that he has no enthusiasm for meaningless words. Perhaps the most withering thing he ever said was released when he called farm-relief demagogues "fellows who farm the farmer."

P. & A. photo

SECRETARY HERBERT HOOVER, Federal guardian of radio, broadcasting one of his laconic speeches.

The long and short of it is that Hoover is a Quaker. He grew up in a Quaker environment and under Quaker discipline. He belongs to the Society of Friends in Washington, although rarely going to the meetings. His wife attends to that part of the family's devotions.

"But, for a Quaker," said one of his subalterns, "he has a blistering line of emergency language."

Despite his reputed proficiency in objurgation, Hoover blows away one of the classic stories of the war. I asked him whether it were true that during his handling of Belgium's food difficulties he had told the German military occupation of the kingdom to go to hell.

He replied: "There was no rough stuff. The German general staff wanted to function, but I chose to deal with the Reich—and there was no rough stuff."

Hoover is not morbidly reticent. Ask him sensible questions, and he becomes not only instructive but illuminating. He tells you things you did not know and will not forget. He is wretched and self-conscious on parade; happy and intent at work. Six years ago he told me that he had "no hobby except work."

During an interview he speaks in a low monotone. He smokes heavily the while. He seems nervous, but he is not distrait.

When I first met him I thought him the least engaging public man I had ever met—except the present Secretary of State. But that resentment at the lack of superficial charm exercised upon strangers has been brushed away by profound respect for Mr. Hoover's sincerity.

But what a career! Of him this tremendous thing could truly be said:

In no civilized country on earth would he be a stranger. In many a barbarous region his name would be a safeguard against ill usage.

And of Hoover this gorgeous thing has ac-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Little Edward stages a real "shin-dig" as father's bruised shins can testify.

The
"Oily" Nineties

In those days . . . if a child took castor oil without rebellion or reward . . . the parents were thankful for the youngster's forbearance. Nowadays . . . the child is thankful for the good judgment of the forbears who give

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

There Is No Substitute

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the *Kellogg exclusive patented process.* Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

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Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES HOOVER Continued from Page Thirty-three]

tually been said—it comes in Sidney Brooks' new book, "America and Germany":

"Against the will of Italy, Hoover secured the opening of the Adriatic and the liberation of Turkey from blockade."

European statesmen and humanitarians could not accomplish that.

The names of universities which have given him honorary degrees fill six lines of agate type in *Who's Who.* But I know something more significant than that, which I extracted from Hoover.

"Do you," I asked, "keep up your contacts with the people with whom you came into such intimate relations in wartime? I don't mean the great people of state, but the humble people. In other words, do they remember?"

His blue eyes kindled a little and he said:

"They don't forget. In Europe the humbler people—the people in the villages and on the countryside—have an ancient custom of assembling sheets of paper of the same size. One sheet is taken to the village scholar, the pastor or the mayor, and on it he writes an address of greeting and compliment. When the population has signed the other sheets, all are bound together to make a kind of testimonial volume, which is sent to the person whom it is intended to honor.

"Out at my house there are such volumes from Europe containing between three and four million signatures."

WHAT a career!

From orphan boy in the Quaker village of West Branch, Iowa, to humanity's international diplomat. From the village smithy—for Hoover's father, Jesse Hoover, was, like Frank Lowden's father, a blacksmith—to the development of lead mines in the jungles of Burma and the restoration of iron and copper mines in the Ural Mountains!

When Hoover was only twenty-four years old he was doing highly specialized work at high fees in the zinc mines of Western Australia. His world career as consulting and developing engineer had begun. He developed the coal mines of the mandarin statesman and capitalist Chang Yen Mow, and put 20,000 workmen into them.

He mined, and he built railways and metallurgical works in Korea, the Malay States, India, South Africa, Italy, Great Britain, Mexico, the Central and South Americas, the United States, and Canada. One of his sons was born in China; the other in Russia.

Fourteen years ago Hoover's world career as humanitarian and administrator began. He became grand almoner to stricken kingdoms. His work is one of the redeeming stories of the mass madness called the World War. Hoover came to be called "the world's market man," working without wages or commissions.

What the scientist Vernon Kellogg, his intimate, has called "Hoover's adventures in human welfare"—say from 1914 to date—have involved the handling of more than $10,000,000,000. During four years he directed the expenditure of $900,000,000 for foodstuffs distributed in Belgium and northern France.

HE did it not only without scandal, but at an overhead cost of less than one-half of 1 per cent of the money involved.

"We are," he said to his colleagues early in the Belgian adventure, "going to receive and spend millions. Some swine, some day, somewhere, may say that we grafted on this money. Therefore I intend that we have such accounting, such checks and balances, and such glass pockets that nobody can ever raise even a suspicion of our honesty."

Nearly a decade has passed since the Belgian books were closed. The grunt of the swine has never been heard.

Postarmistice relief work costing $1,000,000,000, spent under Hoover's direction in northern and southern Europe, followed. He controlled the expenditure of $65,000,000 in Russian famine relief in 1921.

Meanwhile Hoover remained unspoiled, sedate, laconic, saying little, but saying it to the point, as when he remarked: "In this war biscuits will be as powerful as bullets."

He is still that way.

Although head of a government department which he calls "a business laboratory," he does not care to be known solely as a business machine.

"As head of the Department of Commerce," Hoover said, with a touch of mockery, "I am presumed to deal on all public occasions with heavy economic discussions, with terrific volleys of statistics, diatribes on national delinquencies, sovereign remedies for national economic woes, or solemn assurances as to the progress of national welfare."

BUT, when I entered his long and scantily furnished workroom that overlooks the Potomac, he did not begin by pushing those hefty topics at me. He began by talking cheerily on something that was a labor of love by lovers—by Herbert Hoover and his wife.

I carried under my right arm a proof of the labor—a huge folio of 640 pages bound in spotless vellum which a friend of the Secretary had lent me—and in my left hand a thin duodecimo entitled American Individualism, by Herbert Hoover.

Hoover grinned. "Well," said he, "you've got the biggest and the smallest of books."

The biggest book also bore one of the longest of titles. Thus:

GEORGIUS AGRICOLA
DE RE METALLICA

Translated from the First Latin Edition of 1556 with Biographical Introduction, Annotations, and Appendices upon the Development of Mining Methods, Metallurgical Processes, Geology, Mineralogy, and Mining Law from the earliest times to the 16th Century.

BY
HERBERT CLARK HOOVER
A. B. Stanford University, Member of American Institute

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Happygrams of Herbert the Helpful

THIS civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off.

* * *

Words without action are the assassins of idealism.

* * *

A Presidential campaign is our regular period of large promises to sufferers of all kinds.

* * *

The high cost of living is a temporary economic problem surrounded by high emotions. The agricultural industry is a permanent economic problem surrounded by many dangers.

* * *

Socialism is a European theory of despair.

* * *

From the point of view of my Western upbringing, I would say that we do not kick a man in the stomach after we have licked him.

* * *

The elimination of waste is a total asset. It has no liabilities.

* * *

It is always the children who are ground in the mills of international disputes, and honest charity inquires no further than that.

* * *

If democracy is to survive throughout the world, it must be a success in the United States.

* * *

We may count food in calories, but we have no way to measure human misery.

* * *

The greatest government experiment in human history was universal free education at public expense—and it has been successful.

* * *

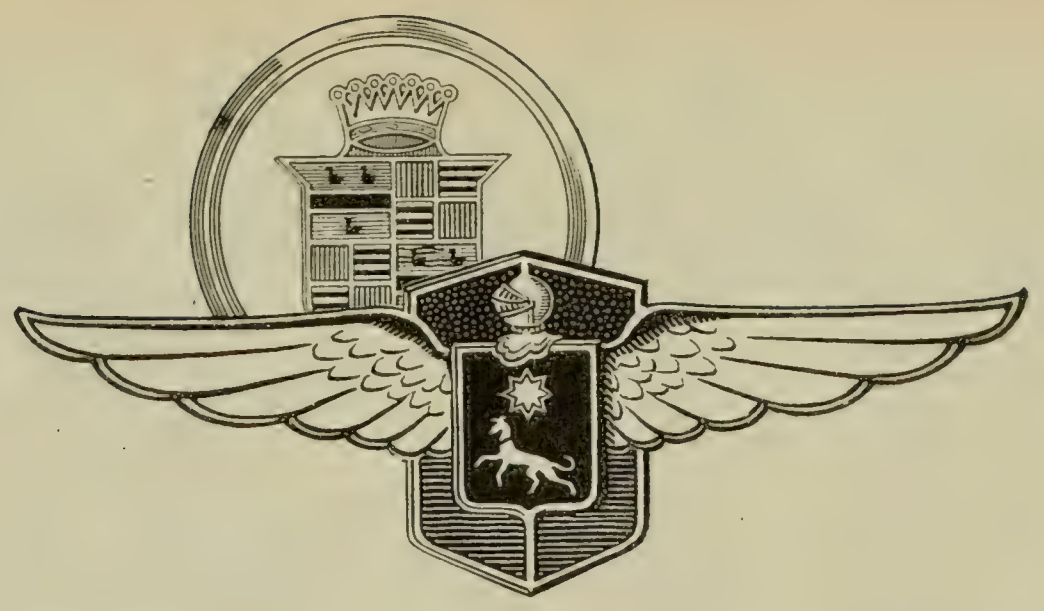
The most potent force in society is its ideals. But for the next several generations we dare not abandon self-interest as a motive force to leadership and to production, lest we die.

* * *

The solution of the problems of the American people lies wholly in our ability to build up a co-operative spirit in the communities themselves.

* * *

We devote vast departments of government, great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention, to decreasing the hours of work; but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation.



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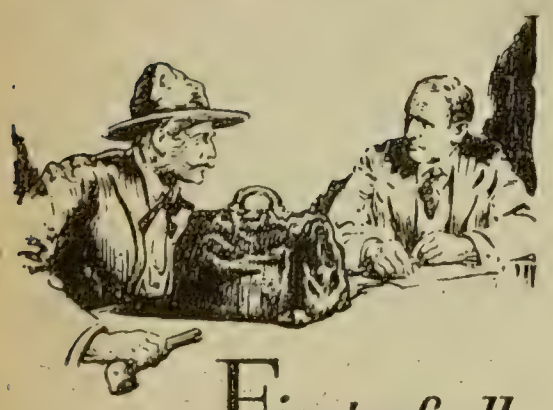
Pointers on Patents



First of all he laid a big gun on my desk. . . .

HE was a tall, commanding man from rural Georgia. He had written me about an invention, and now he had come to show me the model. But before he would open his little black bag, he slowly and significantly laid upon my desk the longest pistol I have ever seen . . . Somehow just such beautiful faith in Patent Attorneys, and at times even in the Patent Office itself, still exists in the minds of a few inventors.

But most inventors and manufacturers now realize that the Patent Office's intricate requirements, and the many legal factors which demand a specialized experience, have established the Patent Attorney as a necessary and trustworthy assistant. And in the Patent Office itself your idea is definitely safe. In fact to complete your protection, employees of the Patent Office are not allowed Patents on even their own ideas; thus there can never be a question that they are taking advantage of their positions.

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To the inventor's genius the Patent Attorney adds legal precaution; his interest lies solely in obtaining the greatest possible degree of protection for his client . . . In my office, every secret disclosure is kept secure in strong, steel, fireproof files. Only when I have express written authority from my client will I disclose or even discuss whatsoever any details of his invention or his intentions.

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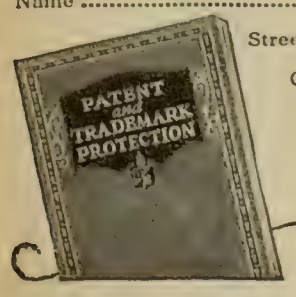


[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES] HOOVER
[Continued from Page Thirty-four]

of Mining Engineers, Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, Société des Ingéniéurs Civils de France, American Institute of Civil Engineers, Fellow Royal Geographical Society, etc., etc.

AND
LOU HENRY HOOVER

A. B. Stanford University, Member American Association for the Advancement of Science, The National Geographical Society, Royal Scottish Geographical Society, etc., etc.

Published for the Translators by
The Mining Magazine
Salisbury House, London, E. C.
1912.

NOW, you should know the story of the making of this volume, because that story is Hoover all over, the Hoover whose ideal is to do a thing as well as it possibly can be done.

Let Hoover tell it:

"This is the first English translation ever made of the great source book on mining and metallurgy in the sixteenth century. It remained a textbook for my profession for two hundred years, and it is a vital document in the annals of progress. Georg Bauer, a German engineer and scholar, whose name, in accordance with the custom among scholars of his time, was Latinized into Georgius Agricola—George Farmer—was twenty years writing it.

"My good wife and I used up the leisure of five years in translating it.

Agricola was one of the solid men of the Renaissance—friend of Erasmus. He advanced the sciences of geology, mineralogy, and mining engineering, and his book was a milestone in the development of two of the most basic of human industrial activities.

"As such, it is worthier of preservation than the thousands of volumes devoted to the records of human destruction. [That was a characteristic Hoover touch.] As a record of methods and processes the De Re Metallica is only a curiosity now, but all these things that give backgrounds and beginnings are vital things.

"In the peaceful days before the war my wife and I began our task of translating. She is the linguist of the family. I looked more after the engineering detail of Agricola. One attempt to put his Latin into English had failed. We went through twelve or fifteen editions of the book, but translated from the original Latin edition of 1556, which was published a year after Agricola died.

"The entire text of our translation was retypewritten three times and parts of it oftener. The printer's proofs were revised three times.

"But when we had finished we found that our book couldn't be published in the United States because of the impossibility of getting in this country the particular kind of handmade paper we had determined to use so as to bring out the reproductions of the sixteenth-century plates and the sixteenth-century type. We wanted a harmonious product, and finally we obtained it."

WHAT the Secretary of Commerce did not tell me—I learned it at the Library of Congress—is that the Hoovers' English translation of Agricola far excels the German translations in accuracy and grace; that their extensive biography, bibliography, and list of works rightly and wrongly attributed to Agricola make theirs the definitive edition, and that Herbert Hoover's footnotes really constitute a history of mining from the earliest times up to the time of Agricola.

So, in the story of long-gone Georg Bauer is the story of the Hoover whom men call the world's premier go-getter, but who is also Hoover the scholar.

From sixteenth-century Saxony we drifted to the dominant note in twentieth-century America. In reply to a question about that, he said:

"The dominant note is the nation's duty to maintain an equality of opportunity for the motivation of the individual."

That sounded intricate, but he went on to simplify it, saying:

"To curb the forces in business which would destroy equality of opportunity, and yet to maintain the initiative and creative faculties of our people, are the dual object we must attain. To preserve equality of opportunity we must regulate that type of activity which wants to dominate. To preserve individual initiative the government must keep out of production and distribution of commodities and services. That is the dead line between our system of government and socialism.

"Our people have an instinctive dread of the autocracy of economic power, and an instinctive solicitude for the preservation of individual opportunity. It was out of that instinct that they passed the Sherman act. Our legislation against restraint of trade and our mass of regulation of public utilities is the monument to our intent to preserve an equality of opportunity.

"This legislation must keep pace with the growing complexity of our economic organization, but it must also be tuned to our social system, if it is not to expose us to great peril. That tuning will include recognition of the fact that the rich man has rights to equal opportunity as well as the poor.

"It is this dread of the closing of the door to individual opportunity by the economic dominance of a few that accounts most of all for the expansion of government, State and national. And that dread was caused by the failure of our business world to recognize its social and economic responsibility.

"I do not believe you can search through the great measures for the expansion of Federal activity in the regulation of business without being struck with the fact that those measures have their source in the people's indignation at practices which had grown up in our business world."

"AND what must the people do," I asked, "to make this dominant instinct of theirs function most effectively?"

"They are doing it," he answered. "The dominant thing we do to that end is education."

He did not mean book stuffing, for he added the words, "mental training."

Constantly he reverted to the preciousness of individualism, saying:

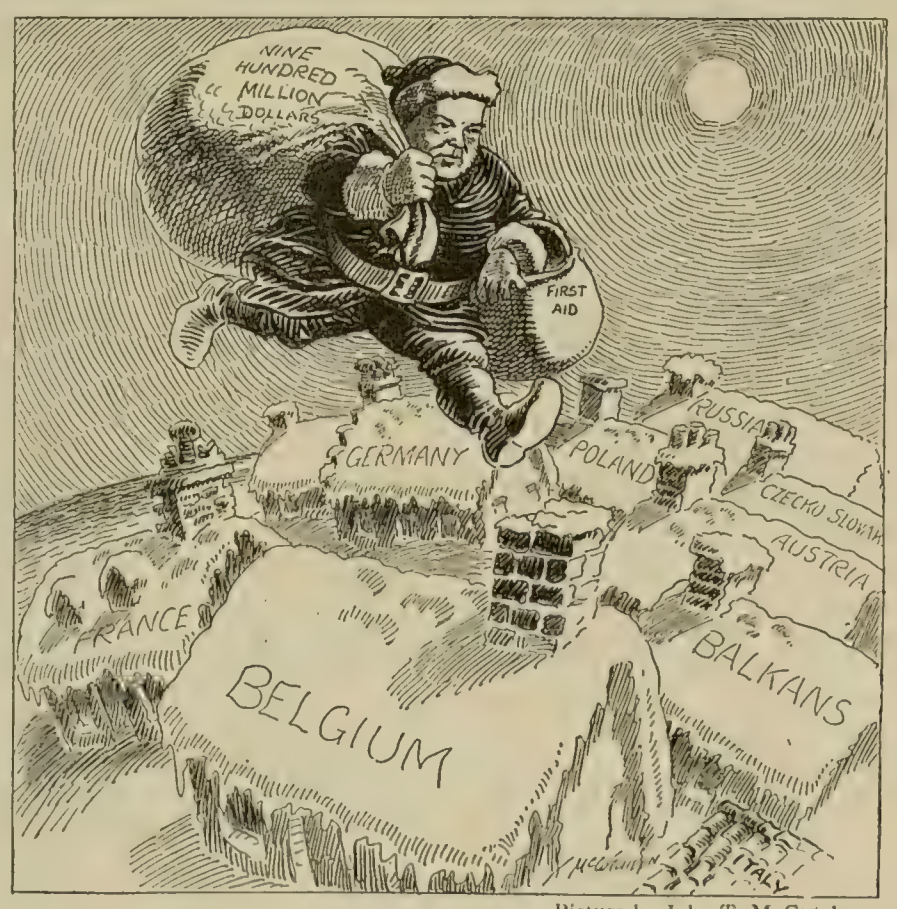
"Out of the ferment of war's aftermath we have worked. Europe hasn't. It is still moping in the aftermath. The difference is due to the fact that our people, being more individualistic, swiftly swept away war's limitations."

Russia, after banishing the old régime, had, on the contrary, stamped on individualism, and the Secretary drew a moral from that, saying:

"Economics is a law of life and is *not* artificial rules imposed by capitalists or by bureaucrats. The sense of acquisitiveness is a racial instinct as well as an individual instinct. Russia tried to deny all that, and that denial is what communism is."

Hoover does not shut his eyes to errors and evils at home—and he deplores them.

"There is the spirit of lawlessness," he said. "There is arrogant domination by some employers and arrogant domination by some labor



Picture by John T. McCutcheon

As the world's Santa Claus, Hoover has handled billions without wages, commissions, or scandal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

11

A thousand music lovers gather to listen, enthralled, to the magic of the great virtuoso—a silver ribbon of melody weaves through enraptured silence—silence broken by the crashing dissonance of a half-strangled cough. The spell is rudely broken.

We, all of us, are inclined to condone those habits in ourselves that we condemn in others. Coughing, for instance. We know that it annoys us. We feel that it is inconsiderate. That it should not be done in public. Yet how many of us make a provision against our own transgressions.

Coughing, in public or in private, is so utterly senseless—so unnecessary. It is becoming taboo among people of refinement.

Considerate people—those who give thought to the rights of others, go prepared to let the *Luden's Menthol Action* quell the cough before it starts. To use Luden's in such emergency is an act of thoughtful courtesy that is its own reward.

Luden's Menthol Cough Drops are imitated, of course, but only in Luden's do you get the quick, pleasant, refreshing *Luden's Menthol Action*—it is exclusive.

Send 25c for de luxe golden metal carrier for dress occasions. Refill from regular package.

WM. H. LUDEN, Inc., READING, PA.

LUDEN'S

Everywhere in the triple-sealed yellow package—Just say "Luden's".

5¢

Dermutation does it!

It's *dermutation* that gives to a man's face a brisk, alert freshness that's immediately noticeable. *Dermutation*, that exclusive process in Mennen Shaving Cream, which softens the beard, relaxes the tiny skin peaks at the base of each hair, levels the skin so that the razor glides smoothly and easily without nicking, scraping or cutting off those minute mounds. No rawness. No soreness. No after-shave smart. No need for rubbing with your fingers. No "free" caustic to burn, either. Mennen Shaving Cream lathers freely even in cold, hard water. Five soothing tonic emollients tone up and soothe the skin — a 24-hour comfort-shave.

Made Both With and Without Menthol

Many relish the cool bracing tingle of a dash of menthol in the lather. Mennen mentholized is in the tube with the red ball.

After the shave — Mennen Skin Balm is a face lotion with a brisk kick and zip. Great for chapped, roughened skin. Non-greasy and quick drying. Comes in a handy tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men takes off face shine. Neutral tint—no chalky pallor. Also made in stick form.

"Enjoy every day the complete Mennen Shave."

The MENNEN *Company*
Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
HOOVER
[Continued from Page Thirty-six]

leaders. There is inadequate instruction in some areas. There are survivals of religious intolerance. There is political debauchery of some cities.

"But many people confuse the exposure of wrongs which used to be below the surface with degeneration. The very exposure of those wrongs is progress. A considerable experience leads me to believe that, while we do wash our dirty linen in public, most others never wash theirs."

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

Hoover is wretched and self-conscious on parade; happy and intent at work.

"WHAT is the biggest and most rewarding task before our people—the immediate task?"

Hoover replied:

"The development of water resources to relieve railway congestion. We have rather a disturbed economic situation, due to increased railway rates which have unbalanced the situation—keeping the Middle West farmer economically more remote from our seaboard than some foreign countries are.

"Our engineers assure me that a consolidated Mississippi Valley system of water trunk lines and tributaries can be finished in five years if we go at it vigorously, and that the cost will not be much above a hundred million dollars. This is negligible expense for facilities that will move — economically speaking — our Middle Western wheat growers and cattle raisers hundreds of miles nearer to shipside and place them on a par with their competitors in the Argentine, India, and Australia.

"The manufacturer also will be benefited. Get the factory to the fields. Don't drive the Middle West manufacturer out of the Middle West for lack of cheap access to the seaboard."

In seven years, since Herbert Hoover accepted the portfolio of Minister of Commerce in Warren Harding's extremely mixed Cabinet, the Department of Commerce has changed from a routine bureau to a vast economic laboratory for original research.

In 1921, before Hoover took charge, 700 commercial inquiries a day were made to it; now they run to 10,000 daily. In 1922 the circular letters of trade information sent out by the department numbered 350,000; last year they numbered nearly 4,000,000.

Hoover is constantly on tap. The White House sends for him two or three times a day, and the President calls on him for more information than he demands from any other Cabinet member.

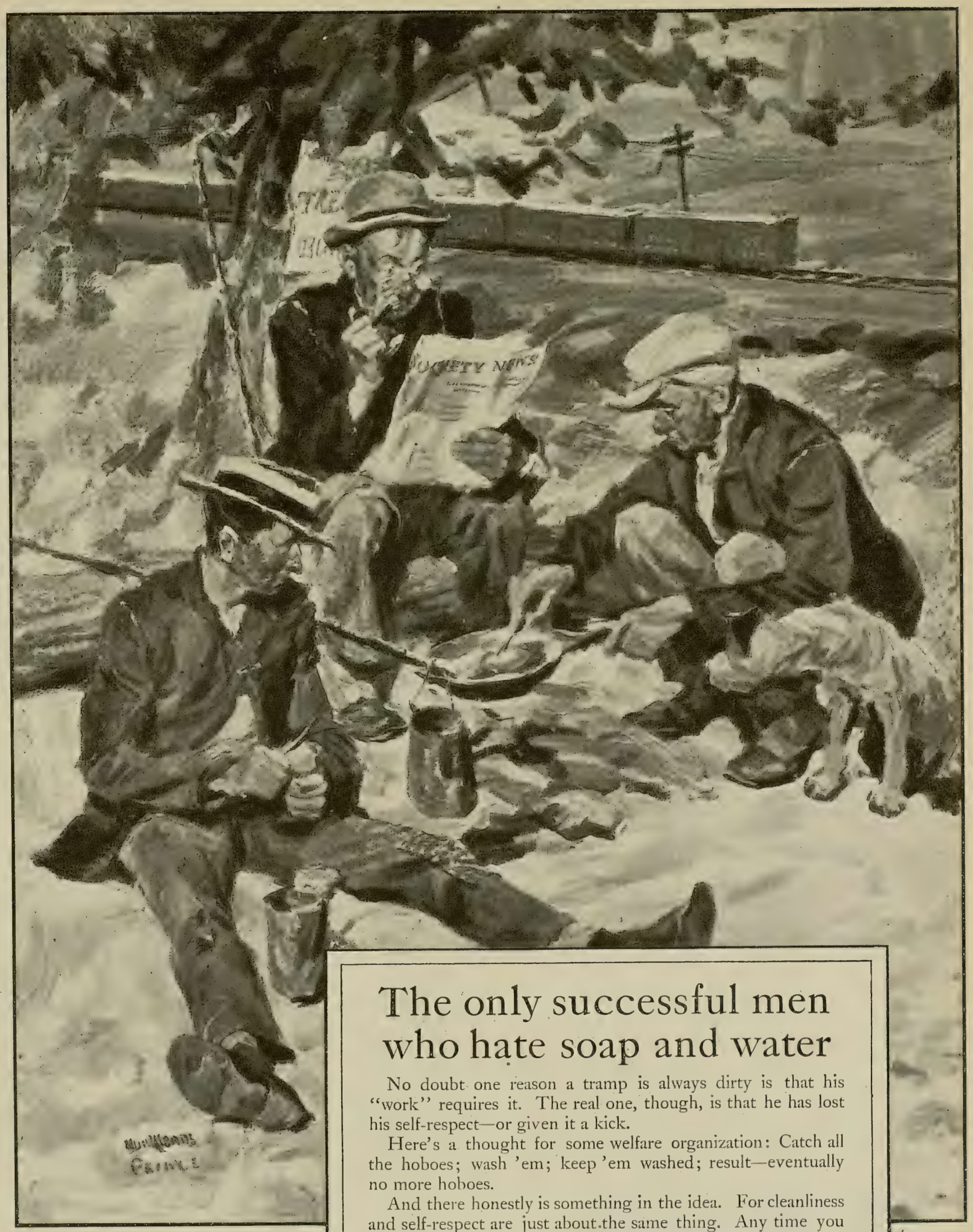
Since he became Secretary, his department—at his wish—has taken over the Patent Office and the Bureau of Mines. It now comprises the bureaus of Census, of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of Standards, of Fisheries, of Lighthouses, and of Navigation, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Radio Division, and the Aeronautics branch.

IT is Hoover's thought, and not his personality, that commands in Washington. His personality is pale, his voice light, his face round, and his expression not baffling, his manner unaffected and unspoiled. He wears a blue sack suit and clings thriftily to a half-smoked, dampish cigar.

With his elbows resting on the mahogany arms of his office chair, he makes two gestures with his forearms. One is up; the other is down.

One of his frequent phrases is, "Here's a typical case." He is ever concrete. "In the long view" is another of his favorites; but when

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY]



The only successful men who hate soap and water

No doubt one reason a tramp is always dirty is that his "work" requires it. The real one, though, is that he has lost his self-respect—or given it a kick.

Here's a thought for some welfare organization: Catch all the hoboes; wash 'em; keep 'em washed; result—eventually no more hoboes.

And there honestly is something in the idea. For cleanliness and self-respect are just about the same thing. Any time you feel like questioning it, try starting *your* day with soiled linen or without a bath.

SELF-RESPECT *thrives on* SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

CANDY *for a* Valentine

Sweet Innocence, demure and young,
Greeted Sir Chivalry;
Heart spoke to heart, yet lips were shy
Of love's dear courtesy,

But Cupid prompted Chivalry
To further his design,
And true love voiced its message
In a Candy Valentine.

Make Candy YOUR Valentine

Candy is always the appropriate St. Valentine's gift. It bespeaks with a rich eloquence the message of the lover or husband ~ And don't forget the happiness that lies in a Valentine gift of candy to the children—and grown-ups, too. Candy is the messenger of sentiment

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, 1627 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES HOOVER Continued from Page Thirty-eight]

he uses it he is not unlikely to add, "But I may be fooled."

Despite his reticence, he has the gift of putting a proposition to men's hearts as well as to their heads, as when he wrote to the administration in 1919: "There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals, now that we have a surplus of food."

Hoover's two detestations are identical with the prime detestations of his probable opponent for the Presidency, Al Smith. They are waste—and that outstanding source of waste in Washington, the overlapping of departments. In 1920 he found that there was a 30 per cent waste of this country's income. In 1921 he estimated that the combination of departments that overlap would result in an administrative saving of 50 per cent.

To him it is a fearful thing that in the bituminous coal fields the average working year is 164 days, because the bituminous coal mines have a complement of labor which could, if not intermittently employed, produce the whole coal output of the country.

It is because Hoover hates waste that he is for prohibition. He is officially on record in that matter, and has been for two years. He did not pussyfoot. In his annual report for 1925 he declared himself thus emphatically:

"In addition to elimination of waste, we have had the benefit of notable advances in science, improvement in methods of management, and prohibition. Thanks to the elimination of waste and these other contributing factors, we can, as a nation, show one of the most astonishing transformations in economic history."

Nor does Hoover the Presidential candidate now side-step that statement by Hoover the Secretary of Commerce.

ORGANIZATION is his passion and system his goal. He has organized the wasteful custom of forty-nine different sizes of milk bottles down to the new standard of nine; bed blankets from seventy-eight sizes to twelve; mattresses and springs from seventy-eight varieties to four; paving bricks from sixty-six to five; hotel and institutional china from 700 to 160.

What Hoover really is is *not* a putterer. He is not a slave to work, but a devotee of method. This is his method of taking up a task:

1—Determination of the facts.
2—The end to be accomplished.
3—The agencies available.
4—The organization necessary for putting them into prompt action.

IF the Secretary were a party man in the active, partisan sense, there hardly could be a doubt of his nomination. But he never has been one. Hoover has described himself as "a partisan member of my party." But what he thinks of party politicians is drastic.

"Political leaders," he once said, "who think fitness for office depends upon placing sheer partisanship above national interest are mechanical politicians."

The outstanding impression with which I came away from Hoover this time was, as before, the impression of a cultivated, thoughtful, exceedingly modest gentleman. After all is said and read, here is probably the most spacious and best filled mind among the candidates. No other man among them has had anything like the number of world contacts Hoover has had.

P. & A. photo

SECRETARY HOOVER touching the telegraph key which officially opened the Midwestern Engineering and Power Exposition in Chicago in 1926.

By far the youngest of the Republican candidates—he is not yet fifty-four, while the rest of the seriously considered Republicans are in their sixties—the range of his interests, general and particular, is very wide. They comprise the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, the miner, the welfare worker—and you and me and the children.

In the file of his speeches at the Department you come upon more speeches on child welfare than on any other topic.

He will not be a dazzling campaigner, but he will make a good campaign on the radio, for he won't be self-conscious there. If he is elected, Lou Henry Hoover will be the same kind of asset to him that Grace Goodhue Coolidge is to the present chief magistrate, for she has charm and vivacity, and she likes people.

If you don't believe that, ask the Girl Scouts of America, of whom Mrs. Hoover is executive chairman.

In the ancient and illustrious city of Warsaw a grateful nation has raised a memorial to Herbert Hoover in white marble.

He likes that tribute.

It can't talk.

The qualifications of ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois as a Presidential possibility will be set forth by Mr. Bennett in next week's LIBERTY.

When sore throat rules the house

Mothers should present the facts to a great novelist and let him write of the trials of a woman whose three children and husband are at home for a week or more with a cold.

Fretful little Junior . . . his sniffling sisters . . . the irritable father out of his element . . . the worry of wondering whether it is just a cold or something worse.

Can such trying sieges be avoided? Oftentimes, yes.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used early, has checked many and many a cold before they had a chance to get the upper hand.

At the first sign of irritation use Listerine full strength. As a gargle. As a mouth wash. And occasionally diluted, as a nasal douche.

You will be delighted to find what threatened to be a nasty cold is often gone in a day or two.

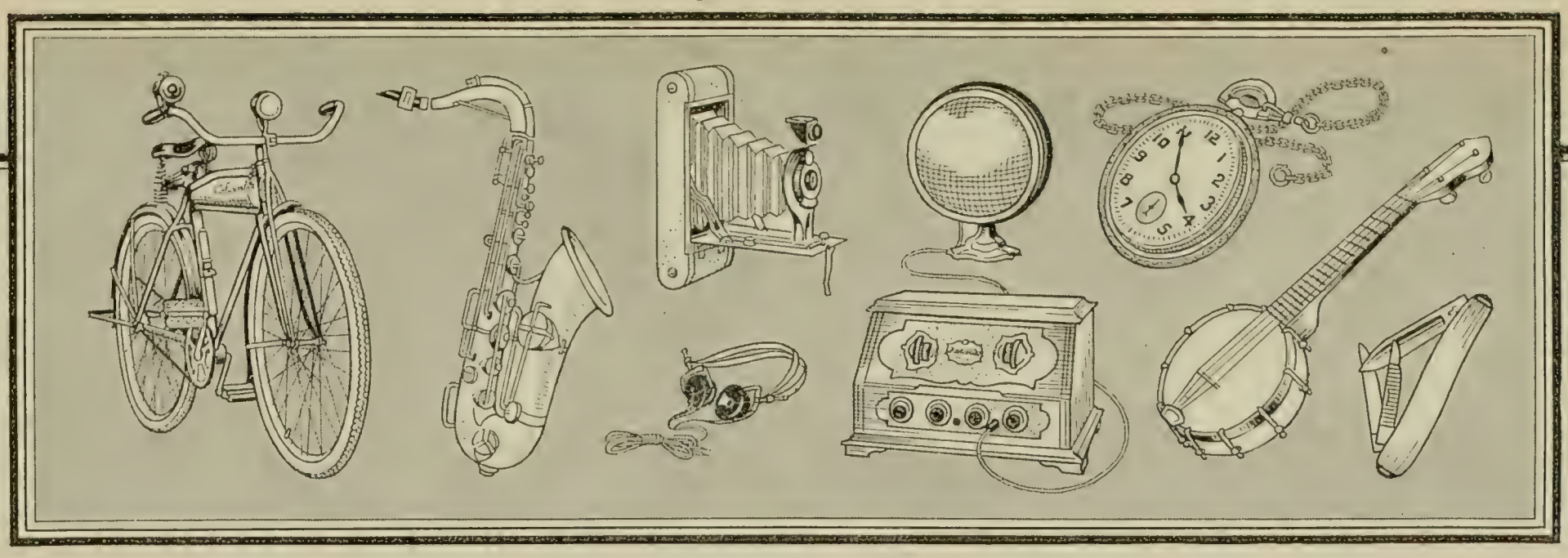
The antiseptic action of Listerine explains its ability to check cold weather complaints. The moment it enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that lodge there.

The intelligent thing to do is use it systematically during these cold weather months when "flu" and pneumonia are a constant menace. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Do Something About it

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



Boys, attention!

Win these and many other dandy prizes absolutely *free!* Read how *you* can make money too

Allen Schumate of Oklahoma is one of our happy boys making money every week and getting free prizes.

A. Bart Hamilton of Indiana is typical of the aggressive, independent LIBERTY Boys in our organization.

BOYS! Just look at these prizes given away free. Think of it! These and hundreds of others from which you can choose are listed in our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Send the coupon and we will mail complete details telling how you can get them. Boys all over the United States and Canada are winning bicycles, musical instruments, watches, sleds, ice skates, radio equipment, all kinds of sporting goods and many other things every regular fellow wants to own. So can you! It's easy! Be a LIBERTY Boy Salesman in your home town and get all the things you want. When the baseball season is on you won't have to ask Mother or Dad to buy you a fielder's glove or a bat and ball. You can get them all from LIBERTY absolutely free! No matter what the season, you can get the equipment for the sports played during it—free!

In addition you can make money every week. You don't need one penny to start. We supply everything: bag, magazines, and full instructions. You don't need any experience. Most of our boys, who are now making their own spending money every week, started without any experience. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood: simply deliver and sell LIBERTY magazines to customers right in your own neighborhood. This will not interfere with school or play; just work in your spare time—after school—or Saturdays, just as you like. Here is your chance at last to be independent and to make your own spending money. Fill in the coupon, mail it today and we will promptly send you all details and show you how to start making money the very first week! Remember it costs you nothing. Boys, act this very minute! Do not delay.

Mail this coupon now!

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New York City.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Show Girl

Front Page Stuff

Further Adventures of Dixie Dugan

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by John H. Striebel

"TEN THOUSAND SWEET LEGS is the name of it. And I get one thousand sweet smackers for letting them run as many moral photographs of me as the censors allow."

(Reading time: 18 minutes 10 seconds.)

[Who's Who, and Why: There's another big sensation on Broadway. Jack Milton, a wealthy broker and clubman, has been stabbed by Alvarez Romano, a hoofer at the Jollity Night Club, in a love duel over pretty little Dixie Dugan, dancer at the club. It really wasn't her fault at all, Dixie protests in letters to sister Nita, in Paris, and her girl friend, Sunshine. But Denny Kerrigan, her boy friend, who sells greeting cards and mottoes on the road, had warned her, when she took the night-club job, that nothing but trouble could come of it. And now—]

PART THREE

24 CX SLF 29
RE CHICAGO ILL
416 P JUN 5

DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY

JUST RECEIVED CLIPPING FROM MORTON SAYING JOLLITY NIGHT CLUB GIRLS HELD AFTER STABBING OF NEW YORK CLUBMAN DURING PARTY ARE YOU MIXED UP IN THIS RUSH WIRE WORRIED

DENNY

24 NB RM 2
LF BKLYN NY 255 P JUN 6

DENNIS KERRIGAN
TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

AND HOW

DIXIE

(From the New York *Evening Tab*, June 6)

BROKER FIGHTING FOR LIFE

"Jack" Milton Stabbed by Love-Crazed Argentine in Wild Party with Night-Club Girls

DENIES DIXIE IS INVOLVED

36 RD CLF 18
TX CHICAGO ILL 240 P JUN 7

DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY

I HOPE YOU ARE CRAZY ABOUT HIM WHOEVER HE WAS AND THAT HE DIES AND GOES TO HELL

DENNY

28 AN STM 2
FR BKLYN NY 613 P JUN 7

DENNIS KERRIGAN
TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

TEMPER TEMPER

DIXIE

(From the New York *Evening Tab*, June 8)

DIXIE DUGAN WEEPS

"Can I Help It If They Were Both Crazy About Me?" Sobs Beautiful Dancer

JEALOUS LOVER BARES ALL

Romano in Cell Tells of Passion for Beautiful Night-Club Dancer

26 RS RNT 31
TL CHICAGO ILL 152 P JUN 9

DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY

I TOLD YOU NOT TO DANCE IN THAT NIGHT CLUB WHEN I TELL YOU SOMETHING AFTER THIS MAYBE YOU WILL PAY ATTENTION TO SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT

DENNY

36 RA LOD 21
ML BKLYN NY 420 P JUN 9

DENNY KERRIGAN
TOWER BLDG CHICAGO ILL

MAYBE SAYS BABY GO AND PEDDLE YOUR CHRISTMAS CARDS I HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLES WITHOUT YOU NAGGING ME LIKE AN OLD WOMAN

DIXIE

The Tombs,
New York City, June 9.

ADORADA MIA:

I write to tell you you are beautiful, *querida mia*, and my heart sings songs of you, but your little head is full of deceit, and some day I will go mad and kill you, but always I will love you, *diosa mia*. Always and for a day!

And I tell you too what I will do. So soon I get out of the clutches of these pigs in blue

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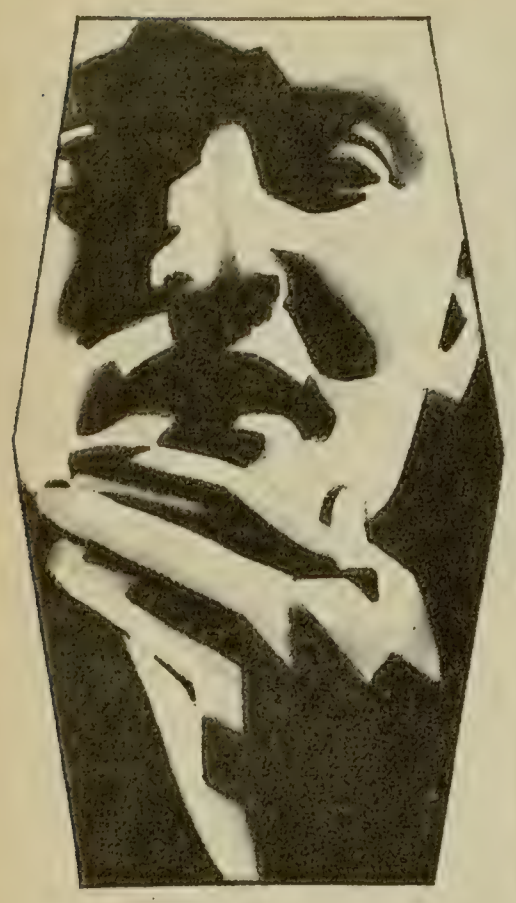

Lilac prevents skin blemishes

Tiny nicks in shaving

threaten your skin!

Notice the small skin ridges on the tips of your fingers . . . The same kind of ridges are found in the skin of your face.

Every time you shave, these skin ridges are scraped or nicked by your razor. Dust and germs find the nicks, then little infections develop.

One simple precaution will prevent this—a dash of Pinaud's Lilac after each shave!

For Lilac antiseptically protects every break in the skin, large or small. Little skin blemishes don't develop. And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander now than ever!

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. The signature of Ed. Pinaud in red is on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Forty-three]

coats with their clubs always ready, I will find this Milton dog and I will cut his heart up into bits, and every bit into little bits, because I love you, *mi queridisima,* and he is no good.

So what do the police tell me this morning—this Milton man maybe he will not die after all—and I say "It is a great pity. I will have to do it all over again and how glad that makes me!" "You'll have to let him alone," they say, "because it is a big scandal now and if you kill him it will be a bigger scandal and you will go to the chair." And I sneer in their faces.

"Who? Me? I, Alvarez Romano, the son of a *Presidente* of Costaragua?" "Which *Presidente?*" they say, and I cannot tell them because I cannot go back any more to find out. And they say, *Presidente* or no *Presidente,* they put you in a chair and pull the switch and, socko! the electricity it fries you alive. It seems to make them very happy about talking of frying people alive, but to me it is nothing, for I am all afire when I think of you.

It is like millions of what you call them—volts—always going through me when I think of you—to my fingers and toes, and my heart bumps, bumps.

And then I think of this Milton dog making love to you and I sizzle all over, and everything I see is red. Yes, I have made up my mind and will kill him, and you too. Both of you. Because he has money, you like him. I had money too, but the revolution takes it all away. What do you care?

Your heart is like a mirror. It shows only whoever is looking at it. I will smash it into a thousand pieces. I will grind my heel on it and then I will be sad and will cry, and will pick up all the little tender pieces and kiss them, and put them together and keep them forever in a little silver box on the piano. And when I play the sweet songs of my country, I will hear and know that I am singing them all for you, *flor del Paraiso!*

The food is terrible in this jail. Fit only for pigs and policemen and Jack Miltons, but no, he is in a nice hospital with only a little knife stab in his back. It is lucky for him I did not have my big knife. Ah, that is a knife!

I should have pin him to the floor like a butterfly, but he gets away with only a little scratch maybe two or three inches deep. It is nothing.

In my country we would not notice it. With a little knife like this in my back, I could hold you in my arms and not know it. But what does he know about love—this big, fat money chaser with his millions, and his soft paws caressing you?

Tomorrow I kill him. I will dig my way out of here, through the wall, under the sidewalk. I will tear his iron bed to pieces and beat him to death with it, but no, they will not let me near him.

MY heart is breaking, for you are walking on it with your little feet. Your little high heels, they dig into my heart and it hurts so—but it is good.

I will die here in this awful place and maybe I will never see the sun again or the moon. And those stars of which I would give you both handsful to sprinkle in your hair.

And on the moon I would let you stand, and carry you from place to place, and you would eat leaves in snow and drink crushed wild flowers.

All this I would do for you, but I must die here, all alone, forsaken, far from my country and my people.

And even you, for which I have done all this, you do not come near me. Ah, beautiful women have no hearts!

But in my heart is a song for you. And there is a little poem which we used to say in school. It is an old, old Eastern poem which a lover sings to his love:

> Oh, would that I could hide within my songs,
> And, every time you sang them, kiss your lips.

Tuyo que no te olvida—from one who can never forget you,

ALVAREZ.

(From the New York *Evening Tab,* June 11)

"AND offers from vaudeville, and advertisers wanting my name on their packages and my face on their bottles."

HE DID IT FOR LOVE

AN INTERVIEW BY BEATRICE HEARTSEASE

Say not that the little God of Love no longer flourishes his deadly bow and arrow in our big, wicked city, for I have just met a heart wounded by one of his dear, delightful darts. They will tell you in the cold, gray Tombs, where those who have loved not wisely but too well are caged like wild beasts, that Alvarez Romano is a hot-blooded killer from the Pampas. Hot-blooded, yes; but only as we girls would love to have our men.

Ah, how magnificent to find in this sordid city of sin a knight of old who goes forth to do battle for his lady fair. Such is Alvarez Romano—erstwhile tango dancer in the Jollity Night Club, but in reality the high-bred, high-spirited scion of an old and honored house in Costaragua—the son of a President no less, a fugitive to this Land of Liberty, only to find himself—ironic fate—once more a prisoner.

Ah, life is a cruel jest! But we must smile at it, even though our hearts be breaking.

The girl in the case, or as the French have it *Cherchez la femme,* meaning "Women are gay deceivers ever," is a true daughter of the New Age, shallow as a boy, deep as a woman, with dark eyes that can light up with devilment or grow languid with love. One can see how the ardent, passionate Alvarez would be intrigued and eventually captivated by the saucy impudence of a piquant mind continually offering, and as often denying, the promise of a slim young body un-

folding to the first warm breath of life.

But there is a triangle here. Ah, sly reader—how did you guess it? And as every triangle must have three angles, let us seek the third angle.

You will not find it in sunny Costaragua, and you will not find it in the humble Brooklyn home of an American dancing girl. No; you must go down into that grim, mysterious, romantic spot which has been called the nerve center of the world; that powerful, insidious home of the mighty octopus—that narrow cavern of cruelty where hope and despair keep high court—Wall Street, with its graveyard at one end and its river at the other, and all heaven and hell between.

Here, then, in one of those tiny cubicles where the crafty spider spins his web, sat "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker, clubman, raconteur, hail-fellow-well-met, sugar-daddy, one of those modern Minotaurs who feed on the young flesh of "girls who do not know."

TODAY he is lying racked on a bed of pain—stricken down by the avenging hand of Alvarez Romano, tempestuous son of a passionate southland where womanhood is a lovely and sacred thing.

Strange, too, that the girl is the burning focus of love and hate in this triangle—strange, too, that her name should symbolize our own southland—for Dixie is her name. Dixie! Why, the word is a roll of drums, a blare of trumpets, with proud flags flying and tears of pride and love and devotion!

And all of this too is here—in this triangle where Death keeps his grisly watch in a high hospital room, and Passion looks out of the dark, burning eyes of a lover in the gray depths of the Tombs, and Youth, with its tender dreams of love and all that life holds dear, cowers in a simple Brooklyn home beneath the black wings of Tragedy.

(Tomorrow Miss Beatrice Heartsease will give our readers another of her poignant and searching articles entitled, She Was Young and Didn't Know.)

"I GUESS maybe a fellow can never tell about women."

26 LR FCL 26
MN NEW YORK 1015 A JUN 13
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WOULD YOU CONSIDER OFFER OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK FOR TWENTY WEEKS OVER KEITH CIRCUIT OPENING PALACE THEATER NEW YORK CITY TWO WEEKS FROM DATE

B. F. KEITH VAUDEVILLE EXCHANGE

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WOULD YOU CONSIDER INDORSING BABY FACE LINE OF POWDERS COLD CREAMS ROUGES WITH USE OF YOUR PICTURE FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

BABY FACE COSMETIC COMPANY

THE FASH-FORM MILLS, INC.

"Makers of Maid-to-Wear Underthings"

June 14.

Miss Dixie Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR MISS DUGAN:

We are sending you under separate cover one-half dozen of our new Dixie Dugan Bloomers, at least we hope you will allow us to call them Dixie Dugan Bloomers.

We would even consider reimbursing you to some extent for the use of your name, although we feel that the publicity that will accrue to you from the distribution of thousands of these bloomers from coast to coast is sufficient compensation.

We are very proud of the quality of silk that goes into the making of these, and the subtle pastel shades, which was a real idea, our artist going direct to the natural color harmony of the flowers for his inspiration.

Anxiously awaiting your reply, we are, Sincerely yours,

FASH-FORM MILLS, INC.
Per Aaron Lipsowitch, President.

(From the New York *Evening Tab*)

BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY DIXIE DUGAN'S OWN STORY

True to its tradition of being the first with the latest, the *Evening Tab* announces it has secured at great expense the story of Dixie Dugan's life from her own lips.

Every father and mother will want to read this story—how a young girl who leaves her home to find fame and fortune in the wicked maze of Broadway becomes involved in a scandal which is rocking New York's social and financial structure.

This story comes from Dixie Dugan's own lips and carries a message to the bewildered parent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

a great Valentine!

FOR VALENTINE'S or other times, the thoughtful fellow does the thoughtful thing. Almond Roca nicely fits his February 14th idea—because there is *nothing else* like it. Not hard candy—not creams—not chocolates. How to describe it, we don't know; but we will give you your money back if the party to whom you send a box doesn't declare it the most wonderful confection she ever tasted. $1.50 is the purchase price.

If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct—prepaid—"To my Valentine" card in each box, or your card. ☆ ☆ ☆

BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

I'm a Real Man Now Since I Gained 28 Pounds

You'd Look and Feel a Lot Better, Too, John, If You Put On Some Good Solid Flesh

There are tens of thousands of exceedingly thin men and women who need more weight and need it badly.

Most of these skinny people need better health—more vigor and energy and something more that we all strive to attain—a fresh, clean and clear complexion.

One underweight woman, exceedingly thin, gained 10 pounds in 22 days with McCoy's Tablets and doesn't have to worry any more about her figure.

Miss Alberta Rogers, thin, run down and weak, gained 15 pounds in six weeks and is thankful for McCoy's.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

McCOY'S TABLETS

In an Alpine Village of Switzerland

these rare blends were perfected

IN a little green Alpine valley Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate—and started an industry that today is known the world over.

Only six of the finest varieties of cocoa beans go into Peter's.

Roasted and mixed by Daniel Peter's secret Swiss process they make a delicious blend—richest in chocolate flavor.

In America today Peter's is made just the way Peter used to make it. It is the choice of all who prefer richer chocolate taste.

Then thousands of people demanded still another blend—creamy and mellow in flavor—so Nestlé's was created. Nestlé's, too, is made by the methods of Swiss experts. The richest milk with all its cream goes into Nestlé's to make the favorite milk chocolate for all who love a milder, mellower flavor.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N.Y.

Richest in Chocolate

Richest in Cream

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Forty-five]

who today is asking that baffling question: "What will become of this young generation?"

Don't miss the first installment of this epic of night-club life, which Dixie Dugan has called with amazing simplicity, Ten Thousand Sweet Legs.

Order from your local news dealer!

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL,
Ft. of East 26th Street,
NEW YORK CITY

Private Ward 18,
June 15.

Miss Dixie Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

The first thing I saw when I came to was the roses you sent me. Only seeing you could have made me happier.

JACK MILTON.

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., June 16.

Mr. Jack Milton,
Private Ward 18,
Bellevue Hospital,
Ft. East 26th St., New York City.

DEAR MR. MILTON:

I thought you were dying or I wouldn't have sent them. Throw them out if they annoy you.

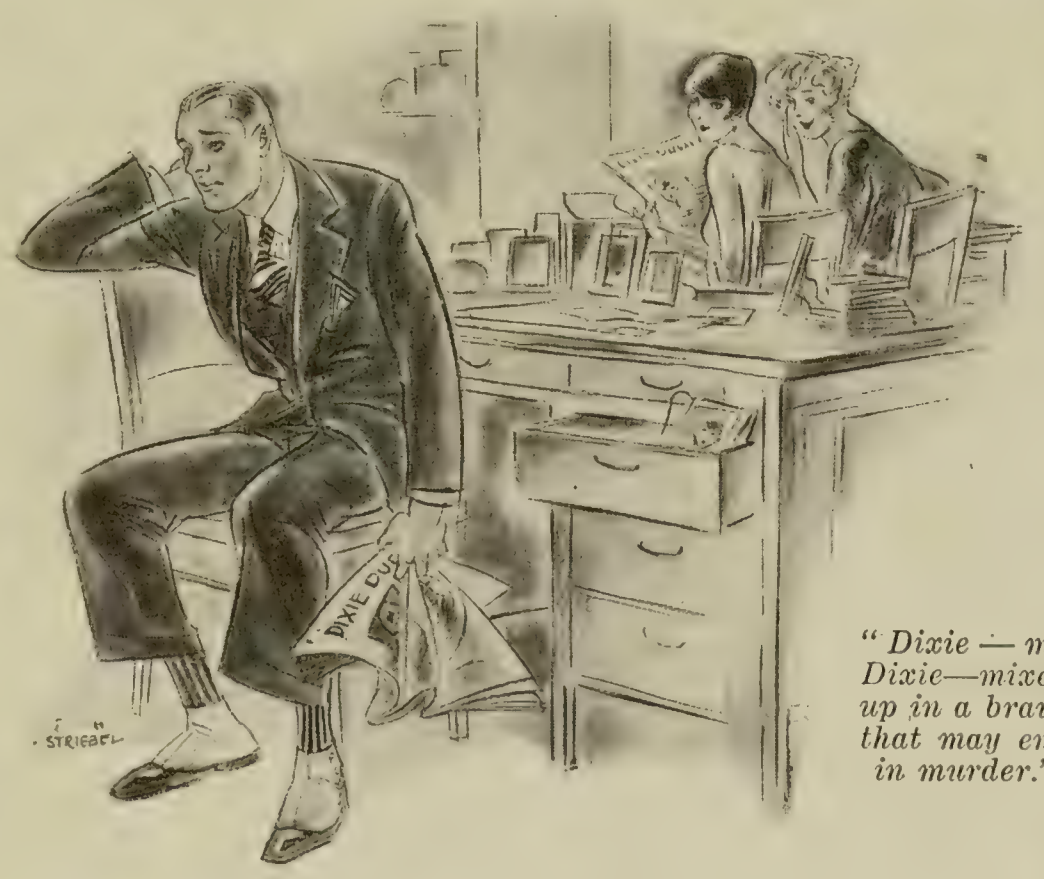
DIXIE DUGAN.

Chicago, Ill., June 18.

DEAR DIXIE:

I hesitated a long while before writing this letter because I don't know hardly what to say.

I can hardly believe that you are the girl I'm reading about in the papers. Dixie Dugan—my Dixie



"Dixie — my Dixie—mixed up in a brawl that may end in murder."

—going out to wild parties with millionaire brokers, being pursued by crazy Argentine tango dancers, mixed up in a brawl that may end up in a murder! And now with your pictures in all the papers, and news items saying you are going into vaudeville and into the movies, and today I see in one of the New York papers an announcement of your Life Story written by yourself. Well, you certainly surprise me.

Here I've been going along from town to town, selling Greeting Cards for All Occasions, trying to make an honest living, working hard toward the day when I can offer you my hand and my heart, and an honest home where I could come home to a nice little wife who would love me devotedly and would appreciate a good home, and maybe a little house with a garden by the side of the road—and, by the way, that's one of our best sellers: 9MO6, The House by the Side of the Road. You probably remember how it goes:

Let me live in a house by the
side of the road, et cetera.

I tell you, I'm stunned and heartsick, but I guess maybe a fellow can never tell about women. They look like butter would melt in their mouths, and first thing you know they're out stabbing and shooting and raising hell in general.

So maybe you had better get it all out of your system now, and no matter what happens, I will always think of you.

All to myself I think of you—
Think of the things we used
to do,
Think of the things we used
to say,
Think of each happy yesterday.
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I
smile,
But I keep each olden, golden
while
All to myself.
Your heartbroken
DENNY.

P. S.

All to Myself is by Wilbur Nesbit and is one of our best sellers. I'm going to send you one—it's one of the samples from Ye Studie Hearte of Golde line, boxed, with or without easels. It's made on glass and a little bit cracked, but you'd hardly notice it. Whenever you read it, think of me thinking of you—all to myself.

D.

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., June 14.

DEAR SUNSHINE:

Well, by this time the G. F. is pretty dizzy. I haven't felt like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to get a BETTER POSITION

THE BIG jobs today go to the men with specialized training. There is a demand for capable Accountants that exceeds the supply. And because Accountancy is one of the highest paid professions in the world, it offers a quick and sure road to a better position.

Our interesting 80-page booklet, "How to Learn Accounting," explains in a clear, helpful way how you can become an Accountant without interfering with your present work. It will be sent *free* and will tell how you, like thousands of others who have followed the I. A. S. plan, can get a better position.

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A Division of the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

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Send me, *free*, "How to Learn Accounting," and tell me how I can increase *my* income.

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City.....State.....
159

Oh Boy! what Fun

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LAUGHS GALORE — SAY ANYTHING
Transmit your own voice through your loud speaker from any room in the house.
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We show you how. Anybody can do it—

SEND 50¢ FOR INSTRUCTION PAMPHLET AND DIAGRAM

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For Feminine Hygiene;—

for feminine daintiness; for skin irritations, after shaving, for cuts, burns, bruises, oral hygiene, and as a deodorant—there is nothing like

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC

You Well? I'm Well!

It cleans, soothes and heals the tissues. Is not poisonous—not caustic—easy to use and economical. Sterizol is a highly concentrated powder that dissolves in water instantly, making solutions in quantity and strength desired.

Prescribed by many physicians. At your druggist's, or order direct, enclosing $1.00. Free booklet upon request.

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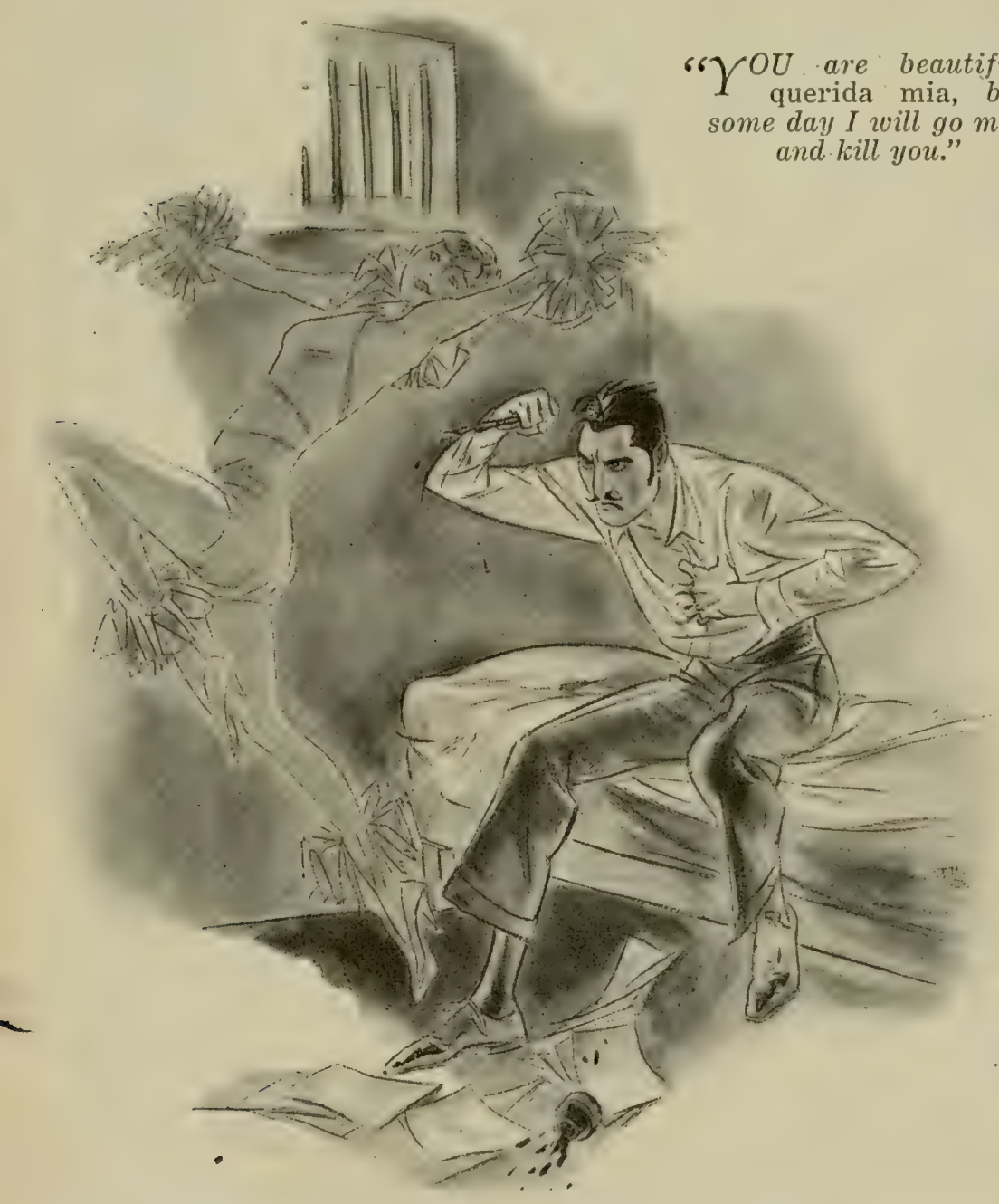
BEST WAY TO KILL
Rats and Mice

Always Use
Stearns' Electric Paste
Sure Death to cockroaches, waterbugs, etc.
Used by housekeepers for 50 years!
Directions in 15 languages.
All Dealers 2 oz. 35c—15 oz. $1.50
Money Back if it fails

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

this since I fell out of my crib and lit on my head. You should see the newspapers—great, big black and red scare lines, composite photographs in the tabs showing me before and after taking—they have me all taken, too.

They won't believe that this



"YOU are beautiful, querida mia, but some day I will go mad and kill you."

little girl's motto is the same as Commodore Perry's—"Don't give up!"

Denny writes me sad notes from Chicago all full of the firm's best sellers. Why don't you ring him up at the Tower Building? He'd probably get a big kick out of taking out a chorine from The Scandals, and you can tell him I still think he's a sweet boy, but he's too full of sediments.

Alvarez is in jail offering me the moon and stars and a lot of hot Costaraguan pash, and then postscripts inviting me with real Southern hospitality to have a knife and cut myself a piece of throat.

And Milton in the hospital making sound financial passes. But the story of my life which I am writing for the *Evening Tab*, and which I have to read every day to find out what I have written, that's the prize gag. Oh, boy, what a lot of hooey!

Ten Thousand Sweet Legs is the name of it. And I get one thousand sweet smackers for letting them write anything and sign my name to it, and running as many moral photographs of me as the censors allow.

And offers from vaudeville, and advertisers wanting my name on their packages and my face—no less—on their bottles. And I love it all to death.

But, just when I am beginning to get real happy about it, I remember that Alvarez is going to be tried for murder and I'll be mixed up in it—sitting up there on the stand with my legs crossed, working the revealed knee on the jury.

Well, I have a lot of faith in human nature. You've got to admit there's something in this sex appeal that they're all talking about. Look how it's hung on all through the years, and then look at what's happened to those other crazes like Mah Jong and Cross Word puzzles.

What do you think, darling—I was offered a part in the biggest revue in New York and *I turned it down*, partly because I'll probably be making felt slippers in some woman's prison, but principally because Walter Catlett told me I'd be swamped in it. "You'd be plumb nerts," says he, "to think of it." "Well, it's a big show," says I. "Yes," says he, "like the south half of an elephant—big but not interesting."

Hoping you are the same,

DIXIE.

JUNE 16

24 NXR 17 MAJESTIC RAC NY
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AV BKLYN NY
ARRIVING MAJESTIC—MEET ME PIER SATURDAY MORNING THE BIG SISTER WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

NITA

Dixie Dugan disappears. The newspapers cry out the mystery in great headlines. And a fresh sensation is added to the already complicated case of the Broadway show girl in the next installment. Don't miss it.

Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33½ miles a gallon with a touring car.

Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."

Virgil Barnes, N. Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words cannot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 47 miles per gallon of gas."

H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon where before I got only 12 to 14 miles a gallon."

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over two million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage 25% to 50% . . . cleans out carbon without touching the engine . . . adds more speed and power . . . and saves an astonishing amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes.

This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20% to 30% of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the left what other car owners say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it.

Don't send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below. J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., B-460 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

MEN WANTED

Herrick made $157 in a day, letting Stransky vaporizers sell themselves. Territories open everywhere. Full or spare time. Check coupon below.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
B-460 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.
Yes, send me full description of this new way to save gasoline. This request does not obligate me in any way.

My name is.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[ ] Check here if you want agent's proposition.

no modern face will tolerate skin-fatigue

A coarsened skin texture—crowsfeet, lines, hollows and drooping contour of "Skin-Fatigue" are inevitable when the skin becomes over-tired.

The true secret of beauty is stimulation—do you know that for about three dollars you may purchase the world-famous Helena Rubinstein Valaze preparations which smooth, soften and rejuvenate the skin!

Begin now—awaken your skin to youthful beauty with these first simple steps or if neglect has already left its traces select the special correctives your skin requires.

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

Cleanse—Mold

Valaze Pasteurized Cream—Thoroughly cleanses, soothes, and molds away that "tired look." Perfect for all normal skins, and the only cleansing cream which actively benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished conditions. An excellent winter protection, makes powder lastingly adherent. 1.00

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternate it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. 75c, 1.25

Clear—Animate

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, corrects sluggishness, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture. 1.00

Tone—Brace

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—A mild tonic-astringent which closes the pores—refreshes the skin and imparts a delicate flattering mat finish. 1.25

SPECIAL CORRECTIVES

Wrinkles—Crowsfeet

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream—(Anthosoros)—rich, nourishing cream which smooths out wrinkles and crowsfeet, corrects dry, shriveled skin and scrawny neck. 1.75

Valaze Pore Paste Special—instead of soap—washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. 1.00

Artistry in Cosmetics

Helena Rubinstein's latest Parisian Combinations of perfect rouges, lipsticks, eyeshadows and powders. 1.00 to 5.50

Valaze Water Lily Lipsticks — Two stunning new shades. Red Cardinal: light. Red Ruby: medium. 1.25

Valaze Water Lily Double Vanities—In square jewel-like enameled cases. Jade, Black & Chinese Red. 2.50

Valaze Water Lily Powder—Matchless among powders. 1.50

AT THE BETTER STORES—OR ORDER DIRECT FROM DEPT. Y-B

Helena Rubinstein

Maison de Beauté Valaze

46 West 57th Street, New York

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN Y-B
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me, without charge, full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Oily Skin ( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin ( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles ( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet ( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

REMAKE Your FACE

By Making Faces

By EILEEN BOURNE

IF you have ever hesitated to reduce because you were afraid of a wrinkled face, if you are interested in preventing the necessity of face lifting, lend me your ear. I've just discovered in Paris a successful method of keeping the contours of the face firm and youthful.

By means of it one woman who lost seventeen pounds was able to eliminate all that sagging and flabbiness which usually follow in the wake of rapidly disappearing flesh.

One of the interesting things about this treatment is that it represents the growing alliance between medical science and beauty culture. For its originator is Madame the Doctor N. G. Payot, a graduate of the best medical school in Switzerland and a practicing physician both in Paris and at Vichy.

Her researches have been dermatological. Her interest is teaching the practice of youth, health, and hygiene to women. For she knows that attractive appearance is essential to the success of every woman.

"Next to the cure of physical impairments and the general care of the body I consider care of the face to be of the utmost importance," declared Dr. Payot earnestly. "My work with facial blemishes and disorders is, of course, entirely individual. But through that I have learned that certain practices are of use to the average woman, and these I am ready to give out. Most women go to bed with dead faces and that is what I wish to overcome."

Nothing could be more simple, sensible, and less taxing than her program. First, one must cleanse the face with a cream individually prescribed, which is rubbed into the pores and comes off, bringing with it dirt and dead particles of skin.

This is followed by an application of astringent. Nourishing cream is then lightly applied and this is kept on during the massage and exercise.

First you must go all over the face with a little pinching, shaking motion and then tap it with the fingertips. Rotary massage follows in front of the ears and around the eyes, nose, and forehead. Upward and outward motions involve the chin and those folds on either side of the mouth. The throat should be stroked downward only.

Immediately, then, you are to take up the three exercises on which Dr. Payot counts for rejuvenation. First purse your lips firmly together and just as far out as possible as you pronounce the *oo* as in book. This exercises the muscles of cheeks and lips. Then, as you pronounce the letter X, pull down the corners of the mouth and pull the jaw back just as far as it will go.

The jaw ought to swing backward and forward like a piston in these alternating exercises, and in the latter the cords in the neck ought to stand out like strings.

The third exercise is designed to invigorate the tiny little muscles about the eyes. What you do is to squeeze the eyes and brows together as tightly as possible and then completely relax. This is one of the most static regions of the face. It is due to this lack of activity that wrinkles, puffiness, and discoloration are apt to gather about the eyes.

With these three simple exercises, one of Dr. Payot's patients was able to reduce seventeen pounds and at the same time gradually reduce the flesh on cheeks and chin so as to prevent any acquisition of wrinkles. Dr. Payot herself achieved the same result. Her lovely olive skin is as smooth and fresh as a girl's.

ONE thing about Dr. Payot's system of reducing is interesting. For she counts on slow mastication as much as she does on diet change.

"Eat very, very slowly and you won't want so much," says she.

She never permits any liquid during meals. Otherwise she holds to the green-vegetable-and-fruit diet with meat once a day. Her breakfast, however, is extraordinary. For she takes thick sour milk instead of coffee. But then, she lives in France, where you'd take almost anything instead of their morning coffee.

All her exercises are absolutely the same as have frequently been given to LIBERTY readers. But she lays great emphasis on rolling as equally valuable to reduce the hips and stimulate intestinal action.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State..... 78

Why VELVET PENCILS are used by millions

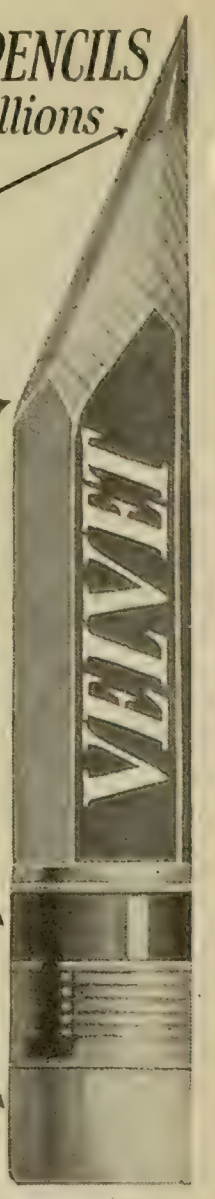
The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness; is very black yet is readily erased.

The Costly Wood is specially selected cedar, treated to give best satisfaction in sharpening.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS 5¢

The Blue Band and Walnut Finish make it easily recognized.

The Rubber is of the famous VENUS quality.



60¢ PER DOZ. *at all dealers or write direct*

American Lead Pencil Company
216 Fifth Ave., New York
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

Dancing sunbeams in YOUR HAIR

Keep them there—or bring them back—this simple way!

Youthfulness—that charm that brings popularity, romance, happiness—now you can keep it *always*, in your hair! Just *one* Golden Glint shampoo will show you the way! Rich generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! *Now* your hair is worthy of the face it frames! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J.W. Kobi Co., Dept. B, 613 Rainier Av., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

Golden Glint *the* SHAMPOO *plus*

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Skin Troubles

Abrasions, bruises, cuts, cold sores, frostbite, windburn, blemishes, and most skin irritations promptly relieved by healing, soothing ZEMO. All druggists—35c, 60c and $1.00.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

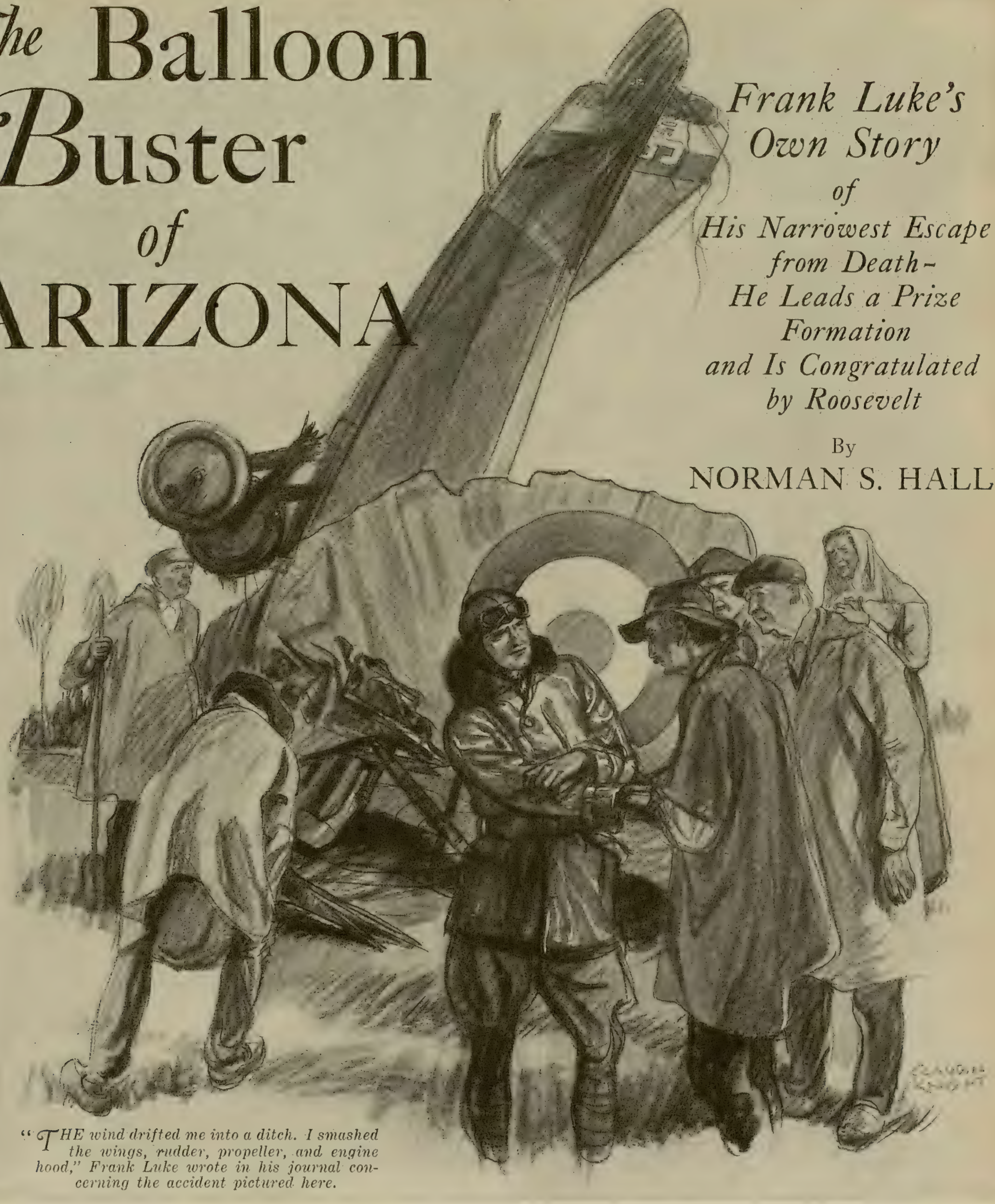
WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

Frank Luke's Own Story of His Narrowest Escape from Death— He Leads a Prize Formation and Is Congratulated by Roosevelt

By NORMAN S. HALL



"THE wind drifted me into a ditch. I smashed the wings, rudder, propeller, and engine hood," Frank Luke wrote in his journal concerning the accident pictured here.

Picture by Clayton Knight

(Reading time: 15 minutes 50 seconds.)

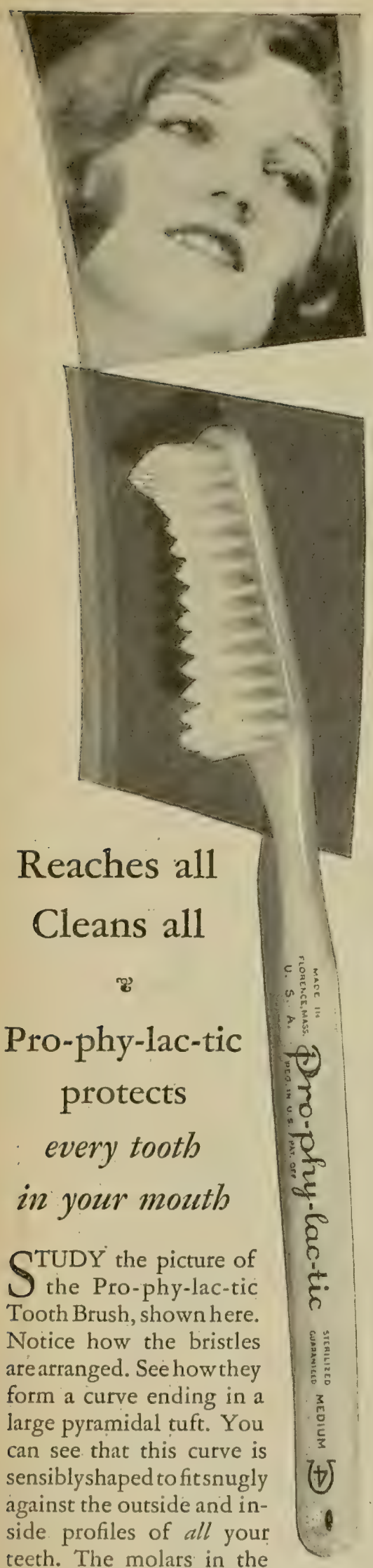
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Frank Luke, Jr., enlisted September 25, 1917. At the School of Military Aeronautics, Austin, Texas, he early showed a remarkable aptitude for machine guns and flying. In December, at San Diego, he made his first solo flight—a daring, stunting, spectacular exhibition that was a fine demonstration of his unusual skill, but which angered his instructors, who had counseled straight flying. Luke was commissioned a second lieutenant on January 23, 1918. Ordered to the East and France, he stopped off en route for a brief visit to Phœnix. It was his last.]

PART FIVE

IN March, 1918, the Allied colors drooped perilously near the dust. Driven by the lacerating bayonets of Von Below's and Von Böhm's picked shock troops, sundered and disorganized by the massed artillery of Von der Marwitz's and Von Hutier's commands, Gough's Fifth British Army was forced into a blind, stumbling, thirty-mile rout.

Along their own sectors the French were retiring, but it was a slower, more stubbornly contested retreat. The mud that caked their boots was French mud. Each shattered town

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Reaches all
Cleans all

Pro-phy-lac-tic
protects
every tooth
in your mouth

STUDY the picture of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, shown here. Notice how the bristles are arranged. See how they form a curve ending in a large pyramidal tuft. You can see that this curve is sensibly shaped to fit snugly against the outside and inside profiles of *all* your teeth. The molars in the rear, so hard to get at with an ordinary tooth brush, are easily reached by this convenient end tuft.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures — hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60c.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

they grudgingly yielded to the gray horde was a French town. The Hun might push them back until they drowned in the English Channel, he might dictate his vaunted Paris peace, but, by the living God, the price of it would be all that even a victor could pay!

Fresh American troops brigaded with the French and British played a bigger part in stemming that last great German offensive than they ever have been, or ever will be, credited with.

We still were looked upon skeptically, and if, during the days the beaten armies shuffled slowly back toward Paris, anyone had said that a twenty-year-old second lieutenant, then en route to France, would be of more value than an army corps in the Allied victories to come, that person would have been regarded as insane.

Probably the only man in the world who would have believed such a seemingly absurd statement was Frank Luke, the recently commissioned pilot who was to astound the fighting world.

I have said that Luke had promised himself greatness. He had. The urge to stand above the ruck of common men made him a remarkable athlete, helped him whip bigger and stronger men. It never left him, and his entire psychology finds terse summation in that line in a letter to his sister:

"I will make myself known or go where most of them do."

LEADERSHIP, recognition, a place among his fellows, and a high place visible to all—these were the gifts Frank Luke craved. It is peculiarly fitting that they came to him through the medium of war.

Luke the clerk, the student in a profession, the young business executive, could not have held our attention. But Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., the sky rider, the dragoon who charged from out the clouds at dusk, the Balloon Buster of Arizona — as such he is a figure for the ages. There is carven marble, the unfading ink of history, legend, and song, for such as he.

How much of this concerned Luke when he sailed from New York harbor March 4, 1918, never will be known. None of it, probably. It is doubtful if he even knew that the Allies, whose cause he was to help so vastly, were woefully near the heartbreaking end of things.

He did know that he was headed for France to fly a plane and kill Germans. Why? Well, duty, for one thing. What is duty? You tell me and I'll rebuild you a better world. The Allies hated the Germans—he had been told that—but what had hate to do with him?

In spirit Frank Luke was a boy, a courageous stripling, and hate, like jealousy, is for old men and weaklings.

Nothing in his letters, his conversations with brother officers, or in his personal bearing leaves us the right to believe that he regarded himself as a Savior of Democracy, a Crusader for Christ and Humanity.

Like countless others who paid their way with smashed bodies and blood, he was willing to let the Four-Minute speakers and the high-pressure Liberty Bond salesmen consider themselves thus sacredly.

With him, participation in the war was a duty, and he wrote of it as such during the sea interlude before he traveled the glory and the gory road that led to a grave behind a shell-wrecked house of God in Murvaux.

In a letter to his father, written on March 3, 1918, the day before he sailed, he said:

DEAR DAD:

I am now aboard the old German Vaterland, one of the largest and most up-to-date ships afloat. It sure is some boat, just like a large hotel, and as comfortable as one.

The name has been changed to the Leviathan.

I am feeling great but I suppose I will be seasick for, you know, I never have been on the water before. This is the worst time of the year to cross, for it is very rough. Of course these large boats are not so rough as the smaller ones.

All of the boys are feeling fine and I know we are going to have a good trip.

Now, if anything happens to me, I don't want you to feel bad, for you know I have done my duty and enjoy doing it.

Even if it comes to the worst, my insurance is paid up to date, $10,000 with the government and $1,000 with the Equitable Life. I know that nothing is going to happen but I am telling you just the same.

I spent that hundred dollars you sent me in equipping myself.

I did not write and tell mother of my going until the last thing, for I will be across before she will have time to worry.

Everything is fine and I am in the best of health. I have plenty of extra money that may be needed on the other side. I will not be able to write you for fifteen or twenty days.

Give my best regards to all.

Your son,
FRANK.

THIS map shows where the German offensive of March, 1918, drove back the British Fifth Army. That month Frank Luke arrived in France.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Now, My Dog Is Never Sick

"My neighbors' dogs are often ailing. My dog is never sick. I believe Sergeant's Condition Pills have helped him resist disease."

This is the time of year when you should be careful of your dog's health. If you know what to do for him, you can guard him from serious illness. Give Sergeant's Condition Pills.

Symptoms:
Listlessness; laziness; sluggishness; loss of appetite; dull, dry coat; irritability; nervousness.

Do You Know?

Do you know how to keep a dog well? Do you know what to do when he is sick? Do you know the symptoms of the diseases that kill thousands of valuable animals yearly? These are things every dog owner ought to know. It costs nothing for you to find out. There are effective remedies for all dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS *for* Dog Owners
Don't fail to worm puppies when they are four weeks old. Use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on the feeding, breeding and rearing of dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up to date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1470 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

Read this letter again, for therein you will find much to prove that Frank Luke, the grinning young hellion, the easy-going buckaroo, was fine, splendid, kindly, considerate. I have said he was arrogant. Let me say here that he could be compassionate too.

"I did not write and tell mother of my going until the last thing."

We all know men who would have done the opposite because their stature as a hero about to enter martyrdom would have been enhanced. There was too much of the real man in Luke for that. He knew that his mother had other children, other worries. Why add to her burden with a detailed chronicle of his dangerous adventures far afield?

That "all of the boys are feeling fine and I know we are going to have a good trip" is Youth thumbing its nose at the world. Maybe there was a war some place, but who gave a damn?

On the other hand, there is stark, naked realism, a kind of grim bargaining with death, in the reference to his insurance. He tells his father not to worry if he falls under the bludgeon of war, and couples the thought with insurance, money, recompense.

Recompense!

What blind, self-centered ass first conceived the idea that dead lips, once able to talk, to smile, to kiss, could be compensated for with gold? It savors of a king's gesture, and a craven king's; so chalk it down to some scented monarch who bought his battles, his women, and his throne with the lives and loves and honor of other men!

But young Luke's association of a death that might await him behind some far horizon and a sum of money is, in itself, an indication of character. Vaguely he realized that there is a debt owed by son to father, and this insurance was one arrangement he had made to meet the obligation.

FRANK LUKE did not fear death; he did dread its ignominious aftermath. To have girls who had smiled upon him forget his charms, to have men who disliked him cloak their rancor with mock sorrow and mumble commonplace praises—these lacked the color and the dignity of the living great.

He needn't have worried. Long years after men who outlived him to pile minor achievement upon mediocre conquest are dead and forgotten, fathers still will tell their boys the story of Frank Luke with its inevitable closing line:

"There, my son, was a man!"

Luke's family learned first of his arrival in France through a short note to his mother, which follows:

March 19, 1918.

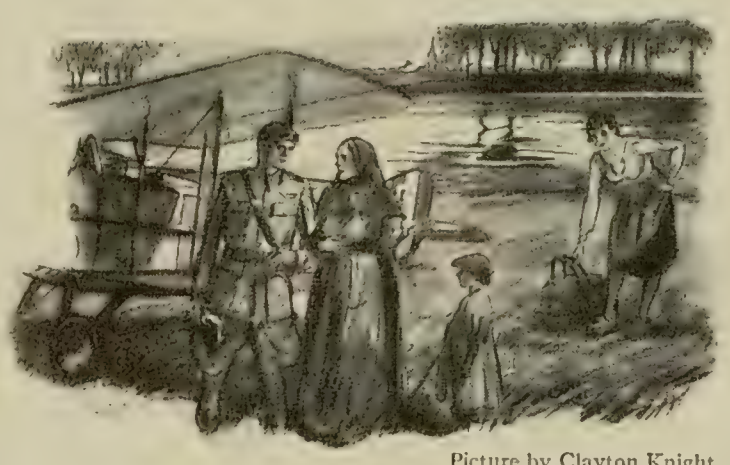
DEAR MOTHER:

I am feeling great and enjoying my trip. I am very sorry that I cannot write and tell you all about it, but you know the censors will not allow it. It sure makes it hard to write when we are so restricted, but this card will let you know that I am fine and having a good time.

I am going down to the Chateau de Blois this afternoon. It is very historical, was built in the Fourteenth Century, and has played a great part in French history. I like France. Everything is so old and the buildings are made of stone and most of them have great stone fences about them. Love to all,

FRANK.

A few days later, March 23, he wrote more of his impressions in a letter to his father:



Picture by Clayton Knight

"A Frenchwoman asked me if I was married. I told her 'no,' and she said, 'Neither is my girl,' pointing to a sixteen-year-old girl." An incident from Luke's journal.

DEAR DAD:

I arrived in Paris o. k. after a wonderful trip. I have seen quite a bit of the country, but it is strange because everything seems so old and out-of-date. The old churches and chateaus are beautiful. All of these old buildings are surrounded by great stone fences. I have seen many historical places connected with Joan of Arc, Napoleon, etc., but, unfortunately, I cannot tell you of them because this would be revealing my station, which is prohibited.

The war certainly has brought great hardships to many, although the food condition is not bad in this country. With our help they are sure of victory. The American soldiers are treated well by the French, whose worst habit is overcharging.

I took four Phœnix boys to dinner the other night. I think they enjoyed it very much. I know I did. While I have been having officers' mess they have been eating enlisted men's food. The boys were S. Halderman and Fukway, old Phœnix High football players in '14; Norman Dunbar, who came to Phœnix last year, and Slim Fadlock from the Phœnix Fire Department, who is a sergeant. They are the first Phœnix boys I have seen since leaving San Diego. They were up at Camp Funston with Ed and played football with him there.

I am in the best of health and really anxious to finish my training so I can match my skill with some of those Hun fliers. I am not at a concentration camp, but will soon be leaving for one. I am certainly anxious to get there as I have not had a machine in my hands for over a month.

Will close with love to all,

FRANK.

On April 3 Frank wrote to Bill Elder, but the opening line of his letter suggests a previous missive since landing in France. Elder recalls vaguely a short letter from Luke mailed in England, but cannot find it.

If this is so, Bill Elder, Frank's companion in so many escapades and expeditions, was the first for whom he recorded his arrival in the battle land.

In his April 3 letter Luke wrote:

DEAR BILL:

Wrote you some time ago but have not heard from you yet. I suppose it is the long time it takes mail to travel. I have had some trip. On our way over we were supposed to have run into three subs.

The destroyers that were with us crossed the path of one of them and dropped two depth bombs.

We heard them go off, but I haven't run into anyone who really saw the subs. They claim one of them was destroyed, for they saw oil and stuff rise to the surface.

I didn't like England so well for everything seemed so dirty. Kids would run out all over asking for money. It is bad in France, but not so bad as England.

The English farming country is beautiful. Being spring, everything was covered with a pretty coat of moss and there were beautiful hedges everywhere.

France is a very pretty country, everything seems so old. Great churches and chateaus all surrounded by great stone fences. I have seen many places made famous by Joan of Arc, Napoleon, etc.

I have not started to fly yet as the weather has been holding us up, but I will in a few days. We have classes every day and they are really interesting. I suppose because it is such vital stuff.

Everything must be learned thoroughly now for it will come in handy when I meet some of my Hun enemies.

The morals of France are just about like you have heard of them. About every other place is a wine shop.

Well, boy, sure would like to hear from you. My address is

Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr.,
Air Service, United States
Reserves, A. E. F., France.

AGAIN in this letter Luke dwells upon the evidences of age about him. Old churches, old châteaux, and particularly those old stone walls. Sturdy walls, grayed and moss-bearded by the centuries, must indeed have seemed strange to this lad accustomed to vast reaches of desert and grazing land fenced only by the horizon.

Not that he never had observed monuments to time. As a boy in his own Arizona he had ridden to and beyond the ruins at Casa Grande—old, ages old, when Vásquez de Coronado and his gayly caparisoned caballeros discovered

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE"

Old Briar
TOBACCO

NOW!—Enjoy the Genuine Pleasure of Pipe Smoking

A few strokes of your pen at the bottom of this column will bring you more solid smoking comfort, satisfaction and cheer than you've ever gotten out of your pipe before. All of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking—that's what Old Briar Tobacco brings. Thousands of men have said it. Your own enjoyment will confirm it.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the fragrance of its slow-burning, flavory leaf. Enjoy its solid comfort and natural tobacco taste. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar is.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

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Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

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United States Tobacco Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Special Offer

To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you, on receipt of this coupon, a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. ***Send 10c—coin or stamps*** —for postage and mailing expense.

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Ljb. 2-11-28

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

them in their search for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola.

But the dwellers at Casa Grande were dead—dust to be wind-blown about the rampartlike walls that still stand to mark their passing. This French age was different: it was France itself, a France matured by years that came gracefully, touching lightly the landscape and the homes as sometimes it touches mellowing *grandes dames* and old gentlemen. Here the dwellers still lived as though age did not kill them.

And through this setting, which so impressed him, moved the mighty, breath-taking pageant of France and England and his homeland at war!

Luke's first permanent station in these colorful surroundings was the Third Aviation Instruction center at Issoudun. From there he wrote his next letter to Elder:

April 20, 1918.

DEAR PAL:

Received, two days ago, your letter of March 5 and was very glad to hear from you. Pidge and Perry, from what I hear, failed to get in. It seems that at the time they reached Los Angeles the War Department sent orders not to enlist any more for the aviation branch. I would have liked to have seen Pinney get in. He sure would have had to study, no bluff.

I just passed a double-seater motorcycle. One of the fellows was carrying a pilot who had run into a tree and smashed his head. Gee, it was a tough sight! His eyes were bulged out and his head was one mass of blood. He died a short while after reaching the hospital.

The trouble was a bad fog came up just after he left the ground. He tried to land before it reached him but was too late, lost his way, and hit the tree.

Oh, boy, it's great to be up flying, practicing stunts, and looking down on the earth spread out beneath you. But there are always the new graves, in some of them fellows you knew; there because of a faulty machine or bad judgment. Well, boy, it may be me next but don't tell anyone what I have told you. I would hate to have my mother hear of it, because I tell her it is the safest branch of the service.

My address is on the envelope.

Your pal,
FRANK.

This Spad was one of the fighting machines piloted by the Balloon Buster during his brief, spectacular career in France.

What a picture of Frank Luke! A brother pilot dying before his eyes, the new graves of others, the thought of faulty machines and bad judgment—either one of which might, one day, kill him, concern lest his mother worry, and above it all that note of sheer gutty defiance:

"Oh, boy, it's great to be up flying!"

A week after he wrote this letter to Elder, Frank, like almost every other member of the American Expeditionary Forces, started a diary. He began it with a commonplace reference to his transfer to Field Five and for a time kept a detailed record of his activities at Issoudun.

The first interesting entry is dated April 29. It follows:

> Foggy. Attended inspection of machine classes in the morning. Fog cleared. Had about one and a half hours' flying and practiced twelve landings. Landings mostly good. Had one narrow escape. After cutting off power I wanted to catch it again and cut power high, intending to have motor pull me in. Tried but motor would not catch. Saw trees ahead. A long row of them. Could not go around, so kept up my natural glide and zoomed between two of them. The good Lord caused that gap. For that entire line of trees was unbroken at all other points. I had to put my plane at about eighty degrees to get between them.

THE excerpts from Luke's diary have been copied from the original with painstaking care. Those terse, curt sentences are so characteristic of him in action; quick, energy-saving, every swing a blow landed. This is even more startlingly apparent in his combat reports.

In his diary he set down a clipped, vivid account of his narrowest escape from death as a student pilot. It appears under date of May 1:

> Went up to make spirals. Came down feeling I had spiraled at ninety degrees. Instructor said it was pretty good and that I had done about sixty degrees. Went up again and think I brought her nearer ninety degrees. My last spiral climbed 3,000 feet. Thought I would make a sideslip, so threw her into it. After a 500-foot drop I started pulling her out. The tail made a swing, nearly throwing me from the machine. My belt came unfastened. I caught the upper wing with my left hand and saved myself. The next minute I was in the bottom of the machine jammed up against the controls.
>
> By the time I recovered my position in the seat I had dropped about 1,000 feet and was going at terrific speed. I tried to sideslip, nose dive, everything to get out, but it was of no use. It seemed useless and I felt that in the next minute I would crash. As luck would have it I came out about 100 feet from the ground, nearly stalled, but dove and made a nice landing. That was so close that it made it very uncomfortable.
>
> In a very short time machines were flying overhead looking for me. They thought I had crashed. Three motorcycles were at hand and I was told that two ambulances were on the way, but I did not see either of them. The first mechanic who arrived on a motorcycle said they had seen me come down from Field Four and that I was coming at such a terrific rate of speed that he became sick. He said that if I had hit at the rate I was traveling they wouldn't have been able to find the tail because it would have been buried. I went up and made another spiral and went home to my field.

When most men have come through an experience such as the one Luke describes, they remain fear-shaken, dazed for hours. How did it affect him?

"I went up and made another spiral."

It is easy to believe that this was the man who, in the words of his Group Commander, Major Harold E. Hartney, "was the nerviest, most courageous pilot who ever took a combat plane off the ground!"

The day after the episode of the broken belt, Luke took his plane to 12,000 feet, the highest he had flown yet. The days that followed brought a series of minor crashes and forced landings, the first on May 3. He wrote:

> I started at 7:30 for Dommartin but had a forced landing over the woods. I made for the field but the wind drifted me into a ditch and I turned over. I hurt my shoulder and leg slightly. I smashed the wings, rudder, propeller, and engine hood. French people rushed over to the machine and pulled me out from under the wreck and investigated my arm to see if it was broken. They brought me a bottle of wine. Major Bunnell came by in a new Packard and ran off the road. He told me that a Hun had come down with a broken wing at Dommartin. I had a nice dinner at a French farm and was treated fine that night. A Ford machine came out for the wreck and took it back to Issoudun. I went in a two-seater motorcycle, with Victor Pichard, who was flying a hundred-and-twenty horse-power from Field Eight and he saw me spin in. He came down to see if I needed help and on landing broke his undercarriage. Found a good hotel and stayed the night. Next day I met some very nice girls.

On May 6 he recorded another forced landing

> Read in the morning. In the afternoon took a trip to Dommartin, Worthy Struthers and myself. On landing my motor was missing. I had it fixed and started out again in the rain. My motor went bad but I landed again. I had a broken pusher rod. The others went back and Worthy got lost. I slept at the Angleterre Hotel. The next morning I met two Paris girls.

In an entry marked, "May ninth to the fifteenth," he wrote:

> Rained. Have had several tail spins and one sideslip of 1,500 feet.

For May 17 his diary records:

> Had a two-hour formation and I was leader. Next formation McCord was leader. I was out of gas. A Frenchwoman asked me if I was married. I told her "no," and she said, "Neither is my girl," pointing to a sixteen-year-old girl. Walked two miles to get gas.

On May 20 he again tasted praise, and from a source that must have pleased him, for it was Quentin Roosevelt who lauded his flying ability. The diary entry reads:

> Formation morning. Did stunts. In the afternoon was leader of a world-beater formation. Roosevelt said, "Best formation pulled off at camp." In the afternoon contour flying. Left bunch. Started to pull up for telephone wires. Motor died. Sharp turn to the left. Small field. High grass. Rough. Just pulled over into a vegetable garden. Landed o. k. Hard time getting out. Field so small and grass so high did not leave ground until just about on ditch, then I nearly turned over on the wing.

Two days later he reports another crash:

> Had a new ship given to me. No. 445. Started up and at about 500 feet pusher rod broke and tore off hood. Landed in small field o. k. On ground rest of day. Ruined motor. Made two holes in top wing. Noise very loud. Large pieces of tin flew in all directions.

ON May 30 Luke, with several other pilots, was ordered to Cazau in southern France for further training. Frank had spent most of the morning playing with several French children who had been befriended by the fliers. One of the aviators urged him to hurry with his packing so they all could take the same train.

Luke turned to the smiling, wistful children who had suspended their play until this so grand American could rejoin them. He grinned a little sheepishly.

"You fellows go ahead," Frank said. "I'll meet you in Cazau. I gotta play with these kids."

Leaving his squadron, Luke bags his first German plane. The Balloon Buster's own story of how he did it is told in next week's LIBERTY.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

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—it's every inch a battery

This is the Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste spaces or materials between the cells; the longest lasting of all Evereadys.

IN DRY cell "B" batteries made up of cylindrical cells more than one-third of the space is wasted. That's inevitable. No matter how closely you pack a group of cylinders, there always will be spaces between them. Usually these spaces are filled in with pitch or other substances, to prevent movement of the cells during shipment and breakage of the wires connecting cell to cell. Think of it—over a third of the space inside the ordinary battery is filled with inert packing material!

In the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 there are no waste spaces between the cells and no useless materials. Instead of cylindrical cells, this extraordinary battery uses *flat* cells. It is built in layers and assembled under pressure into a solid block. Electrical connection between cell and cell is automatic, by pressure of the entire side of each cell against its neighbor.

The most surprising thing about this construction is that it actually makes the active materials more efficient. A given weight of them produces more current, and lasts longer, than the same amount when put in the cylindrical cell form. This was the unexpected result of researches into methods of utilizing the hitherto waste spaces. Scientists now know that the flat shape is the most efficient form for the cells in a "B" battery. No wonder the Layerbilt is the longest lasting and therefore most convenient and economical of all the Evereadys.

Only Eveready makes the Layerbilt. Its exclusive, patented construction is Eveready's greatest contribution to radio enjoyment, giving new economy and convenience to battery users. The Layerbilt, of course, provides Battery Power—silent, reliable, independent, guarantor of the best reception of which your receiver is capable. For modern sets, use the Eveready Layerbilt.

Illustrating cylindrical cell "B" battery construction. Note the waste space between the cells.

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East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
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Through carefully worked out codes the florist who actually delivers your flowers is informed by wire of the purpose of the flowers and even the message to go on the accompanying card. A printed Bond of Satisfaction is given the recipient with the flowers.

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F. T. D. service is international, too. Through affiliation with similar organizations in foreign countries, the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association offers you guaranteed delivery of satisfactory flowers to any part of the civilized world.

Only florists who display the Winged Mercury in their windows can give the recipient of the flowers the F. T. D. printed Bond of Satisfaction. Look for this Symbol of Safety when you wire flowers.

Say it with Flowers BY WIRE WITH SAFETY

Gaze Upon a Gold Digger

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

(Reading time: 3 minutes 50 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

He is not my uncle, anyhow. I mean they make me call him Uncle. But he really is nothing but a friend, and he's no friend of mine. He asks silly questions. He says, "Do you like me not, too?" And when I tell him "No," he says, "I like you either because you don't like me, too."

He calls me a Copper Miner. When I asked him, "What's that?" he said, "That's a gold digger when she's very young." And I said, "What's a gold digger?" And he said, "A gold digger is a lady who removes money and et-cet-era from gentlemen who are much older and wiser than she is—not." And I said, "What's a lady?" And he said, "It's the cream of the spee-cies that's more deadly than the mail." And I said, "Oh, I know the mail. He wears a gray suit and blows a whistle."

So the way he came to call me a Copper Miner was like this:

Auntie gave me a penny. A penny is a little round thing like a button. It is red. It has a man's head with feathers on it on one side. It has some vines and words on the other. And Auntie said, "When you get one of these, put it away. And when you get enough of them you can buy houses and auto-mo-biles and gold and jew-el-ry and ice cream and cake and ban-anas and oranges and dresses and slippers and dolls and dogs and cats and bi-cyc-les—"

And I said, "For goonness sakes, can I get all that with these buttons?" And she said, "They're not buttons, Toni. They are pennies, and, while they are not the staff of life, enough of them together will buy a pretty good imitation of it. So save them."

And she gave me a bank.

A bank is a little round thing like a whistle. But, instead of having a round hole to blow through, it has a little cut in the side of it. And you drop pennies down in it. And when you get enough pennies down in it, it opens by itself, and then you take the pennies out and you buy houses and auto-mo-biles and bi-cyc-les and ban-anas and all the things that Auntie said.

If you don't put pennies in it, it gets sick and it stays sick until you feed it pennies. And I wanted a clean doll. My Uncle Mart (he isn't my uncle, really) says that Fifi needs a bath. He made faces at her. He turned up his nose at her. He sniffed. But if I give her a bath, she'll fall apart and she is beau-ti-ful anyway.

But I want to get her a little sister that's clean, so I can hide Fifi and show off the sister. I won't love her. She will be just for company.

So I started to save my pennies. And if I didn't have any to save, I asked for some. I asked everybody. I asked the doorman and the jani-tor and the police-man and Daddy and Mommy and Kaki and visitors when they visi-ted. And everybody gave me pennies.

I'd put them in the bank's mouth and the bank would swallow them and never say a word. But Auntie didn't give me any because she was feeding a bank herself.

And after a while, when my bank had eaten so many pennies it was going to bust, Daddy said: "Here. Here. This thing can't go on. The child is getting to be a reg-lar mend-i-cant." And I said, "What's a mend-i-cant, Daddy?" And he said, "My child, a mendicant is a beggar." And I said, "Oh, that's Santy Claus. I saw him asking for pennies when Mom and me went Christmas shopping."

But it wasn't like that at all. Seems that anybody who asks for money for himself is a mend-i-cant. But anybody that asks for money for somebody else is very nice, like Santy Claus. So I told the jani-tor and the po-lice-man and the visi-tors when they visi-ted that I wanted some pennies for Auntie. So they asked me what Auntie wanted pennies for. And I said for auto-mobiles and houses and jew-el-ry and ice cream—

And there was Mr. and Mrs. Langdorf to the house one night, and I told them all this, and Mr. Langdorf gave me three pennies. And Mrs. Langdorf said, "What an awful thing to make a child do!" And Mr. Langdorf said, "Don't be silly, Pearl. The child is just an awful liar. Maybe she'll turn into a writer or something when she grows up."

So the Uncle came to visit (he is not really my Uncle but is nothing but a friend). And he said to me, "Do you like me not, too?" And we both said "No" together. And all at once I thought of the pennies and my poor bank. And it hadn't had anything to eat for two days.

So I said, "I do like you very dearly," because that's what Daddy always says to me. And Uncle Mart said, "What, My Gosh, ItCan'tBePossible!" And I said, "Yes, Uncle Mart, I love you very dearly."

So he looked at me a long time and then he said, "How much?"

And I said, "How much what? You talk so funny, Uncle Mart!"

And he said, "What do you want, honey?"

Photos by N. Lazarnick

I'M saving all the pennies I can get to buy myself a clean doll.

My Daddy says, "The child is getting to be a reg-lar mend-i-cant."

And I said, "Oh, I don't want anything but some pennies. And I don't want them for myself. I want them for my Auntie. She wants to buy auto-mo-biles and jew-el-ry and dresses and oranges and houses and everything."

And he said, "Well, I thought I'd met every kind of shakedown pract-iced by the female bandit. But this one takes the iron boxing glove." And I said, "What's a shakedown, Uncle Mart? It sounds so nice." And he said, "It would—to you.

"I can't tell you what a female bandit is," he went on, "without using words too hard for your young ears, but if you will look in that looking glass you will gaze upon a per-fect spec-i-men of one in her child-hood."

So I looked and there wasn't anybody in the looking glass but me.

AND then Auntie came in and I said, "Uncle Mart says there is a bandit in the looking glass, but there is only me."

And Auntie asked Uncle Mart what it all meant. And he said, "Why are you putting the child up to begging? She's pan-hand-ling everybody who comes in here."

And Auntie asked me. And I told her she had said it was all right if you asked for pennies if you asked them for somebody else—like Santy Claus. And Auntie got awful red in the face, and she grabbed me in one hand and the hairbrush in the other and put us together a lot of times.

And now Uncle Mart calls me the Copper Miner every time he sees me. He says I will turn into a gor-gee-yus gold digger when I get large enough to handle a shovel.

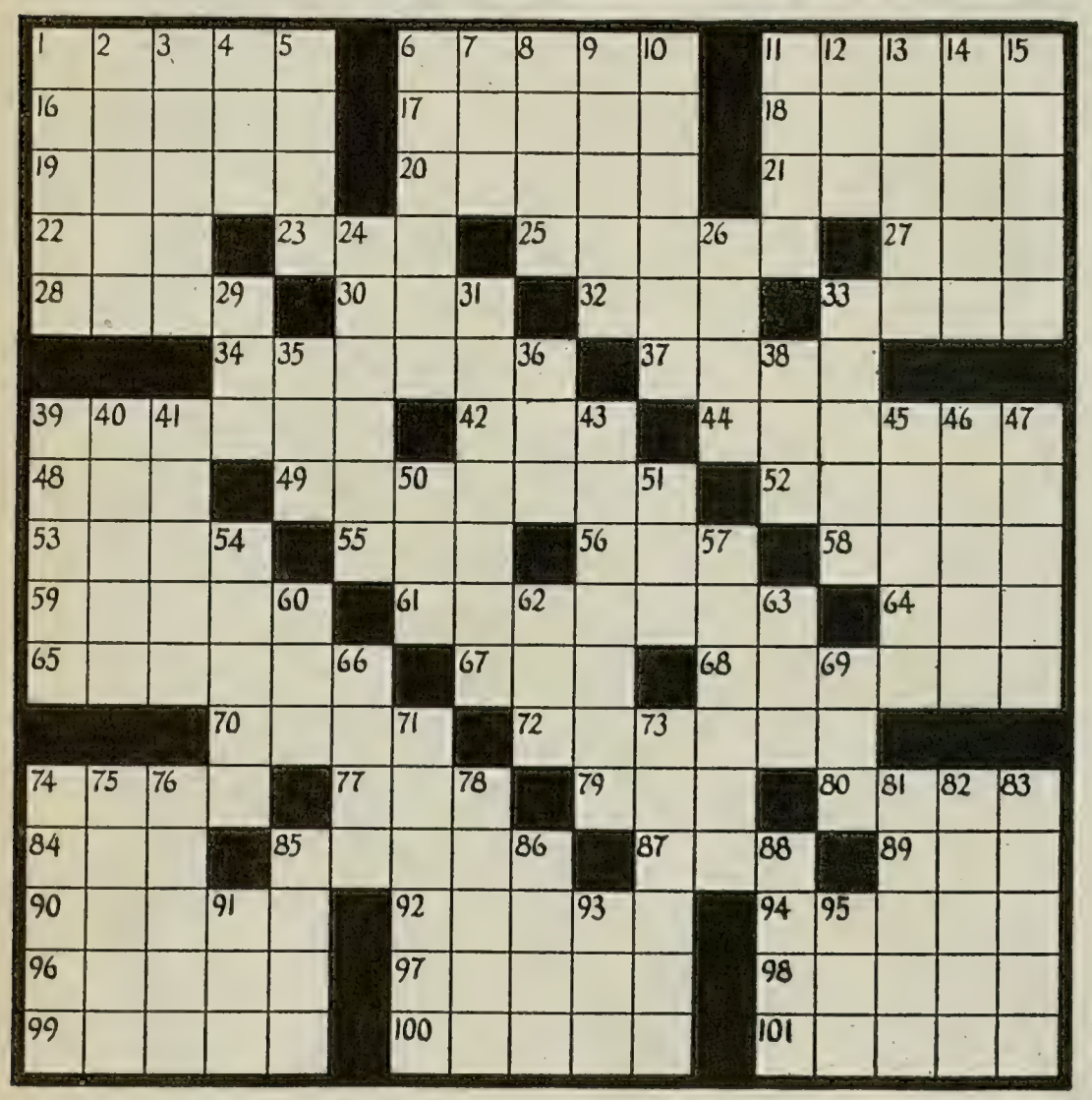
I don't understand Uncle Mart at all.

Next week I'm going to tell you about an awful party I was at. Would you believe it? There wasn't any ice cream!

Broken Diagonal PUZZLE

HERE we have—to use a real cross-word-puzzle term—an olio of mythology, geography, botany, zo-ology, and what not.

Unkeyed letters are not present in this very sound construction and a solution within a reasonable time should not draw too heavily on your store of patience.

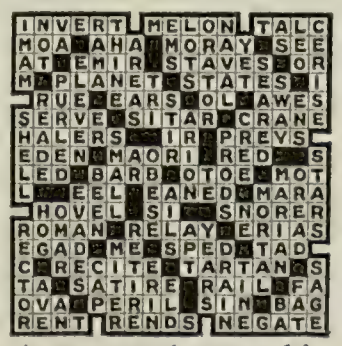


HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to the Pope
6 Degrade
11 Garden implement
16 Residence
17 Cardinal number
18 Peeled
19 Irritates
20 Cubic meter
21 Living
22 Feminine proper name
23 Definite article
25 Forgive
27 Descendant
28 Native of Serbia
30 Craft
32 Father
33 Bogs
34 Ejection
37 Indefinite quantity
39 An accounting
42 Entreat
44 Most recent
48 Eggs
49 Seiners
52 More dreadful
53 Plans
55 Born
56 Wet earth
58 Pigeon
59 Proficient
61 Emptied
64 Observe
65 A sea nymph
67 Iniquity
68 Bishop's headdress (plural)
70 To shorten sail
72 One of the Gorgons (Greek mythology)
74 To bang
77 Metric measures of area
79 A weight of India
80 A monarch
84 A label
85 Location
87 Beverage
89 Hasten
90 Surprise
92 Feminine proper name
94 Portion
96 Riotous festivity
97 Silkworms
98 Jabbed
99 Negotiate
100 Exhausted
101 Ovules

VERTICAL

1 A city in France
2 Stay
3 Pertaining to the poles
4 American author
5 For fear that
6 Declare
7 Wager
8 Assert
9 Withered
10 Injections
11 Unimportant quarrel
12 Comrade
13 Ascend
14 River in Scotland
15 Paradise (plural)
24 Hurry
26 Image
29 Exclamation to frighten
31 Assayers
33 Stinking
35 A vase
36 Regret
38 Rabid
39 A style of type
40 Avoid
41 A document
43 Animals of the weasel kind
45 Irregularly notched
46 Disjoin
47 Perennial plants
50 To spread for drying
51 Sol
54 Sperm oil
57 Staid
60 Bind
62 To point
63 Roman underworld god
66 Distribute
69 To make lace
71 Structures
73 Hate
74 Begin
75 More crippled
76 Century plant
78 A steep descent
81 Shiver
82 Ventilated
83 Bamboolike grasses
85 Skin and fur of an animal
86 City in Pennsylvania
88 Vipers
91 A genus of grasses
93 Gaelic form of John
95 Garden implement



Answer to last week's puzzle

YOU CAN WIN *a* $5 PRIZE

LIBERTY will reward you for your skill at originating Word Golf Problems

SHORT to STORY in 3 strokes

S	H	O	R	T
S	T	O	R	Y

LOVE to HATE in 4 strokes

L	O	V	E
H	A	T	E

RIB to EVE in 5 strokes

R	I	B
E	V	E

There will be *no awards for solutions*, but you may submit as many original problems as you wish. For each one printed, LIBERTY will pay $5.

Here are six WORD GOLF holes. The game is simply to convert one word into another by stages or strokes, changing but one letter at each stroke and leaving the positions of the others undisturbed.

Solutions of these six will be found in next week's LIBERTY.

See below, the answers to last week's WORD GOLF. These will show you the method of playing this fascinating and instructive game.

Play the six holes laid out for this week, then devise some yourself for LIBERTY readers to play.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every contribution printed, but please bear in mind that there will be *no prizes for solutions.*

In laying out WORD GOLF holes avoid the use of obsolete and foreign-language words, as well as proper nouns.

HIT to RUN in 3 strokes

H	I	T
R	U	N

TEAM to PLAY in 4 strokes

T	E	A	M
P	L	A	Y

LOAF to TOIL in 5 strokes

L	O	A	F
T	O	I	L

No unaccepted contributions can be returned and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of WORD GOLF.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S WORD GOLF

WANT	BANK	CASK	PAID	HARD	TWO
WANE	BASK	CASE	PAIL	PARD	TOO
WAVE	CASK	CANE	PALL	PAID	TON
HAVE	CASH	WANE	BALL	PAIL	SON
		WINE	BILL	BAIL	SIN
				BOIL	SIX

Address entries to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

How Ripe Is a Ripe Snake?

Our family spent a day in the mountains. I had taken my little sister on a short hike, and, while leading her across the rocks near a stream, I suddenly stooped and picked up a small snake. I turned to her and cried:

"Oh, look at the little green snake I just found!"

"Drop it!" she screamed. "It might be as bad as a ripe one."—Emerson Gaze, 2242 Glencoe Ave., Venice, Calif.

* * *

She Got What She Wanted

Baby Betty had been fretful, and Bobby had heard his mother tell several friends how cross baby was, but added that she would be all right as soon as she cut her first tooth.

"How's Betty this morning?" a neighbor asked Bobby.

"All right," he answered. "Her's got the toof her's been cryin' for."—Mrs. O. Harry Lanfersieck, 3721a N. Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Only His Body Was Present

Little Jimmie was taken to the dentist to have a tooth extracted. As the tooth was abscessed the dentist gave him gas.

A few days later a visitor asked him if it had hurt, and Jimmie replied, "I don't know, I wasn't there!"—Mrs. Frank H. Rextrew, 1158 Harrison St., Hammond, Ind.

The JEST

The Inside Story of the Practical Joke that Started the Comiskey-Johnson Baseball Feud

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

Photos by courtesy of the Chicago White Sox

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a feud that marred the lives of two men and almost destroyed organized baseball and the American League.

It is the story of Commy and Ban: Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Stockings, and Byron Bancroft Johnson, deposed recently as president of the American League after having served as its head since its organization, nearly twenty-eight years ago.

To understand, you must know the men and their earlier relations.

Comiskey is perhaps the greatest leader baseball ever has known. As manager and first-baseman of the St. Louis Browns, he won four successive championships and built up the American Association into a formidable rival of the National League.

When the revolt of the players known as the Brotherhood came in 1890, Comiskey led the Chicago team, putting it into the field in opposition to Anson's famous old White Stockings. Chicago was his home and his life ambition was to lead a baseball club in that city.

At that time B. B. Johnson was sporting editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. He and Comiskey worked together as enthusiastic allies throughout the maneuvering that in 1900 established the American League on a sound basis, with Comiskey intrenched as owner of the White Sox.

When baseball peace was declared, the club owners met in Cincinnati and signed an agreement, placing the government of baseball in the hands of a National Commission, to consist of the presidents of the two leagues and a chairman chosen by them.

The American League played skillful politics in its hour of triumph. Ban Johnson and Harry Pulliam, president of the National League, met to choose a chairman and selected August Herrmann, a National Leaguer, and part owner of the Cincinnati club.

The National owners were pleased—for a time. Then they charged that Johnson controlled Herrmann's vote on all vital questions, and Comiskey, controlling and directing Johnson, smiled with the smile of the cat that has swallowed the canary.

Comiskey's team was drawing record crowds in Chicago. But, instead of harming the National League, it was found that the rivalry had spurred baseball interest to an unprecedented extent, and that each club was drawing more patrons than ever before.

BEFORE their war—when Ban (left) and Commy worked, hunted, and fished together.

The era of prosperity that followed found Johnson and Comiskey closer friends than ever. Comiskey's keen cunning and experience, coupled with Johnson's diplomatic skill, were pushing the American League to the front. It had 80 per cent of the star players of the country on its teams, while the National League teams, building up a new generation, were weak.

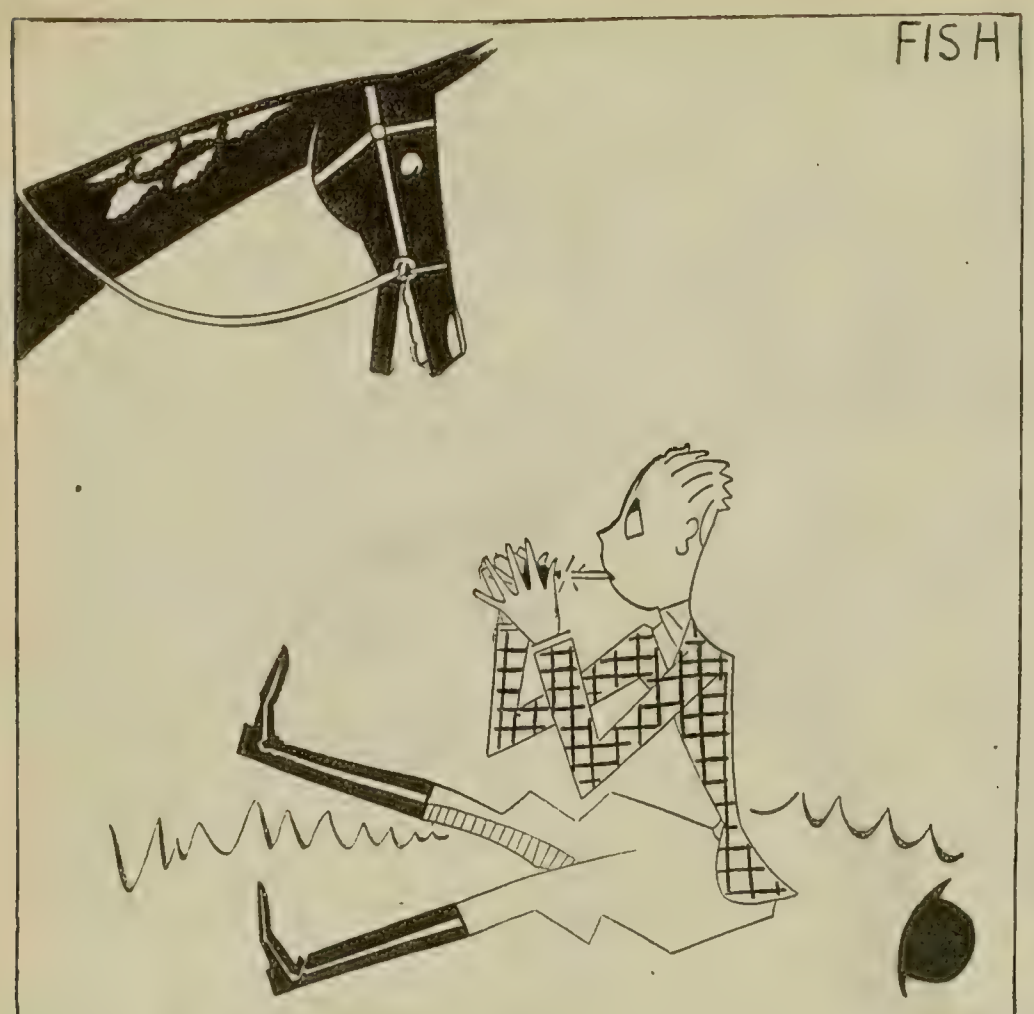
The men were inseparable. They worked, hunted, fished, and played together. Around them they assembled one of the jolliest groups of good fellows ever collected. On everything excepting one they agreed—and that was the umpires.

Comiskey is a complex character. He never has outlived being a ball player. The ball-player part of him always opposed umpires.

Johnson had a theory, upon which the present prosperity of baseball was built. Summarized, it was: "The umpire, may he always be right; but, right or wrong, the umpire!" And he has been consistent in that.

COMISKEY and his teams, especially when Fielder Jones was his manager, fought the umpires constantly. Johnson punished them severely. At times Comiskey was furious. He agreed with Johnson in principle, but not in practice when it hit his team. Still their Damon-and-Pythias-like friendship was unshaken.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE JEST Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Then the grim joke was played.

Each fall, when the baseball season ended, Comiskey invited a crowd of friends to his beautiful camp on Upper Springstead Lake, in Wisconsin, thirty-five miles from Fifield, in the heart of the "big woods." Usually forty or more joined the expedition, lived in the log cabins, hunted deer and partridge, and caught muskellunge. From these were organized the famous Woodland Bards, everyone who ever visited the camp becoming a member.

Usually the party embarked from Chicago by train, alighted at daybreak in Fifield, had breakfast, and donned hunting garb at Abe's, before getting into buckboards to ride to camp up the Flambeau River.

At that season, after a cold night, the partridges came from the heavy woods to scratch in the sun-warmed earth by the open road, and whoever rode with the driver on the front seat of the first buckboard got the best shooting. Each fall there was a long argument and usually a drawing of lots for the position of honor.

MINNIE, the pet deer at Comiskey's camp, where he gathered a host of friends every fall and where his chief crony was "Bee Bee" Johnson.

That fall the party was especially merry. The White Sox had had a big season. The railroad had put on a private dining car and, in honor of Comiskey, a great feast was served after the train left Chicago.

Johnson had purchased an expensive shotgun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, and an ammunition vest of soft leather with a score of little pocket loops to hold the cartridges. When the merriment was at its height, Johnson displayed the gun. Everyone tested it, and praised it and the vest. Johnson beamed.

The party, somewhat subdued after the night of jollification, descended from the train in the chill of early morning and trooped to Abe's to eat "broiled owl," which is the local name for partridge out of season. Johnson hung the vest in the hall, and led the rush to the tables.

IT is not fair to give names—some of that party are dead now, and they meant no harm—but when they swarmed into the breakfast room, several hung back. They took Johnson's vest and filled it with blank cartridges.

News of the joke spread in whispers. Comiskey, sitting with Johnson, could not have heard of it until later. During the meal, the old argument as to who should ride in the first buckboard arose. Comiskey, always the most generous and thoughtful of hosts, said:

"I think 'Bee Bee' ought to ride there with that new gun of his."

An unfortunate impulse of generosity. The jokers grinned. Johnson was accorded the honor by acclamation. Then the jokers selected Jesse Matteson, one of the best shots in the party, to ride on the rear seat, and told him to hold his fire until Johnson had missed the birds.

Birds were plentiful that morning. Every half-mile or so bunches of them were at the roadside, scarcely moving as the buckboards approached.

Johnson was laying down an extensive and wild barrage. After each shot startled birds arose, and Matteson, from the back seat, knocked them down. Johnson commenced to fret and wonder. He was a good shot and, after missing again and again, he began to blame the gun.

"It must be off balance," he said, frowning. "I don't understand. I must be shooting over them every time."

"Don't alibi," the jokers advised him. "You're a rotten shot. Quit blaming the gun and let someone up there who can shoot."

After lunch he was relegated to a rear buckboard and sat mournfully criticizing the gun for spoiling his sport. In the cabin that night he tested the gun again.

"It seems all right," he would say. "It comes to my shoulder perfectly. Maybe it is the vest. It feels a little tight under the arms."

The jokers had to go outside and roll on the ground laughing.

JOHNSON arose early the next morning. He took Henry, one of the guides, out into the slashings with the new gun. A night-chilled bird flew up and alighted on a sapling a short distance from him. Johnson fired. The bird flew.

"Henry," said the hunter, "put a piece of paper on that tree over there."

Henry obeyed. Johnson fired one barrel. The paper was untouched. He stepped close to it, fired the other barrel, and filled the paper with wads.

"Henry," he said in an awful tone, "lend me your knife."

Shell after shell he cut open, finding only wadding. With quivering jaws and whitened lips he returned to the cabin.

"I didn't think Commy would do a thing like that to me," he said.

The Bards tried to laugh; tried to make him see the joke; tried to tell him Comiskey was ignorant of the jest.

"He put me on the front seat," said Johnson. "I didn't think Commy would make a sucker of me."

With tight lips he ordered a buckboard, got into it, drove to Fifield, and returned home.

Everyone laughed. It was a great joke on Ban. Why couldn't he take it? But under the laugh there was anxiety. The joke rather

dimmed the enjoyment of that camp.

During the winter friends brought them together again. The matter was patched up. Even Johnson could laugh—but not very heartily—when tactless ones roared over the joke.

In July the White Sox, fighting hard, came home. Jimmy Callahan was playing left field alternately with Ducky Holmes. Callahan asked permission to go home and it was granted. That day Holmes had a row with an umpire and was ejected from the game. That happened so frequently that little attention was paid to it.

Johnson had been fishing in Wisconsin and returned to Chicago the day after the umpire put Holmes out of the game. An hour later a beautiful string of black bass arrived at the park with his compliments to Comiskey.

NOTHING could have pleased the White Sox owner more. He exhibited the fish to every friend who came to see him.

He was photographed holding the fish. All was happiness until, just before game time, another gift arrived. Johnson, reaching his office, had found the report of the umpire on the row with Holmes, and sent a notice suspending Holmes from playing. The White Sox were without a left fielder.

Comiskey's anger flamed.

"What does that big fathead want me to do?" he demanded. "Play his fish in left field?"

Someone told Johnson of Comiskey's angry remark. He ceased going to the White Sox park. The breach was open again.

The White Sox were fighting desperately for the pennant that year—and fighting umpires. Johnson punished every attack on his officials severely. Comiskey and his players got the idea that Johnson was doing it out of revenge. Instead of forcing his players to quit nagging the umpires, Comiskey's attitude spurred them to further aggressions.

Manager Jones openly asserted that the umpires were instructed to prevent his team from winning.

Feeling himself wronged, Comiskey refused to obey the orders or rules, and was in almost open rebellion against Johnson's rule. Johnson appealed to the other club owners to help him curb Comiskey. The feud grew so intense that it threatened to disrupt the American League.

JOHNSON summoned a meeting of the club owners at Chicago, called Comiskey before it, and started to read the charges, threatening to oust him from the league and forfeit his franchise.

It was an anxious day. Seven of the club owners were aligned with Johnson, although most of them loved Comiskey. They believed he was wrong and wanted to stop him.

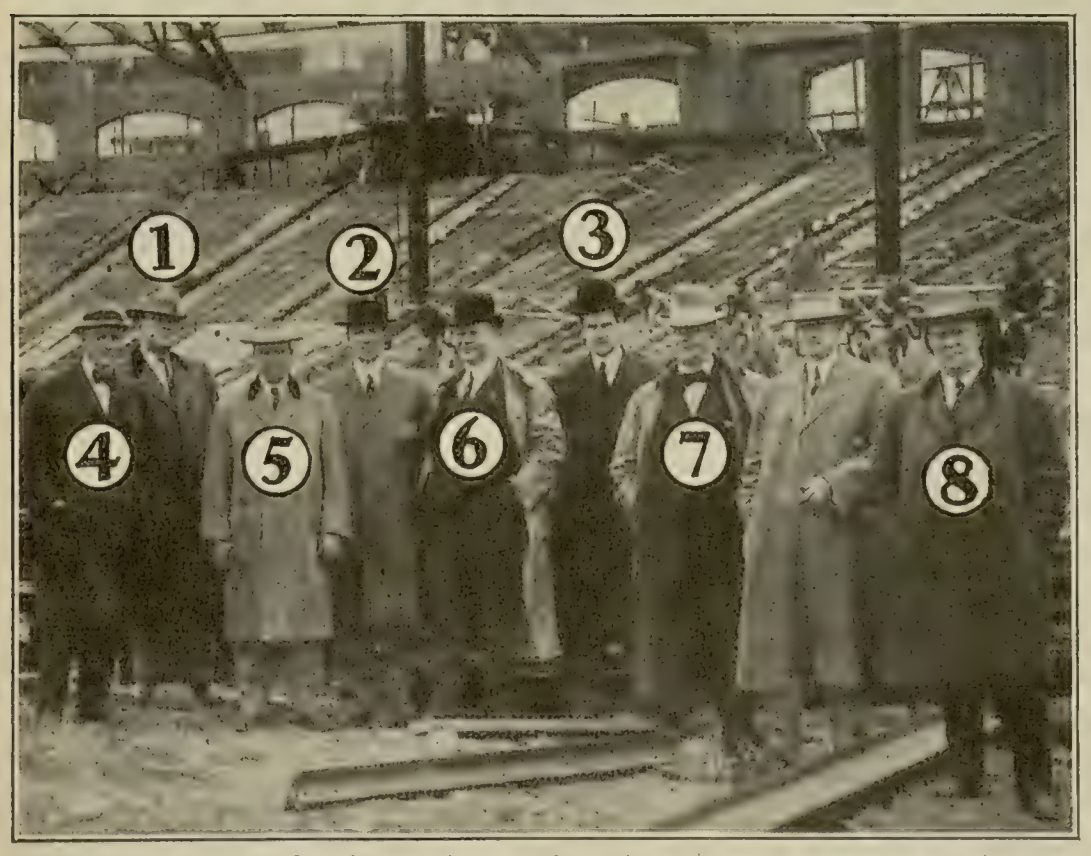
Johnson, with fourteen typewritten pages of charges, read one and started another. Comiskey, who had been slowly getting more and more furious, arose and towered over the gathering.

"That is enough! That is all I will hear of that!" he bellowed. "To hell with you and these other seven owners! I'm going down to my friends and start another league."

His "friends" were the reporters waiting downstairs for news. Comiskey burst in upon them shaking with rage and announced what had happened, but before he had finished the recital, the other owners swarmed down. They had adjourned in alarm and ordered a committee to bring Comiskey back and head him off before he could commit himself.

The plan to punish Comiskey was abandoned. A truce was patched up—one of a dozen. Friends of the two men were unceasing in their efforts to restore the friendship. The breach was closed, and Johnson agreed to go, as Comiskey's guest, on the spring training trip to California.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



COMISKEY and Johnson inspecting the new White Sox park with a group of newspaper men and friends in 1910: 1, George Rice; 2, Bill Veeck; 3, Richard Tobin; 4, Wilbur Travers; 5, Ed Welch; 6, Eddie Westlake; 7, Comiskey; 8, Johnson.

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[THE JEST
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

It looked as if the feud was ended, but the jokers were not yet done.

The train that carried the White Sox West that spring was one of the finest ever assembled. At the rear was a buffet car fitted with a miniature bar with a colored boy to wait on the guests.

Some joker, knowing that Johnson and I never had been friendly, instructed the boy that Johnson was not to have a drink unless I gave permission. An hour or two after dinner, Johnson came into the car, took a seat, and said:

"George, bring me a highball."

"Sorry, Mr. Johnson," the boy said; "you'll have to ask Mr. Hughie."

Johnson flushed angrily for an instant, saw the grins, and passed it off with a laugh.

"May I have a highball, Hughie?" he asked across the car.

"Certainly," I said. "Boy, give Mr. Johnson anything he wants."

It was not a pleasant trip for Johnson. The jokers, among them Comiskey's bitter partisans, persisted in "joking." He and Comiskey stuck together, playing cards and laughing; but the poison was rankling.

THE boys in San Francisco had given a great beefsteak dinner in honor of the visitors, and we returned to the Palace Hotel long after midnight, stopping in the bar for a final glass of wine. What caused the outburst I never knew. Suddenly Comiskey reverted to Johnson's effort to discipline him.

"You!" he exploded suddenly. "*You* thought you were going to drive me out of baseball."

"Oh, no, Commy; nothing like that," said Johnson conciliatingly.

"Oh, yes, yes, Bee Bee, you did! *You*—you big, fat guy—thought you knew enough to put *me* out of baseball."

"No, no, Commy," protested Johnson.

"Yes, yes, Bee Bee," retorted Comiskey. "My memory is rotten, but I remember what you said."

Then, with his marvelous memory, he began to recite, word for word, the first page of the indictment Johnson had started to read in the Chicago meeting.

"And what did I say then?" he demanded, leaning across the table.

"I've forgotten, Commy," said Johnson, striving to end the scene. "Let it pass."

"No, no, you haven't forgotten," declared Comiskey. "My memory is rotten, but I think I said: 'That's all I want to hear of that. To hell with you and these other seven owners! I'm going down to my friends and start another league.'"

Johnson arose and walked out. I met him outside.

"Commy is going good tonight," he said, trying to smile.

Inwardly he was not smiling. The situation was tense. A few days later Johnson was suddenly called back to Chicago. The effort to restore the old friendship had failed.

The breach grew wider and wider. Each construed everything the other did in its worst possible light.

The feud had reached bitter proportions when, suddenly, after the World's Series of 1919, the infamous "Black Sox" scandal broke. One sad feature of that scandal was that, had Johnson and Comiskey been friends, it never could have happened.

When, on the morning after the first game, Mont Tennes, a Chicago gambler, told Comiskey that crooked work was going on, Comiskey, even then a seriously ill man, had no place to turn. His feud with Johnson prevented him from calling on the president of his own league.

He sent for John Heydler, president of the National League, and told him what he had heard. Heydler, naturally, did not desire to assume any responsibility for American League affairs, and, besides, he did not believe it.

WORD, however, reached Johnson indirectly, and he said: "He is squealing because his team is being beaten."

To be charged with "squealing" and accused of being a poor loser after his long career burned Comiskey to the heart.

He was a very sick man at the time. The suspicion that his players had been bribed and had thrown the series brought his world crashing down about him. During the winter following the series, while whispers of the scandal grew, there emanated veiled charges that Comiskey had been mixed in the scandal.

The truth was that Comiskey, who stood to lose a quarter of a million dollars' worth of star players and to have his club wrecked, was the one man in organized baseball who unceasingly insisted upon pressing the investigation.

Twice during that winter Comiskey wrote to me, urging:

> Keep after them. Something was wrong, and if they are guilty, sooner or later we'll get them.

Friends turned against Comiskey. Some who had been closest to him for years joined his critics. The next year was a terrible one for him. He was satisfied in his heart that his players, or some of them, had betrayed him.

His detectives had failed to secure evidence. His lawyers warned him that to follow his plan and expel all players under suspicion meant heavy lawsuits. And all the time the attacks upon him were growing in volume.

Then, late in the season of 1920, the scandal exploded openly. Acting on private information from some of the loyal players, Comiskey and his lawyer put Eddie Cicotte through a rigid examination. He broke and confessed, and the baseball world received the greatest shock of its history.

Comiskey immediately suspended all the players. The other club owners, facing the ruin of the sport and their own investments, were, for once, ready to agree to anything to save the game.

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis was urged to accept the position of Commissioner, with full power over all organized baseball and with orders to clean it from top to bottom.

The appointment of Landis automatically destroyed the old National Commission and the power of Johnson. The National League, Comiskey's old foe, was a unit for Landis.

Some of the American League owners did not want him, but, under the circumstances, they feared to oppose his appointment. Comiskey, more because of hatred for Johnson than of love for Landis, backed Landis at every step. Landis and Comiskey became, in fact, allies, and upon Landis Johnson vented some of his hatred for Comiskey.

There commenced an era of politics, of attacks on the new Commissioner, breaking forth at times into open warfare, always with Johnson leading the attacks—and always with Comiskey the strong defender of Landis.

Comiskey's health had broken and, at the time he most needed his strength, he found himself unable to carry on the battle.

The doctors said that only a drastic operation could save his life, and that he was too weak to undergo an operation then.

MUCH of the time Comiskey spent in hospitals, trying to gain strength enough to endure the operation. While he was ill, a "friend" brought him word that he had overheard Johnson and two others talking in a road house.

They said, the "friend" reported, that Comiskey was "done" and they were planning what they would do when they got control of the Chicago White Sox and Comiskey Park, which Comiskey had reared as a monument to himself and baseball.

Whether true or not, I always shall believe that report saved Comiskey's life. He was determined to live and to fight. He underwent the operation, rallied, recovered, and returned to his work and to the feud which had grown more important than work.

Johnson, torn by the constant warfare, also was failing in health. Balked by Landis in his plans, rebuked and beaten at every attempt to regain his old power, he fought on. Early last season he was relieved of his duties and announced that he would retire after the season.

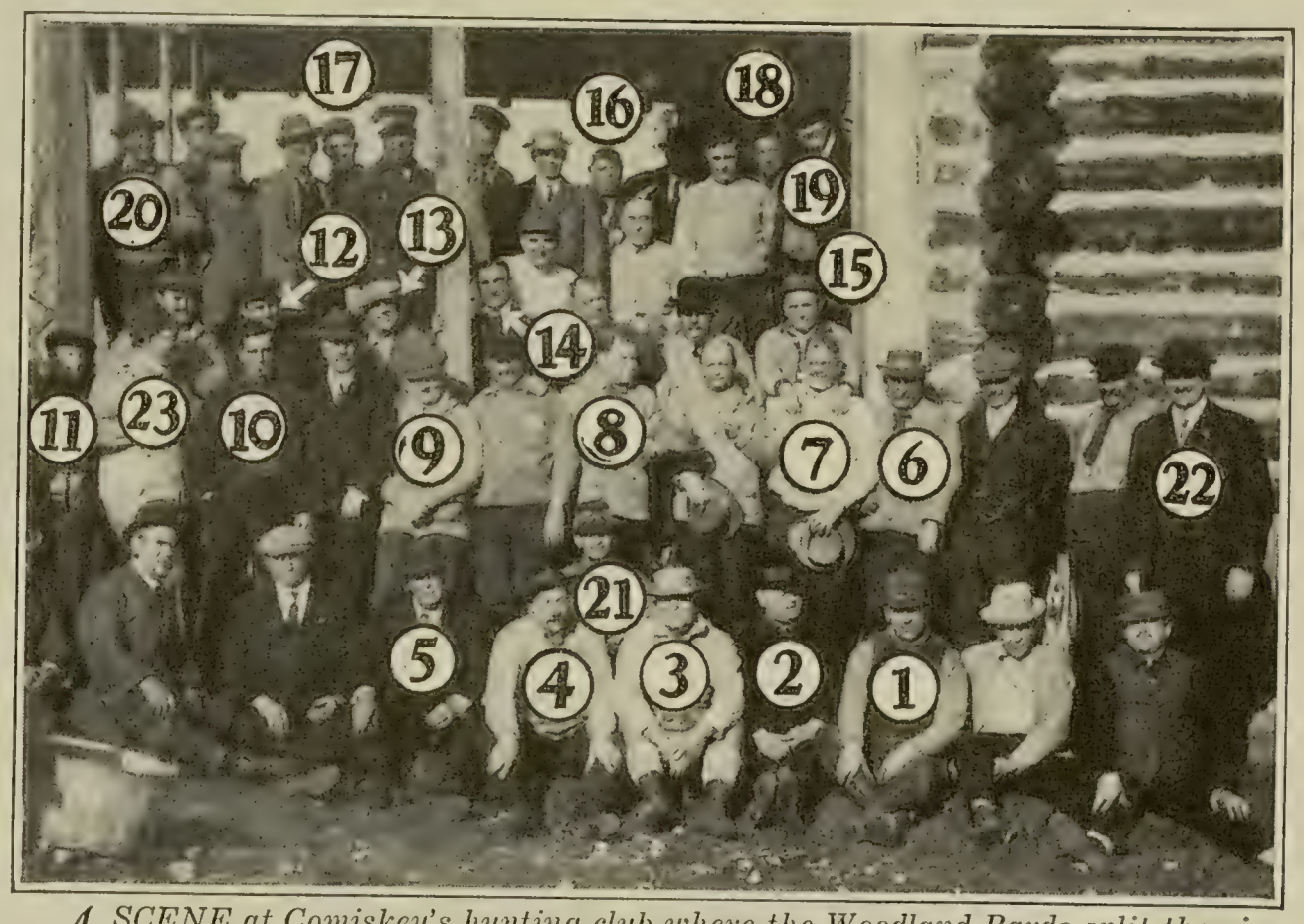
The owners desired to allow Johnson to make a graceful exit. They waited until the end of the season. Then Johnson, partly recovered from his illness, startled them by announcing he would fight and that he would not quit under fire.

He reached the meeting of the officials, defiant and fighting, and then wilted suddenly when the situation was revealed to him. He signed his abdication, laid his resignation before the owners, and shambled from the room, his wasted frame seeming to sag as he made his exit from the sport to which he had given his life.

Comiskey, attending the first meeting in years, sat grim and silent, victor in the greatest and longest fight of his fighting life.

Charley and Bee Bee! Great joke, wasn't it, putting those blank shells in the gun? Funny, wasn't it? Wonder if those two—Commy and Ban—ever think of it now!

THE END



A SCENE at Comiskey's hunting club where the Woodland Bards split the air with barber-shop chords: 1, Charles Williams; 2, John Agnew; 3, Comiskey; 4, Fred Blocki; 5, Ban Johnson; 6, James Mullen; 7, John T. Connery; 8, John P. Harding; 9, August Herrmann; 10, Harry Brehm; 11, Robert McRoy; 12, James J. Callahan; 13, Charles C. Spink; 14, Jake Stahl; 15, John Corbett; 16, Tom Hanton; 17, Gus Axelson; 18, James McAleer; 19, W. O. Duntley; 20, Wilbur Travers; 21, Joe Farrell; 22, Judge Charles A. McDonald; 23, Bruce Watson.

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Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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Egg Economy *in the* KITCHEN

By ETHEL SOMERS

Egg produces a poor muffin texture unless mixed with as little stirring as possible.

EGGS may be considered a medium-priced food up to fifty cents a dozen. When sold at such prices they may be classed in a group with lean beef up to forty cents a pound, lean pork up to forty-five cents, fish up to twenty cents, salt cod up to thirty cents, or fowl up to thirty-five cents.* Sold at prices higher than fifty cents, eggs should be classed as a high-priced food except for children and for those persons who especially need iron in their diet.

It is often practical economy to buy cold-storage eggs. Contrary to popular opinion, storage eggs are excellent for use, since there is only a loss in water content and a somewhat noticeable loss in flavor due to storage. Any food product taken out of cold storage will deteriorate more rapidly under careless handling. Quality storage eggs when kept cold until used will be found in good condition. Economize in your baking by using storage eggs whenever it is at all practical to do so.

In order to make a real saving in eggs it is necessary for one to have an understanding of their uses in cookery, together with a rule for proper substitution. Up to fifty cents a dozen, eggs provide a practical meat substitute. At high prices it is wise not to serve eggs as eggs, but rather to confine their use to baking or cooking.

* United States Thrift Leaflet No. 15, How Shall We Choose Our Food?

Two teaspoons of baking powder may be substituted for each egg omitted, as the leavening effects are equivalent.

Some Rules of Egg Economy

Use cold storage eggs for all baking. Make sure they have been kept cold.

Buy eggs only in such quantities as your home refrigerating facilities will accommodate.

Preserve left-over bits of egg, whether yolk or white, by adding ⅛ teaspoon of salt and placing in a small cup. Cover with water or milk and keep cold. So preserved, an opened egg will keep satisfactorily for several days. When ready to use, pour off the liquid.

Always break each egg separately into an empty dish, to prevent waste in case an egg happens to be tainted.

The color of the shell has no effect on the contents of the egg. If the dark- and light-shelled eggs are sold at different prices in your neighborhood, purchase the unpopular color.

For quantity cooking, cracked or canned eggs are a decided economy.

Test eggs for freshness by immersing in deep cold water. Fresh eggs sink at once. Stale eggs float. Others range between sinking and floating.

Use eggless recipes as much as possible when eggs sell for more than 50 cents a dozen.

Two teaspoons of baking powder may be substituted for each egg omitted, as the leavening effects are equivalent.

Two tablespoons of flour or 1 tablespoon of cornstarch may be substituted for each egg omitted, as the thickening power is equivalent.

Spice Cookies (Eggless)

- ¼ cup butter or substitute (add ¾ teaspoon salt to the flour if unsalted fat is used)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup milk
- 1¾ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¾ teaspoon cloves
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup walnuts

CREAM the fat well, gradually working in the sugar. Mix the creamed mass until thoroughly blended. Sprinkle a little of the measured flour over the raisins and nuts. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk and dry ingredients alternately to the creamed fat and sugar, working and beating the dough after each addition so as to keep a smooth, uniform mixture. Cut or knead in the last of the flour. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased cooky sheet and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 18 to 25 minutes, depending on the size and thickness of the cookies.

Economical Boiled Salad Dressing

- 3 tablespoons butter or substitute
- ¼ cup flour
- 1½ cups sour milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1/16 teaspoon celery salt, if desired
- 1/16 teaspoon curry powder, if desired
- ½ teaspoon mustard
- 1 or 2 eggs
- ½ cup vinegar

MELT the butter in the top part of a double boiler placed directly over the flame. Remove from the fire and stir in the flour to a smooth paste. Gradually stir in the milk. Stir and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens and continue to cook for at least 10 minutes longer to thoroughly cook the starch. Beat the egg. Add the blended dry ingredients. Stir this egg mixture gradually into the hot sauce. Continue to stir and cook until very thick. Add vinegar and strain. Cool before using. Keep on ice.

Two tablespoons of flour or 1 tablespoon of cornstarch may be substituted for each egg omitted, as the thickening is equal.

Soft Custard

- 2 cups milk, heated
- ¼ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons flour or 1½ tablespoons cornstarch
- 1/16 teaspoon nutmeg
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

HEAT the milk. Mix the dry ingredients until thoroughly blended. Slowly stir in the hot milk. Cook over water until thickened, stirring all the while to prevent lumping. Continue to cook for 15 minutes in order that all of the raw flour or cornstarch flavor may be lost. Beat the egg slightly and gradually stir it into the thickened milk mixture. Cook 1 minute over hot water, stirring. Add the vanilla and set aside to cool.

COCONUT CUSTARD may be made from the above recipe by adding ½ cup of coconut with the vanilla.

Eggless Apple-Sauce Cake

- 1½ cups apple sauce, unsweetened and medium thick
- 1 cup sugar, brown or white
- ⅓ cup butter or substitute
- 2 cups flour
- ⅛ teaspoon cloves
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raisins or ½ cup each nuts and raisins
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch

ADD the sugar to the hot apple sauce. Add the fat and mix until melted. Cool. Sift in the dry ingredients, mixing gradually to prevent lumping. Sift 1 tablespoon of cornstarch over the raisins. Stir them into the batter. Pour into a shallow loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour.

Eggless White Cake

- ½ cup butter or substitute
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon flavoring
- 2⅔ cups bread flour or 3 cups pastry flour
- 6 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt, if unsalted fat is used.
- 1 cup milk

CREAM the fat and gradually work in the sugar. Beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. It is important that a creamy mixture be worked up from the start. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times. Alternate the addition of these with the flavored milk, beating the dough well after each addition. Beat the mixture for 1 minute after all the flour and milk have been added. The dough will seem somewhat stiff. Disregard this, remembering that there is no egg there to thicken it further in baking. Pour into greased lightly floured layer or muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 18 to 25 minutes, depending upon the thickness of the batter. When the cake is lightly browned and shrunken from the edges of the pan, and when the dough springs back quickly if slightly dented in the center, the cake is done.

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At the FULL of the

About a Boastful Man and the Jungle's Last Laugh

A Short Story by

ISA GLENN

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

HODGE, his name was. No first name; nothing so intimate and so suggestive of his ever having had a mother; just Hodge.

A big, hulking brute of a teamster. Six feet four in his socks and brawny in proportion. The small, shrewd eyes of a pig. The hairy fists and arms of a gorilla. The great chest and round head, both covered with flaming hair, alone were human.

He had gone out to Mindanao because there lay the last frontier, and he was of the stuff of pioneers. The blazed trail held no attraction for him. He liked to blaze his own trail, over prostrate tribes, through menacing forests, defying alike the powers of man and Nature. In that hairy fist, in those great knots of muscle, lay his right to existence. Without conscience, without fear, he put his trust in his primitive strength. Before him the pathless, unconquered jungle; behind him a trail of rapine and arson. Hodge, first and last; Hodge and his self-made laws.

Over many a camp fire, along the trail from Overton up into the hills to Keithley, Hodge boasted of his prowess. The pack train of unruly mules, as strong and almost as stubborn and unreasoning as himself, tethered for the night; the other teamsters sitting or lying around in the exhaustion that follows a day of unremitting toil in the tropics, and Hodge bragging. Always on the same key. He knew fear of neither God, man, nor Nature.

Nothing could hurt him. Nothing could shake his belief in his invincibility. Always he repeated that boast. And he believed his own words. He looked upon his strength, which had never failed him. In the light of that strength and in the unpleasant aroma of his misdeeds along the Trail, none sought to throw doubt upon his boast.

These other men had been in tight places. They had known that shake of the nerves, that nausea accompanied by a suddenly cold spine, which men call fear. They had conquered this nausea; but they knew that, given the same or similar experiences, it would return. Meanwhile, as they had their health and the braces of forty-fives allowed by the government to men engaged in the hazardous business of guarding the pack trains, they would put behind them the memory of the unpleasant weakness.

The day came when Hodge was arraigned before the General commanding the department. This officer had come up from Zamboanga to look into an unsavory happening along the Trail. He was hot and tired and his temper was none of the best. A cavalryman of certain seat, his equilibrium had been upset by the slant of the Trail, which wanders up into the hill country without regard to engineering feats of zigzag.

Arrived in the land of the afternoon mist, he unbottled the wrath that had been engendered by the report of Hodge's latest atrocity.

"Hodge," opened the General, with the cold anger for which he was noted, "it has been reported to me that you, a civilian employee of this department, may possibly be able to tell something about a peculiarly brutal murder which took place along the Trail several days ago. Know anything about it?"

MOON

"I HAVE warned you. The presence of man upon that mountain would be an insult to Mohammed."

"There's many murders along the Trail," remarked Hodge sententiously.

"Not of this stripe, however," returned the General.

"How am I to know what you're talkin' about if you don't tell me which murder's worryin' you?" asked the civilian, with total disregard of the rank and dignity opposed to him.

The General's thin lips became thinner as he enlightened Hodge:

"While going down the Trail three days ago, a party of soldiers found the corpse of a Moro propped up against the bank at the side of the road. Fastened to the Moro's chest, by means of a pin which had been driven into the naked flesh, was a paper. On the paper was written—in an unformed hand, Hodge—this message to the finder: 'He wouldn't get out of the way.'"

"Well," said Hodge calmly, "he was a Moro, warn't he?" He spat out his quid of tobacco. The matter, to his mind, was settled. He was mildly surprised that the General did not seem satisfied.

"He was. But he was an unarmed man."

"Aw, come off!" chuckled the teamster. "He was armed to the teeth!"

"How do you know that?" countered the General.

"They're always armed. Even if they don't wear nothin' but a breechclout, they don't forget their creese and their buyo box. They ties 'em on to that G string some way. They needs both of 'em in their business."

The General here interpolated a few remarks that have no direct bearing on the story. Hodge himself was amused by these derogatory comments, and grinned pleasantly.

"You know yourself, General, how it is," he interrupted. "You meet up with one of these birds and he hogs the road. Now, I put it to you flat—"

"Well, Hodge, I put it to you flat: do you know anything about this murder?"

"Sure!" said Hodge imperturbably. "I done it. But I don't call it a murder. It was only a Moro."

"Any provocation?"

"I said on the paper why I done it."

PROFANITY shook the eternal hills. But the eternal hills up there were past caring about the passions of mankind. They were extinct volcanoes, and once they had dealt in the passions of Nature. Devastating passions that scorched as no human passion can scorch.

The General raged and threatened; Hodge raged and defied the military government, which he well knew would not hang him. At the proper moment he reminded the General that the pack trains were short of men and could not spare him.

At still another felicitous moment he called to the General's attention the fact that it would be impossible to prove false his assertion of the Moro's having been armed. Anyone passing along the Trail could easily have stolen the arms of the dead man, he remarked. He had the situation in hand, and he knew it.

In the end he threw back his bullet head and burst into a roar of laughter. Not Gargantuan laughter; not the laughter of the underworld; rather, such laughter as the beasts would bellow if they laughed.

The upshot of this painful scene came that night, when Hodge resumed his customary boasting. He sat close to the fire, just outside of Old Camp Vickers, which, as the world of the teamsters knows, is across the lake from Keithley, and told his comrades that he had not been overawed.

"What's a tin general to me?" he asked the world. "Ain't I as good a man as he is? Ain't I got as heavy a fist? I ain't afraid of anything in this world—and I won't be until you can show me a bigger man, and a stronger man, than I am. And that ain't possible."

"Something'll get you some day, Hodge," one of the other men told him. "It ain't natural that it won't."

"Ho! It won't be anything in this world. And maybe it won't be anything in the next world. I ain't afraid of anything in this world

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AT THE FULL OF THE MOON
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

or outside of it. I already been through hell. Lots of hells. More than you can find after you die. Say! Hell ain't any worse than some streets I been in!"

"Ain't you afraid sometime you'll get punished for the things you say?"

"Who's goin' ter punish me? God? He's already done His part." Hodge spat into the fire, which for him was the wind-up of a topic. "He's squared up with me, and I'm squared up with Him."

When the jungle is close by, and the night wind is chilling the marrow in one's bones, men do not relish talk such as this. The other teamsters drew away from Hodge. He was left to the fire and to solitude. So he opened a bottle of the raw whisky with which the trader at Iligan supplied the thirsty and drank himself to sleep.

HE awoke to the consciousness of talk near by. It was dawn, and the mist was rising from the valleys below, lifting itself from the face of the lake like a veil, baring the gaunt volcano cones last of all. Hodge shivered with the cold. He shook himself and approached the fire, which had been stirred into new life.

A slender, erect, graceful Moro was arguing with the teamsters. He seemed to be violently opposed to something that the Americans were suggesting.

"It is near—the other side of the river—but the top is far as heaven or hell. I guide not up that mountain! Allah wishes all men to save themselves; and he who goeth up the mountain will neither cry nor sing more. I say to you—sweep well your house before going!"

The men shifted nervously. But Hodge paused within the shadow of a clump of bamboo to listen, for he was amused.

"Oh, come on, now!" said one of the men. "There ain't nothin' up that there mountain to hurt you. What you givin' us?"

"That mountain is at the back of Allah! And the moon is clear. *Talama*—the Full of the Moon! The place is dangerous to man."

Disgusted, the American turned to the fellow standing next him.

"There's bound to be great huntin' up that there mountain, when these mangy Moros ain't been that way! Huh? And I'm sick o' shootin' pigs—all the time pigs, 'cause the Moros won't eat 'em and ain't murdered 'em none in consequence. I wants to kill a deer!"

"Try him with some more money. He'll fall for a raise, I bet."

"Pantala," offered the first, "how about ten pesos if you'll guide us tomorrow?"

"To gaze at the stars when there are rocks on the earth is the act of a fool. In this case the ten pesos do not tempt me. Allah blesses the wise but contemns the foolish. I am not foolish. I know what I know. What flies against the storm and does not get his beak wet? I go not because I would not bring down upon my head the wrath of Mohammed, which is a blasting thing. Man is weak and helpless without the support of his God."

The teamsters were rendered speechless by this flow of Malay eloquence.

But Hodge, in the background, chuckled derisively; and that decided them to argue the matter further.

"What's wrong with the mountain? What's your Mohammed got to do with it?"

The Moro looked across the lake to where, emerging from its night blanket of mist, the Sacred Mountain reared its densely wooded head. He lowered his voice:

"On entering a strange house have respect for the people there."

"Are there people up that mountain?"

"Mohammed's servants are there. They guard his shrine from profanation—his shrine which was established by him at the top of yonder mountain. Mohammed's servants . . . those things which were always the servants of the gods. *Kagiruk-giruk!* Horrible!"

"He must be talkin' of spooks," said one of the men. "Babies; that's what they are. Scared of spooks! Gosh!"

"Make him tell us what he thinks the danger is. I'd like to hear. It's getting funny."

"Pantala, tell us what you mean, can't you?"

The Moro gazed upon the jeering men. In his fathomless eyes were solemnity and a twist of bitter humor.

"Yours the sin. I have warned you. If one breaks the bottle the wine is spilt. And blood and wine are alike red. The presence of man upon that mountain would be an insult to Mohammed: the servants of the Prophet would avenge the insult. *Sugat!*"

Hodge strode from his shadow. He took hold of the Moro's shoulders with his great hands and shook him playfully. Pantala loosened the hold of the unclean Christian hands. He looked the American in the eye: large eyes of black staring unblinkingly into small, piggish eyes of greenish blue.

"He of the great hairy fist goes up the mountain also?" A look of satisfaction crossed the Moro's face. "*Mapia!* It is fate!"

Hodge laughed his raucous, taunting laugh. "Sure I'm goin'! I ain't afraid of no 'eathen idol! Nor the 'eathen idol's servants, neither! Sure I'm goin'!"

"*Ukul!* Fate!" murmured the Moro. "It is the hand of Mohammed that will fall heavily upon this man! The wicked cannot attain glory; neither can they escape hurt."

"I ain't afraid of no man's hand, least of all a dead man," announced Hodge. "Ho! Talk to somebody else about your Prophet!"

The Moro continued to gaze thoughtfully at him.

"Allah Himself is not dead," he reminded Hodge. "He lives eternally. He sees; He hears; He avenges!"

"Show me!" grinned Hodge.

Pantala turned to depart. Over his shoulder he told them:

"Do not go to sleep! Heed well my words: do not go to sleep! It is *Talama*, the Full of the Moon!"

To Hodge's Anglo-Saxon mind—and this, when all is said, is the mind which has conquered the wilderness—the Moro's words were a dare.

II

THE shrine of Mohammed was shrouded with the early mist of morning as the teamsters, having crossed the Agus River, started up its pathless side.

The jungle that extended from the edge of the river up the steep mountain to its crest was knit together with bejuco. Sinuous creepers with the strength of steel. The unguided Americans hacked their way with their bolos, foot by foot, yard by yard. Infinite patience. Ceaseless toil.

Tremendous fatigue came upon them. But they were upheld by the thought of big game ahead, somewhere in that lush growth. Game! To kill something.

Underneath the thick tree tops, through which the rays of the sun could not penetrate, through which the light of day struggled and turned to the dimness of twilight in the struggle, it was appallingly hot. There arose from the ever wet ground sickening waves of murky heat. No breeze; scarcely air; only heat. Around them the silence of the jungle by day. The only signs of life, besides their own life, the crowds of monkeys that gathered on the

lower branches of the tall trees and discussed them as they passed. Above the monkeys, orchids as strange as the silence.

Sunset came on, they imagined, although they could not see that the sun was setting. But the twilight turned deeper; turned to darkness; and the jungle began to writhe and twist and whisper, and they knew that it was night.

Hodge, wiping the sweat out of his eyes, leaned against the jutting roots of an ipil tree.

"If Mohammed lives up at the top of this," he remarked, "he's got a damned poor idea of a place."

The jungle threw his words back at him—futile words, useless words, the words of bravado that the jungle often hears. His weak human voice, roaring out its courage, echoed back from the impregnable walls that closed in upon them. Hodge tried again: "Damn Mohammed's shrine! And damn his servants! I ain't seen any of 'em yet."

"What you suppose is guardin' that shrine?" asked another man in a lowered voice. He glanced about him, and particularly over his shoulder, as he spoke. His voice echoed back, as Hodge's had echoed—puny, helpless.

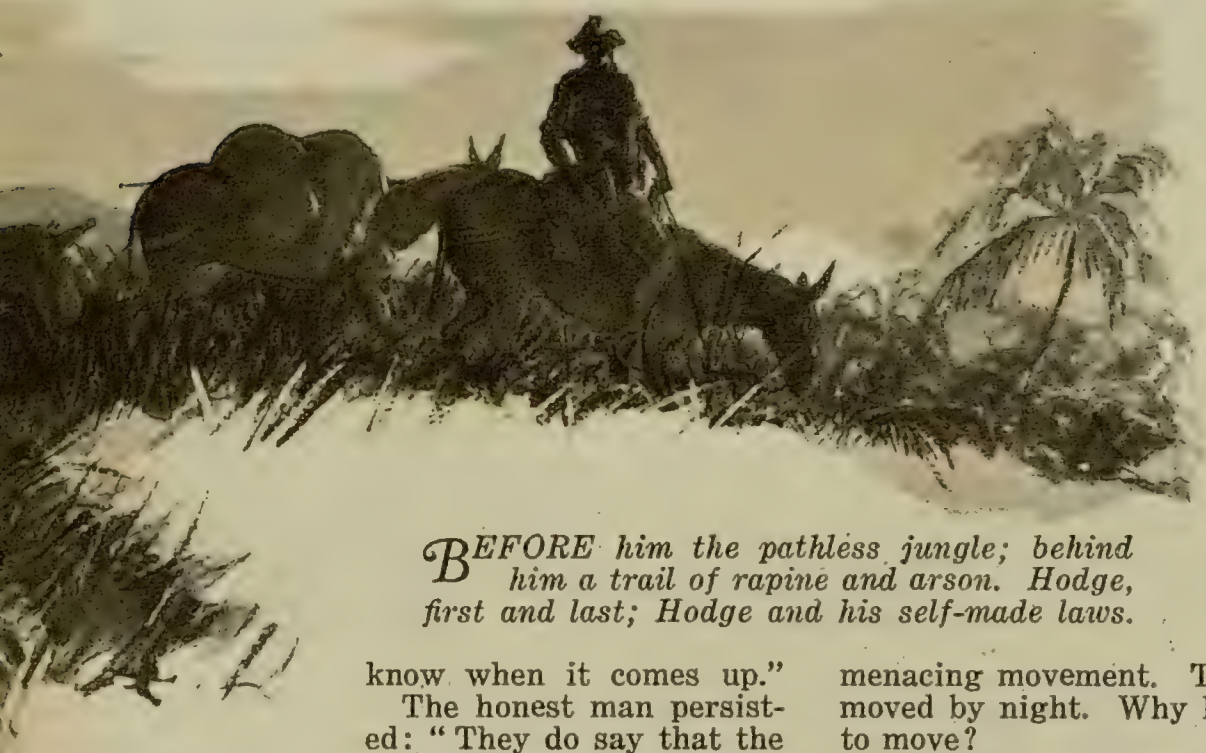
"Wild pigs—that's what!" shouted Hodge. "That dratted Moro was puttin' us off the track a-purpose. Maybe he thinks they's sacred, too—that's why he won't eat 'em! That's why they's guardin' the shrine—ho, ho!" His wild pig eyes gleamed at thought of conflict with his kind.

"Well, it does seem awful hard to get up this mountain. Seems as if these creepers grows as fast as we cuts 'em."

"You're scared; that's what!" rang out Hodge's voice, defiant of jungle terrors.

"I ain't exactly comfortable in my mind," replied the honest man. "I can't help thinkin' that it's the full of the moon, as that Moro kept sayin'."

"What's that got to do with it?" roared Hodge, suddenly infuriated. "You snivelin' fool—what's the full of the moon got to do with us? We can't see it, nohow; so we won't know when it comes up."



BEFORE him the pathless jungle; behind him a trail of rapine and arson. Hodge, first and last; Hodge and his self-made laws.

The honest man persisted: "They do say that the pythons feed once a month—at the full of the moon. And I ain't noways fond of snakes, even little ones."

Hodge's tremendous, jarring laughter shook the creepers. In the trees the monkeys set up a chattering defiance of this human mirth.

"I'd hate to be such a poor thing as you!" he exclaimed, genuinely amused by the sight of terror. "I can't think of anything I'd hate as much as to be scared. Now, don't fly off your bean, 'fraid-cat! If the snakes gets after you I'll protect you! Ho, ho!" He lifted his huge frame from the outstanding ipil roots and started hacking with his bolo at the creepers nearest him.

"Get a move on!" he ordered with usurped authority. "We got to get further than this to catch up with them pigs."

HACK . . . hack . . . hack . . . at creepers that opposed to the sharp blades of civilization the tenuousness of tropical nature. Silent opposition; strong opposition; opposition with the earth at its back.

At last the inevitable question.

"Which way we goin'? I've got mixed in my bearin's."

They stopped hacking. They stared around them. Darkness. Denser shadows of the dank blackness. In the all-pervading gloom they could not see which of them was in the lead.

"Mohammed's servants has put out the lights!" Hodge, not a quiver in his voice, not a doubt in his mind of his power over the power of the jungle, knowingly aped the imagery of the Orient.

"Don't talk that way, will you?" complained the man who feared snakes. "Somehow, I don't like it. Somehow, it seems as if it would bring us bad luck."

"There ain't any further bad luck in this world for me, unless sometime I'd grow into a fool of a coward like you! Say! That would be hell, sure enough!" was Hodge's reply. He did not lower his voice, although the other men were now, by common consent, speaking in whispers.

"Well, shut up with it, anyways, will you?" impatiently muttered the man who feared. "I ain't in no mood for it. I—I feel as if somethin' was goin' to happen."

"It will!" said Hodge obligingly. "I'm a-goin' ter beat you up when we gets back. See if I don't! I'm tired of your snivelin'. What you scared of, anyway? Why don't you be like me? I ain't afraid of anything. God Himself can't scare me! I ain't afraid of *their* gods, neither." He shook his fist at the shadowy walls.

The teamsters cut into those shadowy walls.

"Hodge," whispered a man, "what you lookin' at?"

Hodge jerked his head back from over his shoulder.

"I wasn't lookin' at nothin'!" he replied sullenly. "I was listenin'. Ain't it awful quiet?" He cleared his throat. "I've caught a cold, I think."

No answer. The men were listening to the silence to which Hodge had been listening. The lack of sound from the vast dark spaces closing in on these men was more horrible than sound; the absence of all movement more terrifying than the most menacing movement. The jungle should have moved by night. Why had it suddenly ceased to move?

A single ray of light from the moon that somewhere beyond the shadow was rising penetrated the tree tops and fell upon the narrow path that they had cut.

Hodge looked up the shaft of pale light.

"God!" he whispered. It was the first time that he had used the name of God without a suggestion of profanity.

"Look there!" he went on. His hand shook as he pointed. "It's the dead Moro from down the Trail. I knows him! He's got the paper pinned on yet!"

The eyes of these infinitesimal human beings followed the wavering direction of Hodge's finger.

"Hodge," said a voice finally, "it's a monkey what you see—a monkey with a white spot on its chest."

Hodge heaved a sigh—a sigh that came from the depths of his mighty chest, that fought to find its unaccustomed way and lost strength and ended in a rattle.

"It looked like that Moro," he muttered. "But I ain't afraid of him. No dead man can give me a scare. It just sorter give me a jump like. Maybe I hadn't oughter of pinned that paper on him. I never done that before. Maybe I hadn't oughter."

He did not tell them that little drops of cold water were trickling down his spine. But he kept his voice lowered from then on. A man has not the heart in him for shouting when the jungle is closing in, and the powers of darkness have been defied, and he remembers.

With difficulty he shook off the idea of what he had seen along the shaft of moonlight.

"I ain't afraid!" he continued to mutter.

The jungle was getting Hodge.

The men whispered together. They glanced furtively at Hodge. Bad luck was near them. They felt it. It was in this jungle that they could put out their hands and touch. It was palpable. They began to say that they had had enough. They wished to turn back while there was yet time.

Hodge forced himself into fury.

"No!" he roared, in his former loud voice. "No! The man what turns back I shoots! If I can't find a pig I'll shoot a man!"

They could not afford to fight among themselves. They went on.

They neared the summit.

The shadows were deeper, the undergrowth denser, as they went higher up the mountain.

Encouraged by the black night under the trees, the bejuco seemed to come to life. It writhed and dipped down. . . .

They struggled on. Very near the summit now, and the shrine—guarded by—what?

The coils of bejuco seemed larger. From an inch in diameter, they looked, in the ghostly light from that distant moon, to be four times as thick. They looped lower . . . lower . . .

A stench was wafted down upon them from up in the trees.

"What's that?" asked a man in a low voice.

The stench became more unmistakable.

Hodge had forgotten to laugh for some time. He drew nearer to the man who had acknowledged fear.

"What's that smell?" he inquired huskily. "Ain't you smelt it in zoos?"

"Snakes' breath, 'pears to me," said the man. "But it must be powerful big snakes to put out all that!"

They no longer advanced. They drew together, striving to pierce the gloom with their anxious eyes. Where, in that twisted jungle, were the snakes?

"That bejuco moved when I tried to cut it! It's alive!"

Ahead of them, on all sides of their huddled group, monkeys. The monkeys seemed to be running. They slipped through the tangle of creepers with the silence of the dead; but far above the foliage rustled, although there was no wind.

Once more the teamsters pushed on desperately, trying to emulate the stealth of the monkeys. But the underbrush crackled from the impact of their heavy feet, damp leaves whipped against their faces. They panted. These gasps for breath were thunderous in the breathlessness of the world.

Hodge shrieked:

"That bejuco moved when I tried to cut it! It's alive! Oh, my God!"

THE bejuco was writhing and twisting violently. The loops were drooping lower, close down to their heads. Washed-out moonlight made its way through the tree tops and fell upon the unquiet loops—that coiled . . . and uncoiled . . . tied themselves in knots . . . and untied.

A loop was thrown over Hodge's shoulders. The great muscles of those shoulders were helpless in the muscles of the loop. His feet left the ground.

The gods had struck.

From high up in the trees where Hodge was came scream after scream, choked screams that died in gurgles.

A desperate chattering broke out from the monkeys who fled through the jungle. Above the chattering—far above the screaming—a cachinnation. The screams went up to meet the cachinnation . . . and ceased.

The gods were laughing at Hodge.

THE END

Do Women Know

An Article by
WILL WEST

Pictures by
CORINNE DILLON

"My fur-trimmed velours coat, purchased three weeks ago, is already crushed where I sit down."

(Reading time: 18 minutes 15 seconds.)

MY venerable Granduncle Hiram operates a small-time department store. It's way out in Circleville, Indiana, but whenever I visit this distant relative of mine I find that he plays 'em as close to the chest as do any of the city fellers.

I watch him deftly divide a bolt of silk into two sections of equal length. One of the halves he tickets "79 cents per yard"; the other half "$1.69."

"How come, Uncle Hi?" I inquire, for these are dubious tactics, smelling of the night-club cloakroom.

"Wal, boy," he drawls nasally, "you wa'n't born yestiddy. Seventy-nine cents would allow me a fair enough profit, but the ladies on the correct side of the railroad track want suthin' that costs more. So I set aside this dollar-sixty-nine half for them, and leave the rest for the women who want the best but can't pay but seventy-nine for it.

"Yes, youngster," concludes my perspicacious Uncle Hi, as he strokes his beard in sage reflection, "I've been a-runnin' this emporium o' mine for nigh on to fifty years and I sure strive to please."

Unethical; little short of dishonest! is your comment regarding the methods of Hiram the Hoosier. But are you certain? Are the ethics of Circleville greatly different from the ethics of Seattle, Dallas, Chicago, and New York? Do women know how to shop?

Step into my office on upper Fifth Avenue, where you'll find me in my job as chief correspondent for one of New York's largest department stores. Let us examine the evidence.

Here is Exhibit A, typical of the 2,000 letters I receive every week from women:

> I am returning the fur coat. It makes a black mark on my neck so that I have to scrub and scrub every night. My local furrier explains that it's the dye in the fur! Needless to say, I am surprised and disgusted to think that a store of your reputation would stoop to sell dyed fur. . . .

Mrs. Marbletop hasn't yet learned that the great majority of furs are dyed; that from Br'er Rabbit alone are made no less than thirty-two different kinds of fur, including "sable," "seal," and "ermine."

Here's another. It's about twenty-nine pages long, but a paragraph will be enough to give you the idea:

> . . . Furthermore, I've twice supplied you with the style number of the shoe which I have bought from you for many years, namely 345. Why isn't that sufficient? I want a 345 in size 4½C. I call it pure carelessness or cussedness on your part.

The explanation is that 345 is not the style number but the size number, an example of the cryptic size marking to which the shoe merchant is addicted. Why the coded memorandum?

Simply because a woman, once successful in squeezing her feet into a 4½B, will thereafter always insist upon that same size. Try to convince Madame that, since the new pair she has selected is made over a narrower last, a 4½C size is actually no wider than her old 4½B pair! Believe me, it's just a waste of breath!

So don't think that the shoe retailer is unscrupulous. He is only protecting the shopper against herself when he indicates shoe sizes in code. 345 indicates 4½C. The 3 is C (2 would express B; 1 means A; 0 indicates AA). The second digit is 4; the 5 means ½. Thus the three digits combined represent 4½C. The figures 340 would be translated 4C.

SPEAKING of shoes, I had a tough letter to write the other day. Our shoe department casually sent me a blunt memorandum to "advise customer that factory has no lasts as large as 9AA and that three weeks will be required to make such lasts and another week for delivery of shoes."

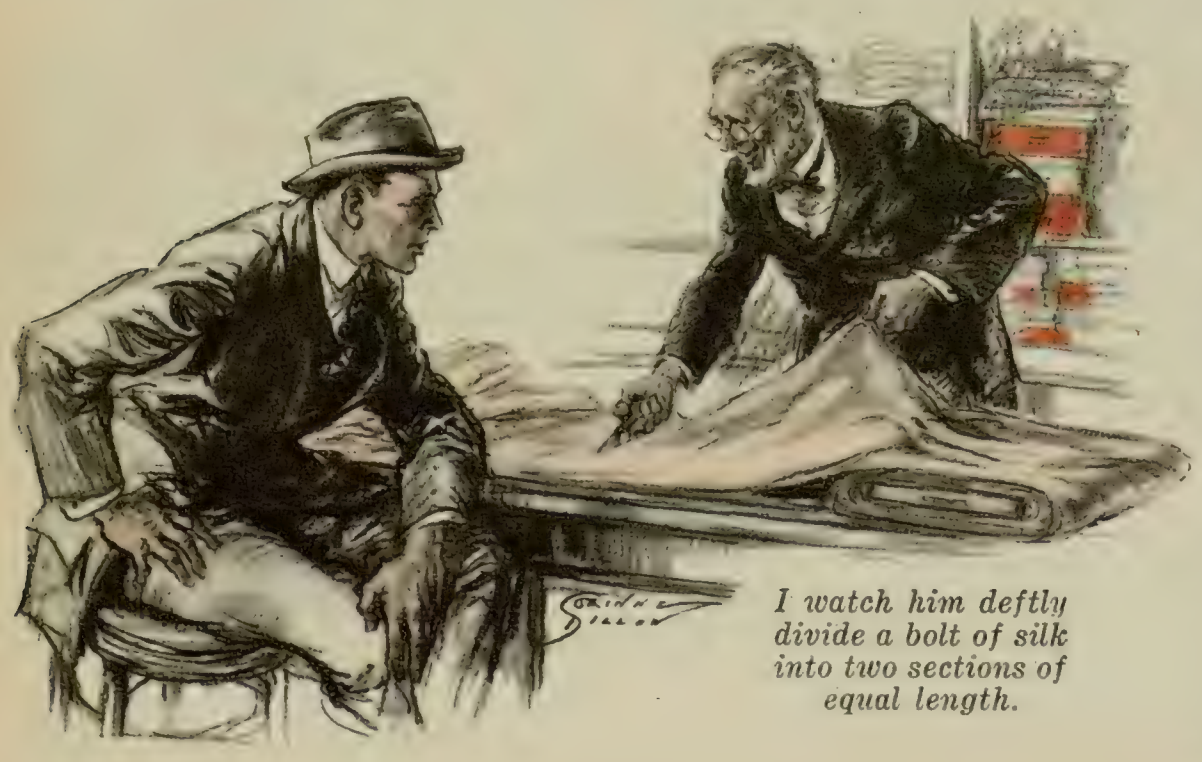
As well tell a débutante that her boyish bob makes her resemble a plucked muskrat. I wrote the fleet-footed (in the sense of two or more boats) customer:

> Our factory advises that no lasts as narrow as 9AA are at present available and that delivery therefore cannot be made until February 15.

Elementary, my dear Watson! But I didn't add with a flourish, as did one of our smart young salesmen recently: "What you don't know about shoes, Madam, would fill a library."

Some day, perhaps, I'll meet a woman who, when taxed with it, won't blushingly confess that she's a darned good shopper and that she knows a bargain when she sees one. Does she? Here is a recent comment from a large manufacturer of store fixtures:

"It is a well known fact that department-store merchandise, when shown over the counter, encounters greater sales resistance than when that same merchandise is shown on tables. Why? Because every woman under the sun thinks that all goods shown on tables are invariably bargains. Naturally, I make a practice of advising stores to use as few counters as practicable and as many tables as possible."



I watch him deftly divide a bolt of silk into two sections of equal length.

Do women know how to shop?

I lunched last week with the head of the mail-order department of a neighboring department store and, as such, director of millions of dollars of sales annually.

I asked, "What do you think of women as shoppers?"

The reply was a prompt, "Less than three per cent of them know what it's all about."

"Them's harsh woids, Nell!" I remarked, for it was, not as you may have assumed, a care-bitten, disillusioned man, but a pink and pretty woman in her early thirties.

"Listen," continued she. "Our mail-order returns frequently run as high as fifty per cent. Half of it is due to ignorance on the part of the customer.

"Take dresses, for example. Because of women's ignorance of shopping, we usually have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of ready-to-wear out of our possession for weeks, even months. Forget any calculations of loss of interest on our investment, and, remembering that the life of a particular dress style these days is only thirty to sixty days, figure what we lose. Is it strange that the firm is anxious to cut the business of my department to a minimum—may eventually discontinue it entirely?

"I had this letter this morning," Nell continued as she sipped her coffee, "from Swatow, China—Babe Ruth's birthplace, I suppose. Read it."

> About the beaded dresses I had sent to my niece in Paris [I read]. She is returning them, as she finds almost identical dresses are much cheaper in Paris. The one that I got from you at $85 can be bought there for 750 francs—approximately $30. Yet your sales clerk at the time of purchase assured me I was "getting exceptional values." I inclose check in payment of your bill with the charge for dresses deducted.

I EYED Nell with sympathy but without amazement. We both knew that imported beaded dresses pay a 90-per-cent duty. Nevertheless, because of the cheapness of French labor (the equivalent of a dollar or two is an excellent wage in France today), Paris annually exports to the United States millions of beaded dresses. Some cost as little as six dollars over there—painstakingly hand-beaded,

How to Shop?

A Reply by the Man Behind the Counter

mind you—and retail for eighteen dollars over here.

Others are retailed in this country for as much as several hundred dollars. Fifty thousand or more minute beads are sewn to a diaphanous bit of cloth which is then stitched into an evening dress. These tiny bits of glass don't cling to the dress forever. But, unless you are willing to become as prematurely gray-haired as I, don't ever try to explain that to women shoppers!

Picture, if you will, a *grande dame* of the heavy type suddenly settling herself down in a defenseless wicker chair without benefit of tugs or bumpers. A cocktail or two has helped her to forget the fragile beadwork which composes her gown.

But the next morning even three bromo-seltzers don't make her forget to write me in a high-pitched scrawl that she paid us $110 for a French beaded evening gown, that she has worn it only twice, and that it has already succumbed to shingles, pernicious dropsy, and falling of the beads, and that she is disgusted and, oh, yes, feels heavily humiliated.

AM I verging on bitterness? With good reason, I think, for I am forced to the conviction that these illogical claims—some sly, some stupid—undeniably raise the cost of living for my family and yours. You and I have Mrs. Sly and Mrs. Stupid to thank for the privilege of paying steadily increasing prices which to the store's executive seem justified by the steadily mounting "overhead" expense—expense in which claims of as much as $50,000 a week are naturally a large factor.

For example, our coat department sells more coats than any similar department in the world. Yet even this obviously efficient department found that returns by customers last year were 37 per cent. Is this shopping or muddling?

Cast an eye upon this dour epistle from sunny California:

> When in New York I bought some of your 89-cent dress linen. I've had it made up and it's been washed twice. It has already begun to fade and crushes badly. Yet locally they are advertising "fast colors, non-crushable dress linen" at 69 cents per yard.

Well, they may be advertising it, but they're not selling it, I'll wager, for no dress linen under the sun, especially the California sun, is proof against petting or fading.

Twenty-five thousand women customers of our store annually dispute the figures on our bills and price tags. We don't expect women to be able to add a column of figures. Lord, no! But what are you going to do when a woman who has worn a suit for three weeks frostily insists that the figures on the tag (which she had carefully preserved) are not $99 but $59?

In this connection may I present for your consideration another exhibit:

> Last month I bought a squirrel coat for my daughter for $35. I have just received your bill and am *amazed* by your charge of $200 for the garment. Naturally, I won't pay it. There must be some mistake. I return the coat for your inspection.

Every woman under the sun thinks that all goods shown on tables are invariably bargains.

Well, there hangs the coat. Isn't it a beautiful piece of work? Probably a hundred or more carefully matched squirrels laid down their lives before the furrier could begin his work. Is there anybody who would not have considered such a price as thirty-five dollars ridiculous?

Ho, hum! I'll bet twenty to one that our investigation will show that the style number on the tag was 3500 and the price $200, just as billed. Do women know how to shop?

Here is a more unusual letter. From a woman who can handle figures—and how!

> I am deducting $15 from the inclosed bill for the following reason: Your fur-storage department in its printed contract agrees to store fur garments free of charge provided repairs amount to $35 or over. Now you have billed me, Repairs $32, storage charges $18. I choose, therefore, to pay $35 for the repairs, thus canceling the storage charge. I deduct the $15 and inclose check for the balance.

Bull's-eye, lady! Bull's-eye! She plowed laboriously through our 3,000-word contract and found the chink in its armor. She saved fifteen dollars, because I wrote cheerfully agreeing to the deduction.

And now peruse, if you will, part of another letter of 300-odd (some of them very odd) words I must answer today:

> I have returned the evening gown at $265. It is true I bought it six months ago, but it is also true that I've worn it only three times. You will see that it is tarnished and worthless. So I want my account credited in full, and furthermore I refuse to pay one penny of my current bill until you have adjusted the matter.

ON your left hangs the gown. An original Paris model, a cobwebby poem of metallic filigree. Metallic, therefore tarnishable. Can't be prevented. Not our fault at all. We won't allow credit, you may be assured of that! Unless (come closer, that I may whisper the horrid truth), unless we find that Lady Teazle owes us as much as, say, $500. In that event, after repeated and probably vain pleas for justice, we'll settle reluctantly.

Blue thoughts, these. Blue as some of the black dresses we frequently foist upon our unsuspecting clientele. Here's one exposé of our duplicity—I could show you a thousand like it:

> After spending a full hour selecting a black dress at your sale, I find upon delivery that it is actually blue. Of course I bought it under artificial light, but why didn't the salesgirl take me over to the window? The alteration charge was to be $9.50. I expect you to cancel that charge and call for the dress. I am sick of the whole . . .

IN refreshing contrast is this disquisition from a shopper of parts, well trained despite the fact that, if one is to believe the Sunday supplements, she is "the richest young woman in the world":

> One of my friends, Miss ——, recently sent me as a gift a piece of tapestry which, it appears, you sold her as Gobelin. I fear there has been a misunderstanding, for this is *not* real Gobelin.
>
> I am not a professional shopper, but at least I know what silver-bleach linen is; also mock-seam hosiery, virgin wool, spring-needle underwear, bone china, and why one water glass rings whereas another doesn't.
>
> When I buy an evening wrap of chiffon velvet, for instance, I can assure you that I get chiffon velvet and not schappe velvet.
>
> So please straighten out this tapestry matter without delay. I feel confident that you will adjust the matter satisfactorily and amicably.

Which we did.

I quote now from a less sophisticated crush letter, postmarked Des Moines, Iowa:

> My fur-trimmed velours coat, purchased three weeks ago, is already crushed where I sit down and also the fur sheds on everyone that comes near me so that I am the laughingstock of all my friends. It's the only coat I have else I'd return it to you. What shall I do?

Now, sooner or later, in some degree at least, all fur sheds, be it royal Russian sable, rabbit, rat, or Rin-Tin-Tin's. It's the nature of the beast. Fur is "fixed" to the hide by chemical treatment, but cement cannot be, or at least is not, employed.

As for the velours mentioned, all pile fabrics,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Jewelry, like daisies, she believes, won't tell.

[DO WOMEN KNOW HOW TO SHOP?
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

such as velours, velvets, and mohairs, crush. I am suggesting to Mrs. Des Moines that she have the coat steamed and the fur "glazed" and that she send us the bill. The coat will look like new.

(About velvet: A tailor charges you two dollars to steam a velvet gown, but if you'll walk up one flight of stairs to the bathroom you can save two dollars. Hang dress over tub. Turn on hot water until the room is full of steam. Remove dress when fog has evaporated.)

JEWELRY causes us a great deal of grief, despite the fact that the technique of so many of the jewelry purchasers is painfully transparent.

Some women reason: "If I wear a pearl necklace or that gorgeous pair of old-gold earrings to the annual ball of the Greenwich Village Artists and Artisans, who will later dare to question my assertion that the jewelry was not removed from the box because it was delivered too late? Anyway, it won't hurt the jewelry a bit to wear it for just a few hours."

Jewelry, like daisies, she believes, won't tell. And it rarely does. That's why we post signs in our jewelry department warning that "Jewelry, unless defective, will not be exchanged or credited."

What defense have we against such tactics? Very little. We don't bother much with reports from our inspectors—or detectives. We increase our prices. So that the overwhelming majority of women shoppers, being honest, must pay for the crimes of their less scrupulous sisters.

Next to jewelry, the biggest pebble in our shoe is the sale of gifts. Bridge in the city and five hundred in the suburb cause a lot of scarlet on the sawdust in our adjustment bureau. The winner of the card-party prize, after expressing voluble thanks, can with comparative ease determine the origin of the article from the wrappings—or, by nice finesse, from the hostess.

With this information and a high heart she resolutely descends upon us, convinced that we cannot refuse to exchange the prize for lovely crisp currency.

Wrong. "All merchandise must be exchanged by the original purchaser," is our stock reply.

Then there's our millinery department. It finds that hats are something like the new issue of postage stamps: it is easy enough to sell them, but hard to make them stick.

Our millinery saleswomen reiterate: "You understand, of course, madam, that, once taken from the store, the hat cannot be exchanged." In the same way I write thousands of letters annually, explaining that "sanitary regulations forbid our exchanging millinery." Sometimes I think I might better indite a pronunciamento to some moth explaining why further parking about the fascinating bridge lamp is *verboten*.

These "sanitary law letters" are fairly effective when used as a shield against the return of corsets, toys, and toilet articles; but hats, you must understand, are a horse from a different garage. Too many of our patrons confuse our millinery department with a public library.

Always over my head hang 600,000 swords of Damocles in the form of potential threats from our 600,000 charge customers: "I refuse to pay my bill."

We rarely sue. For one thing, it costs not merely money but two years' time to get a case before the Supreme Court. But there is a better reason than that: our store has achieved success largely through liberal methods, through trust in human nature. (By "human" I mean "feminine," for all but a handful of our customers are women.)

Today we have 7,000 customers who have not paid us a cent for the past three months. We're not a bit worried. We wait four months before writing our first marshmallow-and-whipped-cream letter of reminder. And so I often feel that our store, while catering always to the vanity of women, is none the less a monument to the honesty of womankind.

But it is not for me to make an honest woman of the shopper. First and last, *is* woman a shopper? May I call, as a final witness, another old friend of mine, the merchandise manager of a chain of thirty department stores, stretching from Philadelphia to Seattle and doing an annual business of nearly $100,000,000?

Hear Mac's howl: "A woman ought to stick to her last—her last child! Women don't know how to shop because they don't know anything about merchandise.

"Women are people. A constitutional amendment admits it. Moreover, women are clever, stupid, generous, short, tall, rich, broke, blonde, brunette, or whatever flavor you may choose, except that, in no sense of the word, including the Scandinavian, are they shoppers.

"MY boy," he continued, "I started in the department-store game nearly fifty years ago. I was the best, and only, cash boy in Grand Rapids. And I have lived to work in stores located in twenty different States, including Arizona and Maine, bankruptcy and despair.

"I can remember one of my first lessons in merchandising. It happened in a big Cleveland store, at the jewelry counter on the main floor. It was 8.30 A. M., so there were no customers to listen in. The jewelry buyer—Chesty Sol, we called him—gathered the salesgirls about him. Then he tossed out twenty different styles of pearl necklaces on the counter.

A cocktail or two has helped her to forget the fragile beadwork which composes her gown.

"'Here they are, girls,' he said. 'Look 'em over. This necklace to sell for eighty-nine cents, this for one fifty, this three eighty-nine, this six forty-nine, this nineteen ninety-nine, this twenty-nine fifty. How do they look to you?'

"The girls looked the stuff over and approved. Good plunder, no 'dreck' about any of it, in their opinion. Whereupon Sol shuffled all the necklaces around and then picked them up at random, repricing each one, so that the six forty-nine string was priced at eighty-nine cents, the three eighty-nine string jumped to twenty-nine fifty, and so on. 'How d'you like 'em now?' he asked. The girls grinned understandingly. Astonished me, though. I gaped. Then came the dawn. I had learned what they meant by 'blind' merchandise.

"Five years later, having arrived in New York, I saw a pearl necklace sold in one of the city's largest stores. The cost price was twelve dollars. The customer paid one hundred and fifty for it. Bored me. I yawned.

"And now, after all these years, you ask me whether women know how to shop! My dear boy, you know as well as I how a woman shops. She walks over to the glove counter: 'I want a pair of gray gloves, that shiny kind.' That's all. She can't be bothered with learning that gloves are cape, mocha, glacé, suède, kid, lamb, schmarsham (unborn lamb), fabric, and so on. I suppose she thinks that when her husband goes into a cigar store he says to the clerk: 'I want a cigar.'

"When a woman wants to buy a fine china dinner set she stipulates Limoges and is very proud of her knowledge. Well, you know, my boy, that there are at least a dozen different china manufacturers in Limoges, France, some of them with the same surname.

"Few women shoppers are interested in that fact. Fewer still suspect that the finest grade of china is made right here in these United States.

"Mrs. Louis Lucre has little difficulty in distinguishing an alligator pear from a grapefruit, but she'd never smell the muskrat in Hudson seal if the bigger stores didn't conscientiously explain such matters on their price tags.

"THE woman shopper of today is guided especially by two considerations—price and style. Durability means nothing to her. Yet, before petticoats became so petty, my mother used to wear a black silk petticoat that was twenty years old and still on the job. Today the waist and skirt lines advance and recede more often than the tides.

"Can you remember," continued Mac, "when women bought clothes with a sage eye to the future, wondering always how the garment would look during the ensuing years? They're not like that today!

"Take shoes, for instance. A woman never learns that black shoes wear longer than tan because it is necessary to extract the natural oils from leather intended for tan shoes, thus making them more likely to crack than if they were finished black. Or consider shawls for evening wear. She elects a Chinese shawl—beautifully embroidered. Costs four hundred dollars. Never learns that the French, Italian, and Viennese shawls, although less elaborate, are usually far more durable, nearly as beautiful, and cost only a fraction of four hundred dollars.

"Buys furniture. Is familiar with woods, having often observed the trees in the municipal park. Believes that all maroon-colored woods are mahogany. Splurges on French underwear at twenty to sixty dollars a garment. Truly inimitable pastel shades. Magnificent embroidery. Unique style. But American underwear, although not quite as luxurious, is three times as durable and costs only half as much.

"The woman shopper buys rayon smocks and blouses. Does she know that rayon is made of wood pulp? Possibly. Buys celanese underwear and dresses. Does she know that celanese is a remarkable utilization of once worthless cotton linters? Impossible. Thinks a union towel is a product of organized labor instead of being a combination of linen and cotton.

"My boy, you bore me with your silly questions." Thus spake Mac.

I fear that I have bored you, as well. However that may be, I would cast no slurs upon the honesty of the woman shopper. I see the world from the wrong side of the counter, and so, as a protection against pessimism, I have evolved a philosophy. It is this: Obviously Nature equips all creatures for offense and defense. Just as she arms the elephant with powerful tusks, so she equips "poor, weak woman" with that weapon of weapons, the art of dissimulation.

That's my philosophy. May no one ever rob me of it, for it keeps me from being fed up with my job and the million women who write to me.

THE END

The TOQUE is Branching Out

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

PERHAPS it might be just as well to devote a chapter to hats. On examination they are found to be changing, gently changing; or indeed one might say, to have changed. Under our very eyes they have altered without our knowing a word about it, and now they follow softer, more graceful, more feminine lines, graciously re-enforcing the enchanting curves of the girlish face.

As the friend in Paris puts it: "Hats seem to be getting rather fancy. They are absolutely away from that little inverted pot which we wore for so long. We all know it's the style to 'be yourself.' Well, there isn't any better medium in which to register your personality than through your hat."

Even if the finished products are startlingly individual, however, they all have a basic principle on which they are constructed, like the architecture of a period. For the moment there are really two forms (in hats, not architecture), both of which have the foundation of a skullcap with something draped round it and standing out on at least one side—you might say with something coming out beyond the building line.

Once in a while this takes the form of a draped tam-o'-shanter. Another time it is sort of like the milkman's ear muffs (as in the first model). Only the American man carelessly neglects to express himself through the medium of his ear muffs and indifferently ties them under his chin.

Hat of beige felt, with tabs covering the ears and ending in pieces which mount across the front.—Patou.

M. Jean Patou, on the other hand, seizes every little opportunity to give his gracious clients personality, and does so this time by crossing the tail pieces of those ear tabs in a patrician line above the forehead, high up on the crown.

The Agnès close-fitting hat binds the head tightly and is enwound with a half-moon effect in grosgrain, one point of which goes up over the slash in the cap on the left side, thus coming out a bit beyond the tight base.

The foundation in brown straw with the ribbon in rose color embodies another of the season's devices for expressing yourself, which is in the use of color. A decided trick of the times is to combine two of your favorite shades. Of course your favorite colors are sure to be those that are becoming, and so for the first time in many a day it is getting to be the style to look almost pretty.

One combines not only colors but materials as well. Jersey straw with satin, satin with felt, felt with silk, and silk with satin, are among the combinations used to accomplish the fashion mandate to "be yourself." The tam-o'-shanter coming out over the building line of a round stiff circle of a brim is nowhere better illustrated than in the model shown here, by Jeanne Lanvin, and although she uses the same color, which is black, throughout the hat, she employs two materials, which are straw and satin.

(Above) A black straw skullcap trimmed with a black satin puff.—Jeanne Lanvin.

(Right) A hat in black jersey straw with a headband of ivory satin.—Agnès.

(Above) This skullcap of blue satin is trimmed in two shades of blue bands.—Agnès.

Agnès, on the other hand, uses one material in the model opposite it, but two colors, or at least two shades of blue. This hat is what you might call an adaptation of the visor. The bands are overlapping, the one in the middle (on some of the models) being the color of the hat and the others a little lighter. One can alter the shading to suit one's taste.

THE real departure in models, which promises to point the way to the outline of the future, is shown in the center of the group above. We mentioned in the beginning of this article that there were two styles of hats today, and this is the second. A felt turban, going down deeply on the neck in the back, with a movement forward and steeply upward in front, is the striking feature of this new form. Sometimes the movement goes down on one side and up on the other, but the structure shown here is on the whole the more graceful and the more universally embraced. It goes off the face decidedly, if one analyzes it, and yet there is a tiny brim or band which shades the eyes. A charming shape that, which makes you feel—and act—like a princess—aristocratic, restrained, apart.

A close-fitting hat in brown straw trimmed in a half-moon effect of rose grosgrain ribbon circling the crown.—Agnès.

To generalize, and of necessity in so doing to contradict oneself (since, for everything one says, always there exists something exactly the opposite to it which is just as true): One notes a decided tendency to show all of the forehead; but at the same time there is something—a band, perhaps, as in this offering—which shadows the eyes.

To say it differently, because it will have to be said over many, many times to cover the nuance of shading for each hat: There is an up-and-off-the-face movement, and there is something right down on the eyebrows as well. The model strikes you from one viewpoint as being exactly like a hat for flappers. Still, dignified ladies of titles are exploiting it.

Lady Abdy, the Russian aristocrat who is married to a titled Englishman, is going about everywhere in such a style. The present copy is in black jersey straw, with a close band in ivory satin circling the forehead under the rolling brim. The front ornament is a pin, and it is set in a stone which is ivory color, too.

PARIS experts say that up to the moment nothing has changed very conspicuously about hats. Brimless toques, so they put it, are still a favorite. But if they examined their creations a bit more carefully, they would discover what we have been trying to get across, which is the presence of the slightest brim. These correspondents dwell on the extravagant use of imitation jewels and remark the popularity of pieces of felt across the front as we have shown them on the model at the extreme left.

INDIVIDUALITY
Marks the Smart Parisienne

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, January 15.

PARIS is not a Utopia of Styles, where every woman is ideally gowned, as many women who haven't been here imagine it to be. There are as badly dressed women in Paris as in any other large city of cosmopolitan character.

What makes it unique as the fashion center of the world, aside from its supremacy as to style creation, is that Paris is the happy hunting ground of the best dressed women in the world. They choose their clothes here, and they wear them here first of all.

These women, a small group at all times, come from many countries, and they rise sometimes from humble beginnings. They are what is known as "smart Parisiennes," and only the ignorant imagine all of them to be French. This is a term that is used to define those women who are the supreme artists of clothes in Paris.

I can think of one South American lady, two Russians, several Englishwomen, a number of women from the United States, a Jewess or two, and at least one from the Emerald Isle who, with an equal numerical quota of dyed-in-the-wool Parisiennes, are always referred to by the experts of fashion as "smart Parisiennes."

During a season like the one just past in Paris, these women are seen everywhere, and they are continually observed, photographed, and sketched. What they wear invariably has some bearing on coming fashions for women everywhere.

No more than one lone member of this group is a real beauty, and most of them would be passed by without any strain of the neck muscles if they didn't have that mastery of mode which is a visible distinction.

There are, among these women, no obvious differences of technique in their clothes. They do not dress alike, but what each wears is, seemingly, a part of herself.

Outside of perhaps a costume ball, where clothes are of other epochs, I have never seen one of these ladies wearing anything that called attention to itself as separate from the wearer. But they do appear in individual clothes.

This winter, when 98 per cent of the de luxe ladies who follow the fashions in Paris were wearing coats that were either smothered in fox fur or laden with astrakhan, Lady Abdy, who is one of the English smart Parisiennes, wore the cape-coat illustrated in our sketch at the extreme right. It was different from all the others, and yet more demure and less pretentious.

Made of breitschwanz, this cape-coat, with its turnover collar and scalloped cape, has the ingenuous simplicity of real youth, while the heavy gold chain, with its engraved plaque, that Lady Abdy wore over the coat and under the collar, was the series of links that connected it with herself alone. Her black felt beret, from beneath which could be seen her blonde curls,

Mme. Paul Dubonnet, formerly Jean Nash, chose this beige lace evening gown embroidered with beads, from Chanel. The square-cut décolletage and shirred panels give it a good deal of distinction.

Chantal made this afternoon frock of black satin for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. The Vs of crêpe are embroidered with strass.

Comtesse Jean de Polignac wearing a Lanvin chiffon frock with a fichu-like handkerchief.

Lady Abdy, an English-born Parisienne, wears this breitschwanz cape-coat. The heavy gold chain and plaque add to its personal character.

has the same fine, informal simplicity as the coat.

How another vogue of this winter was turned to personal uses by an American Parisienne is shown in our sketch of a Chantal model. The black satin frock for afternoon is a standard feature of Paris fashions, but this frock, which was designed for Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, is a special interpretation.

Though it is certainly not a striking frock, it is one of arresting charm, which is the secret of its significance. The blouse of black satin has three inset Vs of black crêpe, one at the neck and one on each sleeve. These triangles are embroidered with strass.

The plaited skirt is made of alternating strips of satin and crêpe, and in the two side-front strips of satin are set triangles of crêpe embroidered with strass (which is French for rhinestones). The narrow suède belt is a dull orange in color and has a leather-covered buckle.

The two models just described give you an idea of how the English and American Parisienne dresses.

Our Lanvin sketch shows a gown that is characteristic of the real French "smart Parisienne." This frock was created for and is worn by Comtesse Jean de Polignac. It is made of black chiffon, with a bloused waist and a skirt which is smocked from the waist to the hipline, so that it is very full and cloudy in effect. The girdle is a narrow strip of black chiffon tied on the left hip.

Around her shoulders Comtesse de Polignac wears a huge handkerchief of black chiffon embroidered with silver thread and set with square silver spangles. This is knotted like a fichu in front and it almost entirely covers the décolletage.

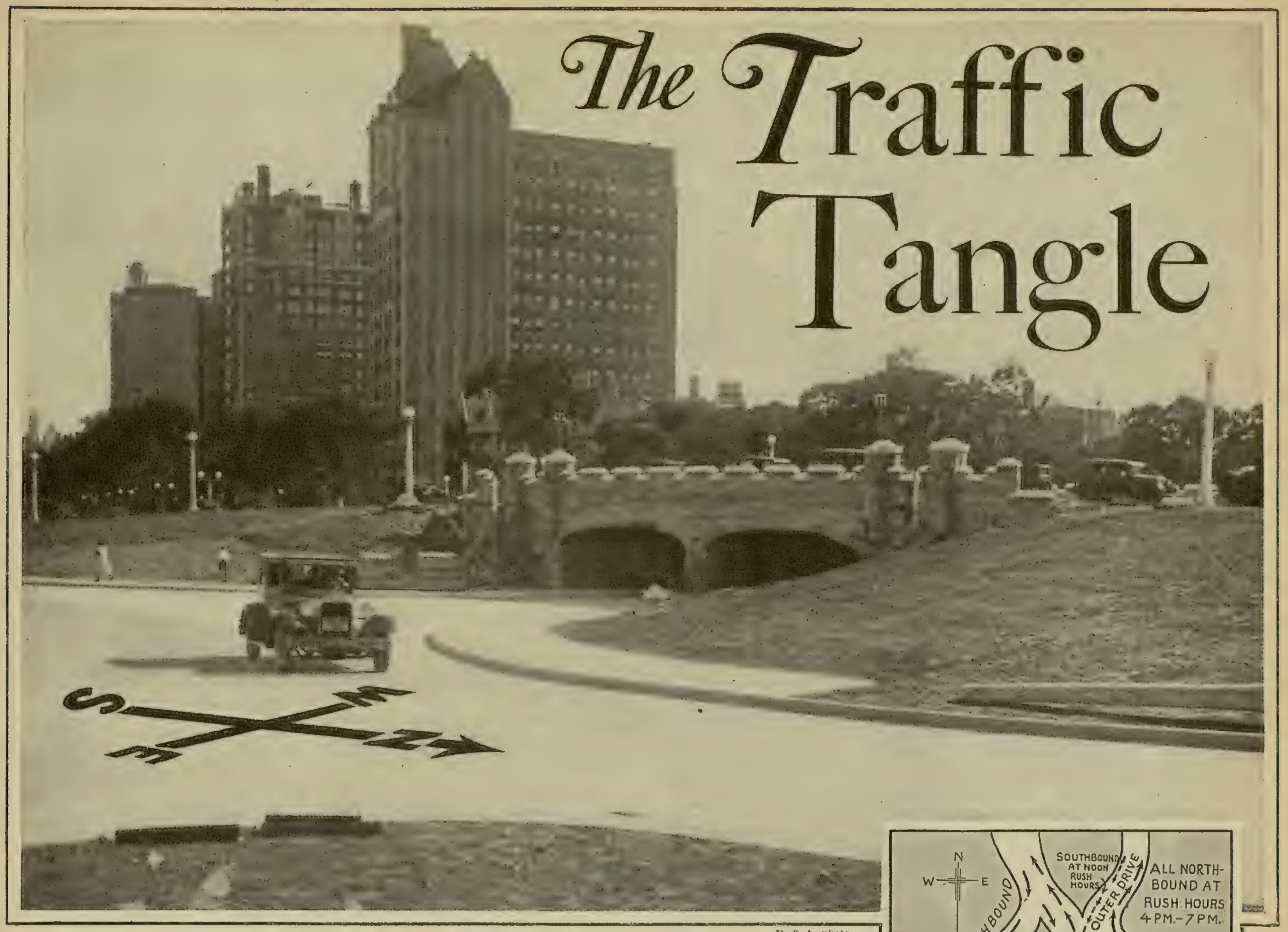
Simplicity carried to its highest point is the keynote of the French *grand chic*, but it is simplicity with a great deal of softness and feminine delicacy, and just one high point of brilliance—shown, this time, in the handkerchief.

OUR model on the left is a gown worn by one of the most famous of the smart Parisiennes who claim the United States as native land—Mme. Paul Dubonnet, whom you all know as Jean Nash, said to be "the best dressed woman in the world."

She wears an airy trifle of beige lace, with lines and silhouette that come from the magic hands of Chanel. The lace of this gown is entirely embroidered with tiny beads, which give it a rich surface but not a brilliant one. The square-cut décolletage, the narrow tailored belt, the shirred panels in the skirt, all are features that make this frock a personality for a personality.

And these women! What is the formula for their chic? They clothe themselves with so much wisdom that their dresses are a part of themselves, and what they wear never interferes with their movements, their repose, or their personalities.

The Traffic Tangle



P. & A. photo

An increase of 300 per cent in the automobile capacity of Lincoln Park, Chicago, was made possible through inauguration of this overpass at North Avenue and Lake Shore Drive.

Discussing the Latest Cures for Street Paralysis

An Article by **WILLIAM F. STURM**

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of three articles on city traffic congestion in which the author gives several plans for bettering conditions and suggests one broad general way of solving the whole problem.]

PART THREE

IT is apparent to all those who have given traffic more than a passing thought that one of the great deterrents to improvement is the old-fashioned ideas of cities and citizens and the selfishness of the average motorist.

I recall that in Indianapolis, where I live, someone had the idea of making two of the arteries leading directly downtown one-way streets inbound between 7 and 9 o'clock in the morning and one-way outbound between 4 and 6 o'clock in the evening.

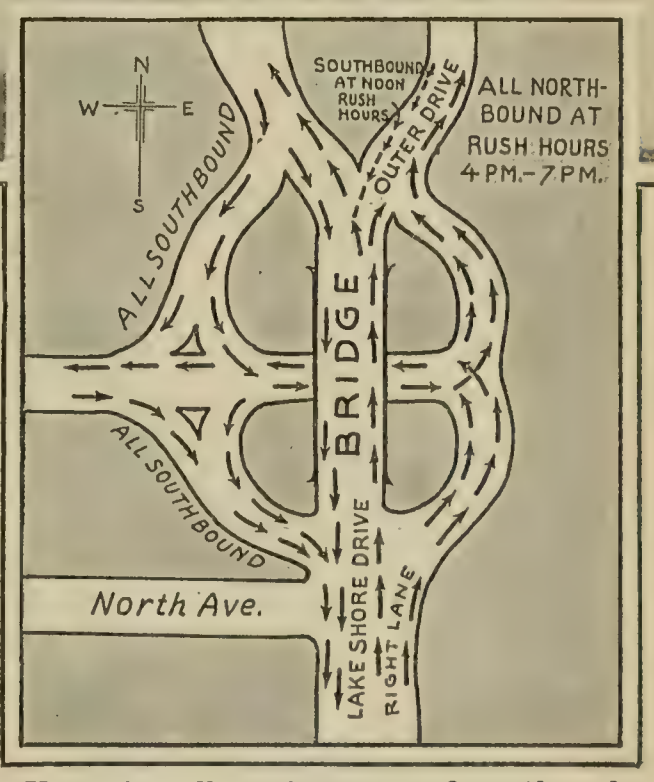
Well, there was great hullabaloo. It encouraged fast driving! It did this and it did that. Principally, though, it moved traffic in a hurry. But the disgruntled ones finally had recourse to a State law which took the right out of the city's hands, and we slipped back into another snooze.

Along with this same archaic idea is the one that one lane of traffic is all that is necessary. There might be room for two lanes if the drivers would make it. Instead, the selfish motorist takes his share right out of the middle.

Things would not be so bad if the motorist who takes his share out of the middle would move right along, but just as often as not he thinks fifteen to eighteen miles an hour is splitting things wide open, when his city ordinances would permit him to go twenty-five.

The cry frequently has been raised that street cars are archaic. Transportation figures do not indicate this. In Chicago, street cars carry 57.8 per cent of the traffic in the central business district. In Detroit they carry 56.7 per cent of customers of the Loop district stores. In New York they carry 36 per cent of the total number of passengers carried by the surface and rapid-transit lines.

Information from the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is that its 574 busses and its



How virtually uninterrupted north-and-south movement is afforded by the Lincoln Park grade separation.

3,000 street cars carry 80 per cent of the downtown traffic. On this basis the street cars alone probably carry 65 per cent.

The complaint against the street car is that it aids traffic congestion because it stops at every corner. That indictment is true to some extent. But it is the fault of the indignant citizen who feels that he cannot walk even the block required with the skip-stop plan in force.

One authority has stated that the workman should not be compelled to spend more than forty-five minutes each way in going and coming from work. Thirty minutes of this time should be spent on his transportation medium, with seven and a half minutes to reach it and seven and a half minutes to walk from his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE TRAFFIC TANGLE

[Continued from Page Seventy-three]

transportation to his work. The average street-car speed is between nine and ten miles an hour. On the nine-mile basis the workman would be limited to a radius of four and a half miles.

Detroit, in order to get accurate statistics and speed up her street-car traffic, decided in September, 1927, to try out express service, with local passengers being carried by busses of the street-car company. The first trial was made over 4.3 miles of the East Jefferson line. Stops were made only at the end of each mile.

THE time consumed previously in making the 4.3 miles was twenty-five minutes, and by bus twenty-four minutes. The express service cut the street-car time to between thirteen and fourteen minutes. In timing a passenger who rode to the two - mile stop and boarded a bus to go three-tenths of a mile farther, it was shown that the two miles on the street car took seven minutes, the transfer time was one minute, and the time spent on the bus two minutes, a total of ten minutes. The time formerly required to go the distance by street car would have been fourteen minutes. Not only does an express service of this sort speed up the street cars, but also the accompanying traffic.

The time has about passed when traffic saturation can be relieved for long by regulation or control with the means at hand. High-pressure regulation will aid for a few years only and then heroic measures will have to be adopted. The first heroic measure will be the banning of all parking in business districts for longer than necessary to load or unload.

Street widening is one of the first thoughts when improvement of traffic-congestion conditions is being considered. It is one of those remedies easy to mention, but difficult to accomplish. To begin with, if this widening process costs hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars, why is it not better simply to ban all automobile parking on the street to be widened and thus save all the costs of such a major improvement?

By taking the space on each side used for parking cars, the street automatically becomes from sixteen to twenty feet wider without a cent of expenditure.

One of the outstanding cases where street widening was considered feasible was that of Michigan Avenue, one of Chicago's highest-priced streets. This avenue was widened from sixty-six feet to 130 feet from Randolph Street north to the Chicago River, .83 of a mile; and to 141 feet from the Chicago River to Chicago Avenue. The cost was $16,000,000, yet it was considered a good investment. In 1910 the street had been widened to 130 feet from Roosevelt Road to Randolph Street.

Another street widening in process in Chicago's business district is that of La Salle Street, from Washington Street to the Chicago River. There is a pretty little story of how this widening was made possible.

P. & A. photo

New York City's most prominent double-deck thoroughfare—Park Avenue, looking south from Forty-second Street, showing trolleys on street and autos above.

FIVE years ago D. H. Burnham, president of the Chicago Regional Planning Association, decided that he would have a twenty-story building at Randolph and La Salle. He felt that the street should be widened, and that if he should put an expensive building in the way the project would be defeated when it did come up. So he set his building back twenty feet, and the neighboring building, the Metropolitan, which was built later, followed his example.

Later on, still another building, the Builders', was erected, and it, too, followed suit. Had these buildings been put on the old building line, there is little doubt that they would have offered an insurmountable bar to street widening.

If automobiles are going to be removed from the streets, we are going to have to find a place for them. For years investors have been trying to make huge parking garages in the downtown districts pay, but only recently have they been able to see the light.

The average building used for a garage, according to Eugene S. Taylor, manager of the Chicago Plan Commission, has been only 36 per cent efficient as to space usable. However, garages are now being built with a potential usability of nearer 70 per cent of their space. These garages, together with parking lots in the summer, should go far toward taking the parked automobile from the streets.

Building owners are beginning to see the value of housing tenants' cars under the same roof with the tenant. The Book Tower, an eighty - one - story building to be built in downtown Detroit, will provide space on its first fifteen floors for tenants' cars.

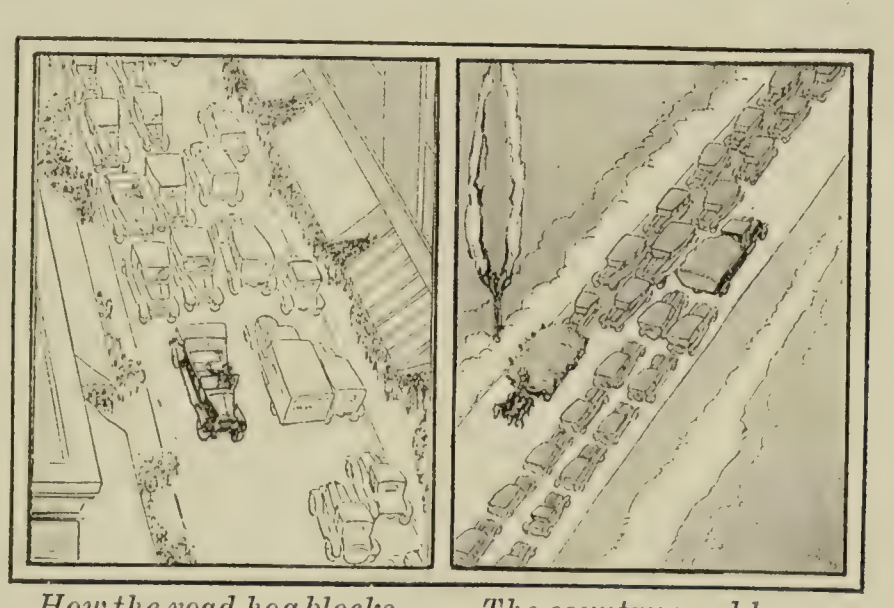
The Fisher Building, construction of which has started at West Grand Boulevard and Second Boulevard, Detroit, will provide ample room in its twenty-six stories for garaging not only its tenants' cars, but many more in addition.

Another vital remedy for traffic congestion is decentralization of business. The downtown district of any large city will always remain a shopping and business center.

But, as time goes on, traffic congestion and the need for business property at less expense is changing the complexion of business districts. The customer likes decentralization of business because it gets him away from traffic jams.

In Detroit an indication of how business is flowing out to the residence districts may be seen in the fact that there are 303 branch banks in outlying districts.

Double-decking of streets has come into the picture because of traffic and building congestion.



How the road hog blocks traffic lanes in the city streets.

The country road hog—just as bad as his city brother.

FROM Michigan Avenue, Chicago, west to the intersection of Lake and Market streets, for five-eighths of a mile, is a double-deck street which has occasioned more comment than any other street in the world.

This is Wacker Drive, formerly South Water Street. Wacker Drive was once a narrow, cluttered market street, with a lane between parked vehicles barely wide enough to permit traffic movement.

Far from being architecturally ugly, Wacker Drive is one of the prettiest business streets in Chicago on its upper level, while beneath is a 135-foot roadway with a six-lane street for heavy traffic and storage space for hundreds of cars. The lower level also furnishes ingress and egress for freight deliveries for the business houses which line its south side, the river forming its northern boundary.

Michigan Avenue from Grand Avenue to Lake Street also is a double-deck street for a third of a mile.

Park Avenue, New York City, south of Forty-second Street, is in effect a double-deck street.

The arcading of sidewalks is another way of widening roadways, but this method has the same disadvantage that a double-deck street has—expense and the unwillingness of merchants to forgo valuable space in their buildings. Another method of arcading is to put the sidewalks up into the second story of the buildings and continue the walk over street intersections and thus avoid traffic congestion at the surface.

City and regional planners are going to see to it that as new territory is opened up the subdivider thinks not so much of profit as of the city's need in regard to traffic problems. When the subdivider gets this into his system he will lay out his major streets 100 feet wide and his secondary streets eighty feet.

SEPARATION of grades in the cities is a direct demand of traffic saturation. Street-borne traffic must be underpassed and overpassed in order to speed up traffic and avoid accidents.

Pittsburgh and Chicago have overpasses in which it is possible to go from one level to the other by means of a by-pass. The former city has eight, while Chicago has a good example at North Avenue and Lake Shore Drive. David H. Jackson, president of the board of commissioners of Lincoln Park, estimates that the one grade separation has increased automobile capacity of Lincoln Park 300 per cent.

"Overpasses permit a free flow of traffic and will allow an average traffic speed of twenty miles an hour, which is greater than the average of most city streets," Mr. Jackson said.

"The ideal overpass is one that is so constructed that not only does it separate the grades, but in addition provides an easy access of cars on the lower level to the upper level, and vice versa."

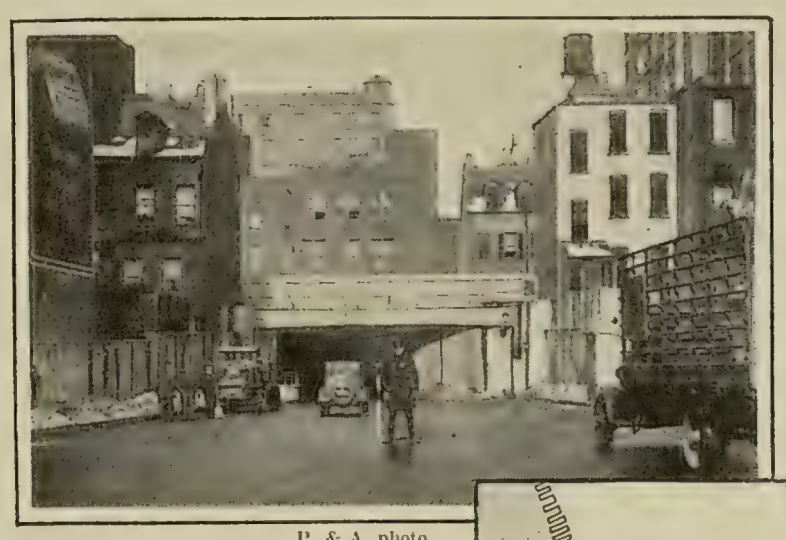
Vehicular tunnels are coming underneath the streets of the cities just as certainly as did the great Holland Tunnel from Manhattan Island under the Hudson River to New Jersey. This great twin-tube tunnel, one of the wonders of the world, has cost $48,000,000 and has taken seven years to complete. Yet it is worth all it cost, for it is the means of passing 15,000,000 automotive vehicles under the Hudson River annually.

Chicago has two good examples of pedestrian tunnels under Michigan Avenue to the suburban train tracks.

The building of superhighways is already a regular part of the program of the modern city. Detroit has placed its superhighways in the hands of a rapid-transit commission, which has started with the superhighway which is a continuation of Woodward Avenue to the north. This great artery is 204 feet wide, with a forty-foot roadway for traffic in each direction. Between the two is space for rails. Chicago has the Outer Drive along the lake, 198 feet wide, with a second Inner Drive of 100 feet. In time these two will run the entire length of Chicago and extend into the country beyond. Piercing northwest from the center of Chicago will be Avondale Avenue, a 100-foot elevated through street which will obviate the necessity for stops at cross streets.

The superhighway of the future which extends from the outer rim of the city into a country beyond will have a right-hand lane for trucks, a lane for ambling automobiles, and one for automobiles that really wish to get some place. This last lane will have a traffic movement of forty miles an hour.

A very present need for cities the size of Detroit is the placing of street cars in the downtown district in subways or "dips." A plan already has been considered in the motor city to do this.



P. & A. photo

THE New York City entrance of the new vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River to New Jersey.

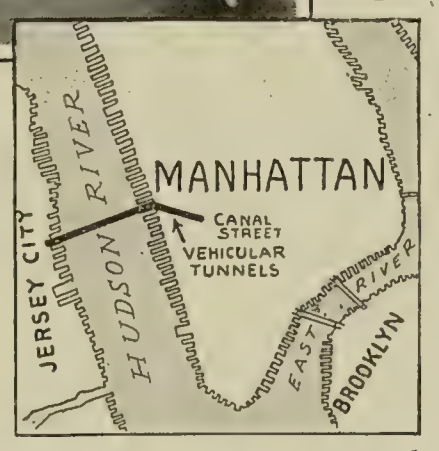


Diagram of Holland Tunnel.

"We may really need subway-train operation in Detroit," said a prominent citizen when we discussed the subject; "but there is a question of the great expense at present, and I believe that we can get a start on subway operation by making the subways for the street cars in such a way that as the city's need increases for subway-train operation we can simply adapt the street-car subways to such a purpose and extend them."

This opinion is also held by Arthur T. Waterfall, deputy police commissioner in charge of traffic.

Daniel Lawrence Turner, consulting engineer for the transit commission of the State of New York, is also consulting engineer for the Rapid Transit Commission of Detroit.

"DETROIT will be a city of two million within a short time and subway trains are going to be the only means of getting the people to and from their places of business," he said. "Any city with two million inhabitants should have subway-train operation. It is a simple matter of mathematics. The New York subway trains unload ten cars with the same celerity one street car is unloaded. They move the passengers in a ten-car mass instead of by one car."

Subway trains are the ideal method of moving peak loads in large cities. Elevated trains come next; street cars and busses next in point of ability to move mass numbers; and private automobiles are a poor fourth.

A CITY the size of New York would be helpless should the subway and elevated rapid-transit lines be wiped out. In the calendar year 1926 the rapid-transit lines, elevated and subway, carried 1,782,138,630 passengers; the street surface lines of the five boroughs that go to make the greater city, 1,007,016,848. No other system of transportation would be of avail to move this vast number, since, during the same period, busses and private cars and taxicabs were also loaded to capacity.

No relief from traffic congestion can be considered without taking into account three great agencies which by their activities in the line of research, recommendation, and development have everything to do with the solving of the municipality's greatest physical problem. These three agencies are: the traffic head, whether vested in a city street-traffic engineer or in the police department; the city plan commission; and the regional-planning commission.

The regional- and city-planning organizations look ahead to basic changes which include the widening of existing streets, the building of new ones of sufficient area, and other basic changes such as double-deck streets, arcading of sidewalks, pedestrian tunnels and overhead walks, changes in street-crossing levels, etc. The police department function is one of regulation of traffic as it exists.

The great value of the regional-planning body is that it co-ordinates the plans of all departments of the municipalities, the State and the Federal agencies into a comprehensive and united plan of action for the future.

New York has the oldest regional-planning board. Its activities extend for a radius of sixty miles. Chicago has one with a prospective radius of fifty miles. San Francisco Bay region has an organization for the development of its district in a radius of fifty miles, within which are included sixty-one municipalities, nine counties, and 1,500,000 people. Other places having regional-planning organizations are Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Buffalo, Milwaukee County, and Boston.

Traffic conditions throughout the country are in pretty much of a muddle. There is no such thing

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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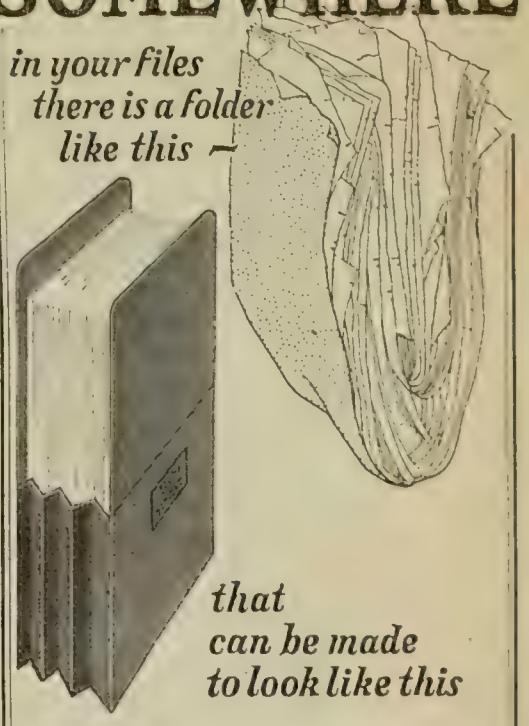

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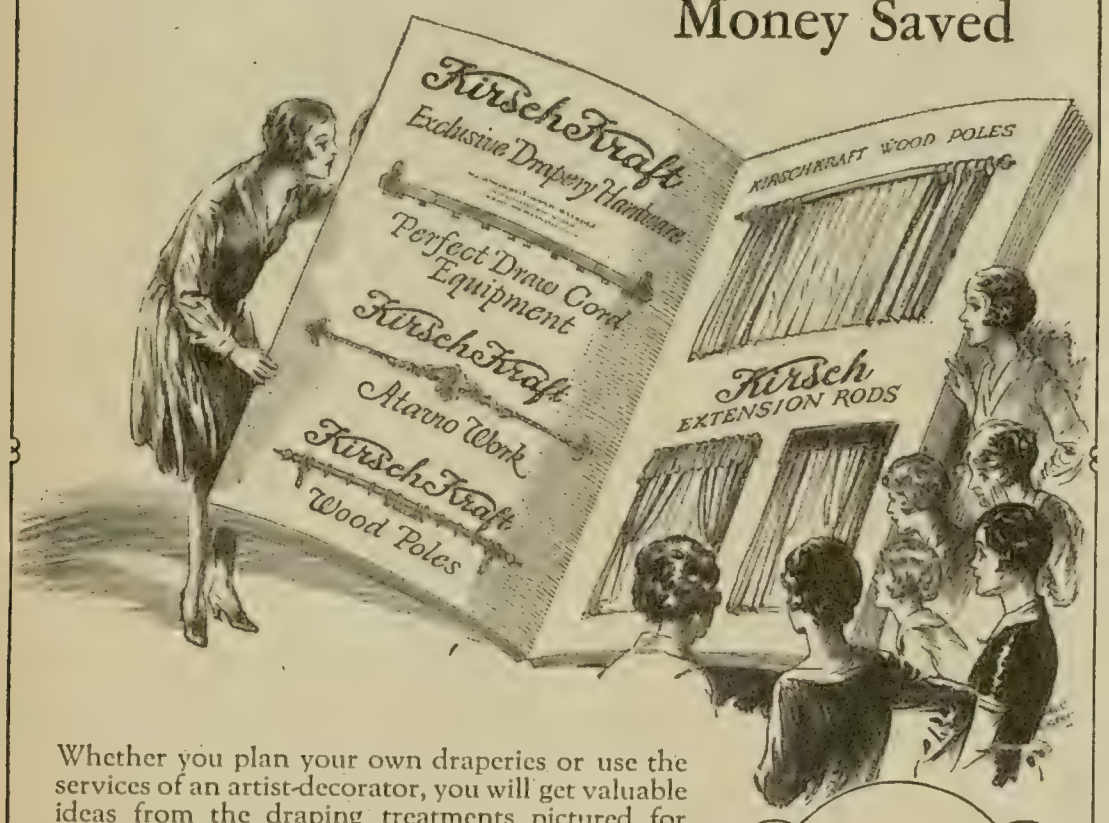

Whether you plan your own draperies or use the services of an artist-decorator, you will get valuable ideas from the draping treatments pictured for every room and every kind of window.

Ask your dealer to show you the Kirsch "Modern Draping" 160-page book, and the Kirsch catalogs on Kirsch Extension Curtain Rods, KirschKraft Drapery Hardware with or without Perfected Draw Cord Equipment, Atavio Work (Ornamental Decorations) and Better Wood Poles. Kirsch stands for "The Last Word" in Drapery Hardware. Over 100,000,000 Kirsch Rods giving satisfactory service.

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For instance, draw curtains that open and close noiselessly and overlap four inches when closed. Draw cords entirely concealed. Drapery Hardware finishes that blend with woodwork — either invisible or decorative. Ornamental metal and wood poles, etc.

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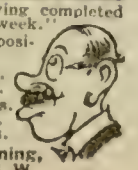
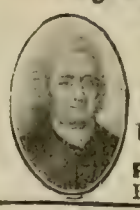
Offered $80.00 a Week

M. P. Garduno writes: "Having completed your course I was offered $80 a week."
John Neubauer got cartoonist position after 6 lessons.
Earn while you learn—at home. Cartoonists get $50 to $100 a week.
Free Book shows opportunities. Send for it today. No obligation. State Age and Mr., Mrs. or Miss.



Washington School of Cartooning, Room 132F, 1113-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Divine Providence
By Emanuel Swedenborg



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See your chicks before you pay for them. Especially selected, accredited stock. Every breeder banded.

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Send for details, prices and catalog. Write today. Our chicks are highest quality. Our breeding birds are carefully selected by an expert trained and supervised by Ohio State University Poultry Dept. You will find none better.

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Samples mailed Free. Address Dept. L-3
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON, MASS.

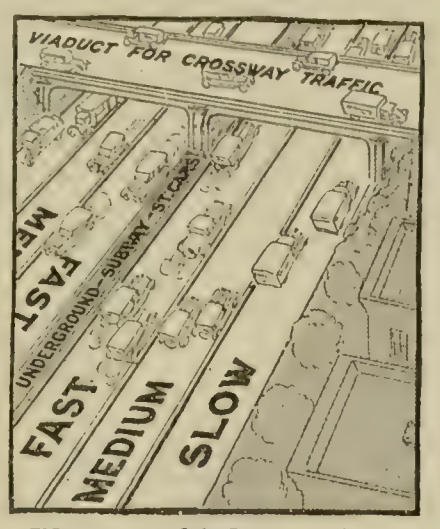
[THE TRAFFIC TANGLE Continued from Page Seventy-five]

as uniform traffic rules for all the cities, uniform marking of streets, uniform directional signs.

In Seattle and Cleveland, when turning left, the car takes the right-hand traffic lane, next the curb. In Chicago and in New York those desiring to make a left-hand turn seek the left-hand traffic lane. Some cities permit a right-hand turn on a red light; some limit it to the green light.

EACH city will have to solve its own traffic problems on the basis of the conditions at hand. But, by and large, there will have to be a synchronization of rules and regulations and directional signs.

Herbert Hoover's National Conference on Street and Highway Safety is doing much toward focusing public attention on the appalling increase in street and highway accidents, and to develop a comprehensive program for improvement of traffic conditions and reduction of accidents. In addition, the Hoover committees are at work on a model municipal traffic ordinance and on standardization of city traffic signs, signals, and pavement markings.



The superhighway of the future — three traffic lanes each way; trolleys in subways; overpasses for cross traffic.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has its experts working with, and separate from, the Hoover program. The American Automobile Association can always be depended on to aid, as can the National Safety Council.

But the real need in America is for a national transportation institute along the same lines as the Steel Institute and the Petroleum Institute.

Traffic saturation has reached such a stage that it needs a corps of experts who will devote their entire time to the matter.

The ideal set-up for an institute of this kind would be one where the automobile, the electric railway, the elevated, the subway, and the railway interests would combine on a definite program. It should have a large-salaried staff of experts and its services should be free or for a very nominal charge.

There are enough traffic engineer experts in this country to make such an institute feasible. I think offhand of Miller McClintock of Harvard, Burton Marsh of Pittsburgh, J. Rowland Bibbins of Washington, Harold M. Gould of Detroit, together with those experts who naturally would come from the electric- and steam-railway ranks.

THE co-ordination of all methods of transportation is necessary in order to solve the problem in the broadest way. While it may be true that the motor industry is directly responsible for traffic saturation, still, the problem does not belong to it alone. Steam and electric roads should see the wisdom of such an institute.

The place for the seat of such an institute is perhaps one of our large universities.

One crying need of the present is for a city that could be used as a "proving ground" for such plans as traffic engineers have agreed on, but which do not meet with the approval of certain private interests. Such a city would attract the attention of the whole world.

Perhaps a national transportation institute would have little trouble in finding such a volunteer.

The field certainly is ready for the sower.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Seventy-seven.)

1—What machine converts mechanical power into electrical energy?

2—Are natives of Hawaii American citizens?

3—Over what States would one pass flying in a direct line from New York to Chicago?

4—In what story does the character *Ichabod Crane* appear?

5—What island is called the Pearl of the Antilles?

6—What is touchstone?

7—Of what country, other than Denmark, is Christian the king?

8—What player led the National League in batting last season?

9—Who is Carmen Sylva?

10—Is it legally possible for a Negro to be President of the United States?

11—Why is the New York-New Jersey vehicular tube called the Holland Tunnel?

12—What is meant by the magnitude of a star?

13—What two ex-Presidents of the United States died on the same day?

14—How many pieces in a chess set?

15—Who commanded the Union forces at the Battle of Gettysburg?

16—What is the new capital of Australia?

17—What part of speech is the word "not"?

18—What important American city has virtually no manufacturing industries?

19—What is a sailor's-choice?

20—Who said: "Sir, I would rather be right than be President"?

Gives Perfect Foot Comfort

There is no substitute for a body tingling with vitality. To have it you must exercise. To get any benefit from exercise you must have comfortable feet.

Massage your feet with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm before you go out, and you will be able to stand, walk, hike, golf or dance to your heart's content without discomfort.

Apply it even after you have been on your feet for hours, and are suffering keenly from your feet and you will get immediate relief. It dispels all footaches, pains and burning sensations like magic; reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions, too.

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c per jar.

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Write for free sample to The Scholl Mfg., Co., Chicago, World's Largest Manufacturers of Arch Supports, Foot Comfort Appliances and Foot Remedies

If I were a motorist

I'd be primed for changing tires along dark country roads, ready to pick out road-signs at dark intersections, ready for all those jobs that come to the man who drives a car at night.

Not only ready, but Eveready, if you get me, with a good flashlight. And I'd keep that flashlight hitting on all cylinders by using genuine Eveready Batteries — the kind that lasts and lasts and lasts.

Get the flashlight habit. That's *my* tip to motorists, and no foolin'.

IRON GLUE

TO MEND FURNITURE—Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes, Bottles.
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576 Van Nuys Building, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

To My Valentine

Evading Cupid's Darts!

A Sentimental Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"HERE, Bow-Legs! Here, Bow-Legs!" This was Sandy's 8 A. M. call as he exercised his dog in the lot adjoining his flat at Elkton Terrace. The snowy can-and-tire-littered field was graced by two signs: One urging Mr. Business Man to buy this ground for a factory, being only ten blocks from a railroad junction. The other urging people to live at Sidney View Hall —an ideal apartment with a view of the park—to be erected by April 1.

Sandy knew that date didn't mean anything, and he was glad for the sake of future tenants, because the park mentioned was still a realty myth.

"Here, Bow-Legs!" he called again, adding a piercing whistle which nearly gave the dog prostration.

A short-skirted flapper of sixty, just hobbling past on spike heels, thought Sandy's remark applied to her. "You fresh thing! You skinny string bean!" she said, right out loud. And rather liking this flow of words, she set it to the tune of Tenting Tonight, singing it defiantly as she hurried downtown!

"Waffles are ready," a melodious voice called.

It was Lil up in the kitchen window. Sandy replied with a supposed-to-be-first-prize snowball shot.

"Whee-whee-whee!" she giggled, watching the dirty snowball splinter in a tree. "Bum shot—try again."

The second shot hit the fire escape over her head, bringing down a shower of flower-pot pieces and frozen mint plants.

"It's hailing," Mrs. Fisher in the flat below told her husband as the pieces tinkled against her window. "You'd better take your umbrella."

Sandy met the postman in the hall, handed him a cheap cigar he'd carried in his pocket for days, and took up his own mail: A fashion magazine, his home-town weekly paper, bills, a sample of cereal—and a large mysterious envelope addressed in a bold hand.

The delicious odor of Lil's waffles met him at the door.

"Hurry!" she called. "I've eaten three already. Make Bow-Legs bring in the mail."

He crammed several bills into the dog's mouth, gave his tail a playful yank—and the sniff of waffles lured this canine messenger right out into the breakfast nook.

"Isn't he smart?" Lil smiled, stroking her pet's queer-shaped head.

Sandy carried in the rest of the mail, kissed Lil, and put the large mysterious envelope by her coffee cup.

"Oh, what is it?" she asked. "Another calendar? I hope not—we have seven now." And she went on breakfasting.

Five waffles later Sandy said, "Aren't you going to open the envelope?"

Lil slit it with a syrup-dripping fork.

"Oh, what a terrible-looking valentine!" she fairly shouted with glee. "I bet my old boss sent it for a joke. He always said he'd marry me any time I got a divorce! I hate to be hypercritical, but it's really enough to knock a girl's eye out. Now, you'd have better taste, dear!" And she threw Sandy a kiss.

He didn't say anything. He'd bought that valentine himself—spending $1.25 to back up his sentiment for St. Valentine's Day!

(*To be continued next week*)

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 76

1—The dynamo.
2—Yes.
3—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan.
4—The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, by Washington Irving.
5—Cuba.
6—A variety of quartz used to test the purity of precious metals.
7—Iceland.
8—Paul Waner of Pittsburgh, with an average of .380.
9—Queen Dowager Marie of Rumania.
10—Yes.
11—It is named for Clifford M. Holland, the engineer largely responsible for the success of the project, who died two days before the borings were completed.
12—Its degree of brightness.
13—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, on July 4, 1826.
14—Thirty-two.
15—General George Gordon Meade.
16—Canberra, dedicated May 9, 1927.
17—An adverb.
18—Washington, D. C.
19—A valued foodfish of the porgy kind.
20—Henry Clay.

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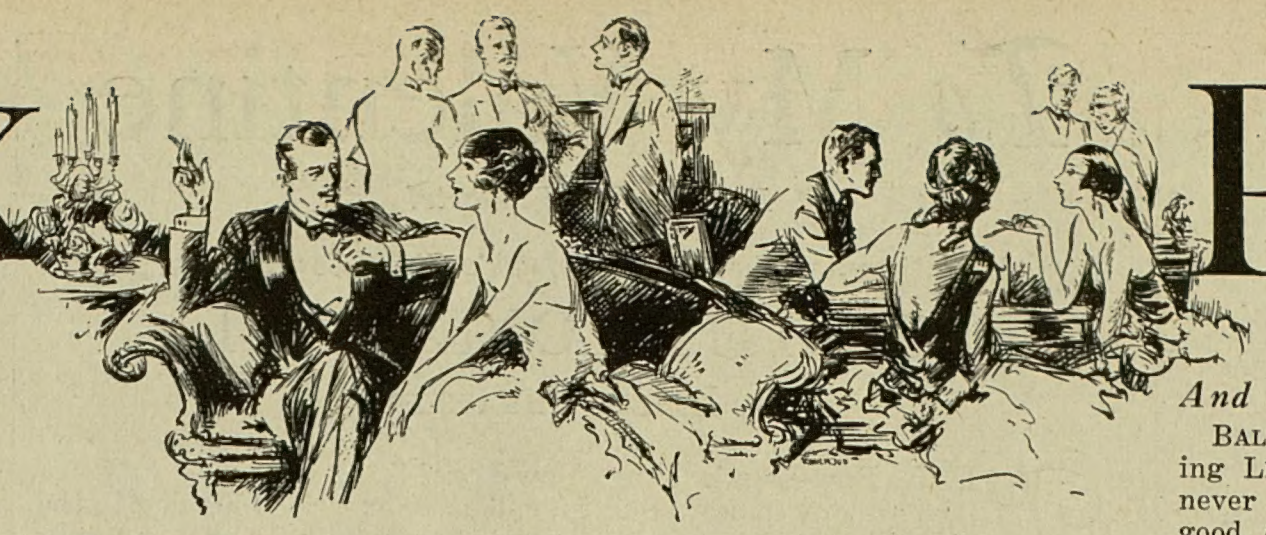
Every precaution is taken to insure accuracy; however, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional omission or change in this index to advertisements.

VOX POP



We Are Advertised by—

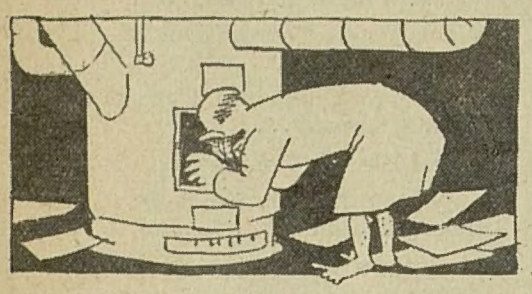
NORTON, KAN.—You devote about two inches of space, on the cover of your publication, to the promotion of "liberty." Two-thirds of the rest of your space is devoted to the promotion of war, to the stirring up of old hatreds and committed atrocities that had better be relegated into forgetfulness.

Your definition of a hero is any jackanapes who, while having gone to war, sustains life on gin and doesn't give a damn about the rest of the world so long as any blood remains to be spilled.

Your salacious magazine should be barred by the censor so that the mind of *Homo boobiens* be not contaminated or his appetite whetted for more blood.—*J. W. Friesen.*

—Our Loving Friends

WHEELING, W. VA.—This LIBERTY MAGAZINE is about as rotten as any-



thing I've seen yet. Why don't you get next to yourself? This magazine is so rotten we can't even light the furnace with it.

Being a gentleman, I have no more to say.—*H. B. Jones.*

We Can Hardly Wait

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Such an interesting trip!

First I went to Washington, D. C., and showed Mr. Coolidge how to economize. Then I got hold of Babe Ruth and corrected some of the faults that kept him from making more home runs. Next, to Atlanta, and such a time with Bobby Jones showing him how to make iron shots to the green!

Now I am on my way back home, and when I get there I am going tc visit LIBERTY and tell the editors of the magazine just how to get out a good paper.—*R. F. Tilney.*

That Football Letter

MCCOMB, MISS.—I see Louis Breier has a letter in Vox Pop saying football is disgusting, that all football articles ought to be burned, and that the idea of an adult going into hysterics over the sight of an "overgrown moron" running sixty yards with a pigskin is ridiculous.

We suggest that you publish a few articles on knitting, dressmaking, and crocheting, for Mr. Breier's special benefit.—*Robertson and Bonney.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—That letter by Louis Breier would lead us to believe that football players are half-wits who do not possess any gray matter.

I guess Mr. Breier thinks a football coach has wheels.—*O. M. L.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—One Louis (or is it Louise or Lois, either of which seems more appropriate) Breier should join the local Y. W. C. A. at Reading, Pennsylvania, where he can enjoy such manly sports as schlag ball and quoits. Too much of one or the other, however, will blister the hands in time, so I guess that lets him out.—*John M. O'Brien.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Tell that bird Louis Breier to get out his tiddledywinks and amuse himself.—*Yante Bass.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Evidently, one Louis Breier of Reading, Pa., is of the same opinion as many so-called dry advocates: "I don't like it, so no one else should have it."—*J. Kennedy.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Louis Breier says football articles would burn nice if all were collected—but what a bonfire knockers' letters would make!—*David McNeil.*

GEORGETOWN, KY.—A nitwit once said to a great master at work on a painting: "Say, mister, that's a silly picture you're painting. I don't see all those colors in the trees."

"No?" replied the painter. "Don't you wish you could?"

And thus it is with football and football articles, Mr. Louis Breier. The beauty and color are there, but your eyes aren't trained to see them.—*A Football Player's Wife.*

EGGERTSVILLE, N. Y.—So this boob L. Breier is trying to queer the football articles, is he? Give him a bottle—with a nipple on it.—*James Dillingham.*

A Postscript on "India"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Miss Katherine Mayo, author of your article "India," may think she "discovered" something in India, but hundreds of thousands of English men and women have been familiar with the whole bag of tricks for a long time. Tourist trips by American save-the-world artists never get anywhere. I speak with long knowledge of India.

England has steadily, but slowly, improved conditions, but the ruling class in England knows that since time immemorial people have made their own *mores* and that these are adamant against Jehovah methods.

In regard to child marriage, which I do not defend, the fact remains that 150,000 American girls under the age of sixteen ran away from home last year to marry, according to Women's Federation reports, and girls in India at eleven or twelve are as old as American girls at fifteen or sixteen.

It is idle to criticize other peoples. The thing to do is to clean up one's own house. America has nothing to teach any people in the world—except its own.—*Arthur V. Watts.*

Well, It's Up to California

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In line with your recent article, Leopold, Loeb, and Lucre, by Edward Doherty, it may not be too early to prophesy that we citizens of California may soon be saddled with the living expenses for life of our own recently acquired criminal genius. Some of us may even yet feel the sting of his murderous hand. In the light of past performances of justice I cannot believe otherwise.

Yours for less law and more justice.—*A. H. Martin.*

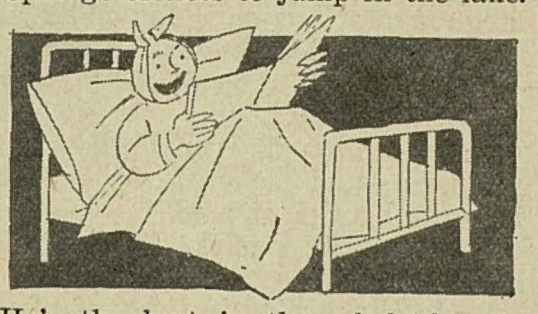
Tantalizing

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wonder why Captain A. Roy Brown can't write an article without mentioning drinks in every paragraph? Of course, it is accepted as is, but it is bad enough to be bone dry down here without having a blinkety blank Canadian rub it in on us.—*S. H. Ellison, Jr.*

This Doesn't Make Sense. Springs Isn't for Childern

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I am sick in bed with the mumps but after reading Vox Pop, Toni, The Laura Lie, and The Clock Strikes Two, I feel 50% better.

I'd like to tell all the Elliott W. Springs criticts to jump in the lake.



He's the best in the whole bunch. Please, Mr. Editor, put in something else for childern.—*A LIBERTY Reader.*

Unreconstructed

SOMEWHERE IN GEORGIA—To Yankees, One and All!

After reading "The Days of 1928," by Grace Robinson, I am boiling over. The idea of saying we of the younger generation no longer adore Marse Robert Lee! Maybe some folks coming along now cheer for Yanks, but not me!

Lincoln was all right, and Grant did fairly well, but neither could hold a candle to Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Dodge, Longstreet, Ewell, or Scout Sam Davis. So there!

We Georgians don't celebrate February 12 as Lincoln's birthday, but Georgia Day.—*A Rebel of 1928 (I'm fourteen, and a girl).*

P. S. Please put a Southerner for a hero in some story. The ones so far are all Yanks.

Violets for Viola

SILER CITY, N. C.—When I read anything like Viola Brothers Shore's "The Laura Lie" I feel like using the Sears-Roebuck catalogue as a medium of entertainment. Such puns, such inhuman slang, such rot and idiotic superfluities!—*George.*

And a Word for Mr. Webster

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have been taking LIBERTY for quite a while and never yet have I seen a serial as good, *clean*, and interesting as Henry Kitchell Webster's "The Clock Strikes Two."—*A Modern Girl But Not a Flapper.*

Kipling vs. Toni

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Why don't you put some *good* reading material in your LIBERTY? That article, "Rio," by Kipling, was the cat's mumps, no foolin' either! A few more of the Toni, Jr., type would be great. We want something real.—*William Adams.*

It's Expensive Paper, Wm.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Except for its air stories, LIBERTY would not be worth the paper it is printed on.—*Wm. Samolin.*

Consider Yourself Misunderstood

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—While reading Charley Paddock's story, "Little Johnny Sokilow," in your last issue, I unaccountably fell asleep. Do not misunderstand me. This was not because I was bored, but merely because I found it such a delightful bedtime story that I was promptly lulled into a deep reverie.

Incidentally, I might advocate that Charley's activities be confined to sprinting.—*Harry H. Dow.*

All Right. See Announcement at Bottom of Page 5

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You seem to have discontinued the real *masculine* literature.

"I Fought Them All," by Hugh Fullerton, was a humdinger. Let's have more like it *soon*.—*Kenneth H. Lee.*

They All Pursue Her—

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Don't, whatever you do, discontinue the Love o' Lil covers. The gal interests me strangely. In fact—but don't whisper it to Sandy—she and I have an understanding.—*J. Hammond.*

—One Way or Another

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Congratulations on your December 31 cover! If

Lil's insipid map had appeared thereon, it would have spoiled the year for me. I am violently tempted to *Remus* her.—*J. C. O'Brien.*

A War with Each Issue

ONEONTA, N. Y.—After reading that Vox Pop of yours I always feel as if I'd witnessed a pint-size fight with big guns booming in the offing.—*Daisy Reed.*

LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

Is An Effective Means To Sell More "Baby Ruth" Candy

THIS page is a sample of the superior four-color printing that makes "Baby Ruth" advertising in LIBERTY so effective.

Reprinted *exactly* as the original ad appeared in the January 28th LIBERTY, on the *same paper*, from the advertiser's own plates. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for *all* four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses.

LIBERTY'S four-color printing is the most beautiful, most realistic and most resultful method by which a product can be presented to the public in print. For proof, see every four-color advertisement in this issue.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

The Imperator Bath and Belmore Lavatory in Kohler Color Ware

© 1928, Kohler Co.

The New Era in Bathroom Decoration

Bathroom fixtures have been white so long. People must have thought they *had* to be white. And then comes Kohler of Kohler with the answer to the subconscious longing of this color-loving age—plumbing fixtures *in color!*

Now all the fixtures—bath, lavatory, and toilet—may match in beauty, forming a complete and perfect color *ensemble*. And such charming colors to choose from—and to live with, year after year! Subtly delicate shades of blue, green, brown, gray, lavender, and old ivory—their beauty enhanced by rich chromium-plated fittings of exclusive design . . .

Most happily, the simplest homes will share this beauty with the most elaborate, for this new ware—which is made for kitchens and laundries as well as bathrooms—is really little more expensive than Kohler Ware in white. Ask your plumber about it, and write us for the booklet, "Color Charm Enters the Bathroom."

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Plumbing Fixtures

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